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TEMBER 13, 1947

SATURDAY NIGHT

PRICE 10 CENTS

VOL. 63, NO. 2 • TORONTO, CANADA

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

—Photo by Karsh

The U.S. oil industry, long a favorite target for investigations, fears that current price increases on oil products will make trouble. Biggest U.S. oil company with world ramifications and bell-wether for the industry is Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). Eugene Holman (above) is president.

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

		Page
ew Training System Needed in Nursing	Charlotte Whitton	6
e Humans "Ticking" to Celestial Rays?	Julian G. Davies	12
47 C.N.E. Good Show; Promise for Future	Graham McInnes	18
cktail Streamers for Speckled Trout	S. H. Howard	20
chbishop Kingston Knows Cities, Backwoods	O. R. Rowley	22

THE FRONT PAGE

This Is No Crossroads

MR. BEVIN'S speech about redistributing gold and setting up an Empire Customs Union seems to have been primarily designed to annoy as many Americans as much as possible, but it has set a lot of rumors flying and tongues wagging in this country too. The *Financial Post* sees "Canada at the crossroads" and headlines the possibility—or probability—of "economic union with the U.S."

This is no time for national hysterics, and a calm review of some of the facts suggests that, in spite of Mr. Bevin, we are just about where we were before he spoke. There is not the least likelihood that the United States will distribute its gold reserves as so much largesse to other countries; "these Americans", to whom he referred so disparagingly, are not that kind of people. And it is just as unlikely that Australia, New Zealand and South Africa will give up the tariffs that have given the protection behind which their industries have been developed and maintained.

Actually we in Canada are much nearer to the Empire Customs Union than any of the others, and have been since 1940. In that year, under the War Exchange Conservation Act, we wiped off most of our tariffs against manufactures from Empire sources, including Great Britain. That situation still prevails. These tariffs were to come into effect again last June, but the date was postponed to the end of this month because of the trade talks that were going on at that time. The talks are still proceeding, and we have no doubt at all that before the end of this month the date will be postponed again, perhaps for a longer period. After that there will be another postponement and then another. The simple fact is that we want to import all the goods we possibly can from Britain and other sterling countries, and their costs of production are so high that, if the tariffs came back again, we should not be able to buy even the small quantities we are getting at present.

Union With U.S.A.?

THERE is no doubt that we live in an unpleasant world where we have to pay for what we buy. We Canadians have been buying more U.S. goods than we can afford; we are not going to be able to keep up the exceedingly high American standard of living indefinitely, because what we produce and sell on world markets just will not buy it for us. But that does not for a minute mean that we shall have to form any sort of union with the United States. On the contrary, it means cutting ourselves off from that country to a greater extent; it means less American goods in our shops, or fewer jaunts to New York or California, and other things like that. And, unfortunately, it may mean more controls from Ottawa, and more controllers who are not at all likely to want to tie this country to Washington.

As a matter of fact, we seem to be headed towards a rather unsteady sort of independence, for the inability of the rest of the British Empire to buy much from us may well weaken our ties in that direction too. Perhaps we shall get to look more like Sweden—which also has the U.S.S.R. as a neighbor.

Politics vs. Planning

THE National Council of the C.C.F. say that banking, iron and steel, farm implement production, and meat packing are at the top of their list for socialization. This shows all too clearly that they have been more influenced by politics than by the economic planning they talk about.

Consider the industries that they choose. Iron and steel are produced by three Canadian firms, hundreds of miles apart, and entirely

(Continued on Page Five)

Human Form More Inspiring Than Landscapes

By Paul Duval

Figure painting is beginning to play an increasingly important part in Canadian art. This wistful study of adolescence entitled "Fourteen" is by R. York Wilson, A.R.C.A., O.S.A.

OF LATE, there has been a considerable ferment in the press—and, apparently, in the public mind—as to whether pictures of the human form in its natural state are or are not to be considered moral. School teachers, ministers, editors, artists, amateur critics and sundry others have contributed their opinions on this piquant question with an alacrity and certainty which gives one cause to suspect that the subject lends itself to a rare public release of basic inhibitions. What the psychiatrists and philosophers may make of this lively phenomenon I know not, but since the artist and those fond of art have some stake in the matter, a few words about the creator's viewpoint might be appropriate.

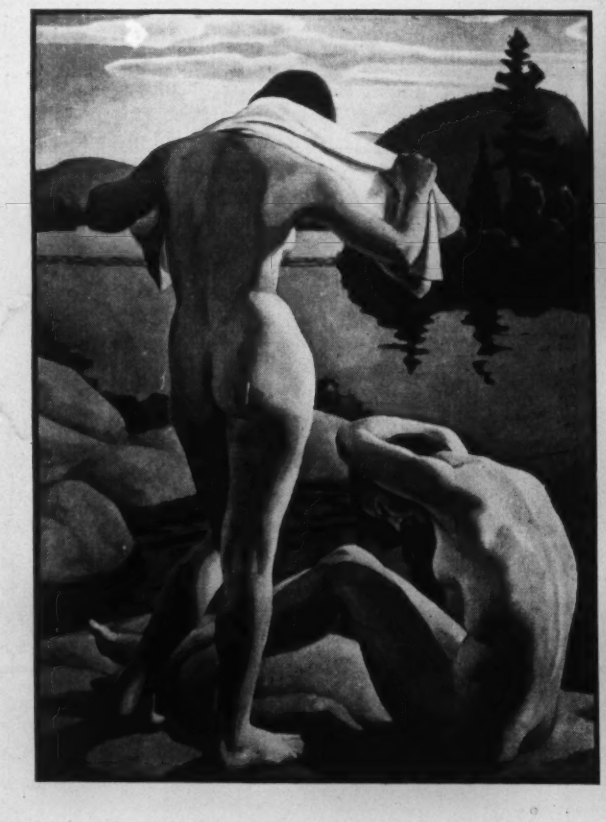
For the artist, the nude human figure is not a matter of traditional myth or a moral poser but a plastic problem. That is, it represents a problem of masses and spaces, lines and textures, tones and colors which must be resolved as an aesthetic entity on canvas. What the impressionable spectator may take out of a painting is not the concern of the creative painter. For him, the figure represents the ideal model from which he may realize his most ambitious compositional aims. While it is true that landscape or still-life can move the artist to remarkable plastic achievements, they remain relatively limited in their possibilities for rearrangement to suit the artist's compositional ambitions. In the shape of one hand can be found more possible variants of form from which the artist may select than in literally hundreds of landscapes. Landscape can instruct the painter in atmosphere and lighting, but for sense of formal structure which marks all monumental art it appears that he must contemplate humanity.

THROUGHOUT history, the works of the greatest artists support this apparent fact. Even Cézanne and Chardin, who came closest to achieving classic fame without the use of figures, struggled with the use of the figure in art. Cézanne, especially, was ambitious to incorporate the human figure successfully into his art. Constantly spurred by the example of his idol, Poussin, he drew and painted compositions of the nude. In these efforts he was less than wholly successful. But in his many "Bather" canvases he achieved a strength equal to his greatest still-lifes and landscapes, plus a complex rhythm more visually compelling than even his most intense landscapes.

I cite Cézanne here because he is a pivotal figure in any argument which might centre around the vital importance of the human form in art. The fact that he was constantly preoccupied with the compositional complexities of the figure is quite important. Cézanne has been—and in many ways, still remains—the most influential of the modern masters. There is an interesting—and worthy—group of contemporary painters, who stem from the mainstream of Cézanne's influence, who hold that theme is wholly unimportant in painting. In theory, one is easily tempted to go along with them. There are many cogent arguments to be put forth in support of such a thesis. Yet I, personally, remained unconvinced.

IT IS possible to create interesting pictorial "arrangements" without any reference whatever to the concrete visual world about us; but the greatest art of our time—or any time—has remained anchored, however lightly, to a basis of actuality. Cézanne, Renoir, Van Gogh, Picasso, Matisse, even Kandinsky—the best art of these pioneer masters has been spun out of their reactions to the life about them as well as from the life within them. Both the inner and the *outer* states of being are important, and seem necessary, to the artist. And the part of that outer phenomena which has most consistently nurtured great art has been the human figure.

In this issue we reproduce a few figure paintings by Canadians, in the hope that they may help to liberalize the general outlook on a matter vital to the continual freedom and progress of painting in Canada. There should be no limitation on the artist's creative activity short of a misdemeanor before the law. But any law which denies the human form is a denial of man's own reality.

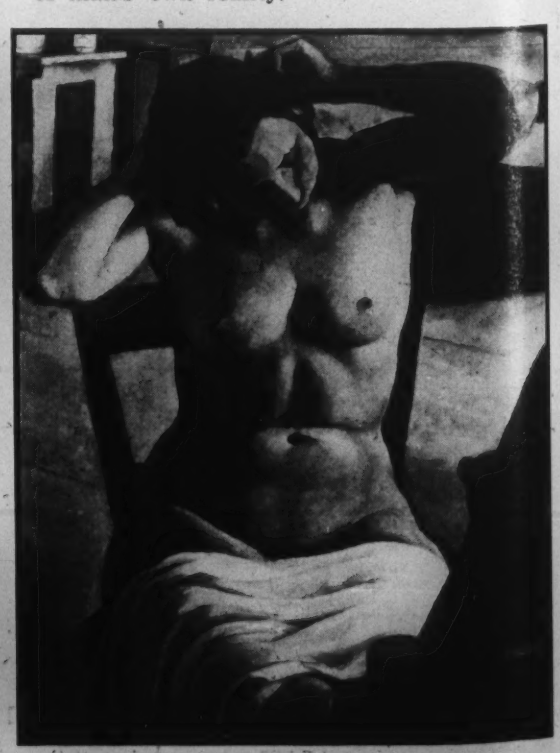


"By the Lake" by Edwin Holgate of Montreal is in the collection of the Art Association of Montreal.

The late Prudence Heward was one of the best painters of the figure in this country. This canvas by her is called "Dark Girl" and is in University of Toronto's Hart House.

"Seated Nude" by John Lyman. Lyman has done many figure paintings of importance in Canada.

"The Soil" is a large, symbolical oil by young, prairie-born Wilfred Beny. Original is in collection of Toronto's St. Hilda's College. Beny is now studying in the U.S.



"Interior", a study in oils by Edwin Holgate, is owned by the Art Gallery of Toronto.

Paris Collections Ratify the Style Revolution

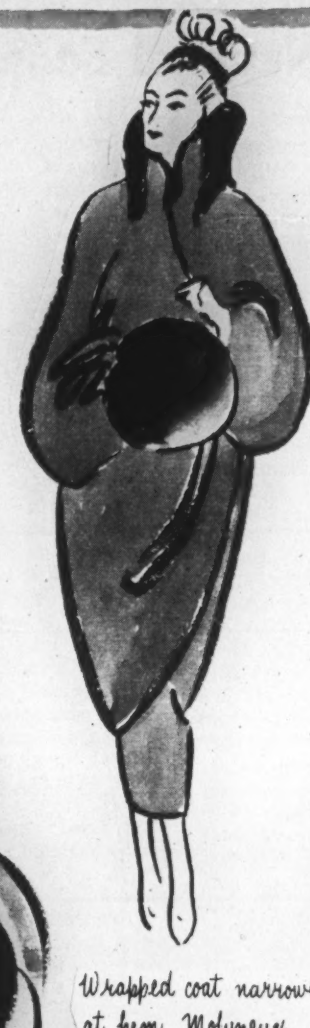
THIS year's fall-winter Paris Collections were awaited with even more than customary anticipation. The big question was, Would Paris stand pat on the longer skirt and little waist that have created the greatest stirrings in style for many a year? By land, sea and air came buyers, press and those whose business is that of fashion, to attend the Openings. They saw beautiful clothes made of the most elegant materials, absorbed many new ideas—and received confirmation that women's clothes have indeed entered the era of a new mode. SATURDAY NIGHT was represented in Paris by both a writer and an artist. Sketches from the Openings are on this page, and the story is on page 34.

Sketches by Bettie Cameron Macpherson

The cocktail silhouette. Left by Maggy Rouff. Right, Christian Dior

Dior puts the hat over the left ear

A band of beaver instead of a hat.



Wrapped coat narrower at hem. Molyneux.

Green jersey, front fullness. Dior.

Molyneux tartan hats.

Queen Mary toque: a black hat with white wings. Jaques Fath.

Lelong's bonnets cover the ears.

Coq feather toque by Dior.

Lelong is lavish with fur on coats Dior minimizes the waist.

Conical draped turban with a veil at the peak. Molyneux.

Lelong's swept back "Figure de Proue": and black satin portrait dress by Molyneux.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Dairy Industry Opposes Margarine for Stable National Economy

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

ASSUMING that you are sincere in asking the question "Why not margarine?" in your editorial (S.N., Aug. 30), and again assuming that a large percentage of your readers have not had an opportunity of hearing the other side of the argument, I would appreciate the opportunity of making some comments.

Your first statement that butter prices have already gone far above the cost of production can stand some correction. Reliable economists have collected authentic data on the cost of producing butterfat and have established the price of 74 cents per pound. The hourly wage rate allowed for labor and management on the farm in this calculation was only 42 cents. There have been increases in cost since this figure was arrived at.

How selfish we Canadians can appear to be at times. The world supply of vegetable oils is extremely short. Large areas of the world are on the verge of starvation and yet it would appear some of us are anxious to further deprive these unfortunate people.

Countries are becoming more realistic as they discover that a cheap food policy is not a sound economic policy. Agriculture is still a very important factor in our national well-being and the farmers of Canada, as potential users of consumer goods, will always be a ready market at home for an immense volume of manufactured goods if they are receiving something more than their bare cost of production. Keeping the farmers of our Dominion prosperous is one of the greatest factors in assuring the well-being of both industry and labor as well as those providing other services in our society. Butter is often referred to as the safety valve in our whole Dairy Industry. In other words, experience has demonstrated that it is necessary to maintain butter prices at a reasonable level if we want to build some security in the Dairy Industry in particular and in all of Agriculture in general, and thus help materially in stabilizing the whole economic structure.

If it should be possible to buy margarine in Canada, then it should also be possible to buy, without a duty that makes it at times comparable to a ban, U.S. automobile tires, textiles, radios, milk filter discs or the thousands of other articles that Canadian farmers purchase regularly to the value of millions of dollars.

In reference to your statement regarding the qualities of margarine as a healthful food, I would like to draw your readers' attention to the disgusting paradox of the *Canadian Medical Association Journal* advocating the manufacture of margarine and the Ontario Medical Association protesting the admission of refugee doctors—doctors need oleo but cream producers don't need doctors!

Since SATURDAY NIGHT seems to be so concerned about health (and rightly so), please note that every time farm prices are forced below cost of production—the farmer is forced to mine his soil. This practice results in the production of food below the standards required for good health, and society suffers. Let us not be guilty of creating such conditions.

If we are going to attack privilege, let us first attack the Big Privileges that make smaller compensating privileges a necessity.

R. W. MORRISON
Vice-Pres., Ontario Federation of Agriculture

Alvinston, Ont.

SATURDAY NIGHT
THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established Dec., 1887

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Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Printed and published by
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada

MONTREAL ..... Birks Bldg.
VANCOUVER ..... 815 W. Hastings St.
NEW YORK ..... Room 512, 101 Park Ave.

E. R. Milling - Business Manager
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Vol. 63, No. 2 Whole No. 2843

Kerensky and Lloyd George

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN THE interview with Kerensky (S.N., July 12) I note that the writer resurrects the musty old yarn that his hero wished to ship the Czar Nicholas to England but was prevented from doing so by Lloyd George. In his Memoirs the latter devotes a whole chapter to the story and exposes the falsity of this hoary myth by quoting the actual telegrams that were exchanged on the matter between the Russian and British Governments.

Perhaps your writer, J. N. Harris, will reread the whole chapter and there learn the mess and muddle into which the Russian people were led by the inept and weak-kneed policy followed by Kerensky during the very brief period in which he led the insurgent party and in the face of the ferocious and implacable Lenin.

Incidentally, it is sad to think that Lenin and Stalin taught Mustafa Kemal who taught Mussolini who taught Hitler who taught Franco what an easy thing it is to fasten the fetters of tyranny upon a people. Stalin and in a lesser degree Franco still survive.

Epsom, Surrey, Eng. ARTHUR JONES

Tickle or Kick?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN VIEW of the raptures with which Miss Van Gogh reviewed "Love for Love" (S.N., July 19), it becomes more of a mystery all the time why the censorial authorities in this province approve the public performances of the indecencies of Congreve's play, or the obscenities of "Tobacco Road"—elements which constitute the prime appeal of these plays—and then rigidly ban such truly artistic productions as the French film "Les Enfants du Paradis", the alleged immorality of which is merely incidental to its main theme.

Nationalism in art is being trumpeted today to an extent never approached before. So it is not too much of an assumption to presume that the main reason for the approval of such low comedy as "Love for Love" and its poor relation, "Tobacco Road", and a reverse decision regarding many French films of a vastly higher and more serious endeavor, is the puerile one of national prejudice. One can also chew a mental cud on the fact that the English-speaking peoples, especially on this continent, can so benignly tolerate the most indecent and disgusting treatment of sexual themes in public performance, so long as it is performed as comedy; but when approached by the serious, refined and really civilized treatment of the unorthodox in sexual matters, which often appears in French films, we react with an indignant shudder at its "immorality", and give such films the cold shoulder.

No wonder the contention, so often suggested these days, that this continent is becoming the custodian of civilized values and culture, is enough to give any civilized person the blues.

I, for one, am of the opinion that what the common man needs is not a tickle in the ribs but a kick in the pants!

London, Ont. H. C. FRANCIS

Redistribution

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

"CRITICUS" argued that redistribution is not creation (S.N., Aug. 16). If we agree that the end of economic activity is to create "welfare", then surely he is in error. It seems likely that a dollar taken from the prince and given to the pauper adds to the welfare of society, for the loss to the one is more than offset by the gain to the other. At any rate, the principle has been accepted by those capitalist governments which have used the graduated income tax.

A left-winger might argue, for example, that even if a socialist government should prove less efficient, in a technical sense, than the capitalist regime which it replaced, yet it might still increase the overall welfare by changing the pattern of distribution. He would say, possibly, that a C.C.F. government would have given us six $4,000 houses for every $20,000 mansion erected in the past year or so; but he could add that we would be better off even if only four had been produced.

Granted that the New Zealand government has achieved a more equitable distribution of wealth without restricting either freedom or production, then it has fulfilled one aspect of the socialist plan not too badly.

Montreal, Que. J. C. WELDON

Safety Measures

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

RE YOUR editorial on the barring of Communists (S.N., Aug. 2), the necessary steps which will have to be taken to ensure the safety of the State and preserve our future for Free Enterprise and Democracy are, viz:

1. The dissolution of all opposition parties.
2. A controlled press.
3. Controlled elections.
4. The dissolution of trade unions and cooperatives.
5. The creation of a secret police to act as auxiliary informers to our present national force, which will have to be stepped up to a much higher degree of efficiency than it now possesses.
6. A coordinated army, navy and air force, especially trained and equipped to deal with strikes, riots and hunger marchers, and these armed forces to be numerically stronger than at the present day.
7. The internment of all those possessing liberal political, economic, social or religious opinions, this following the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

By putting into effect the above precautions immediately, we may save ourselves from a spread of Socialism, and the danger of a Communist uprising along the 1917 lines.

Pictou, N.S. W. RITCHIE FRASER

Clock-Punchers

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

A RHETORICAL question by Mr. M. J. Coldwell at a Geneva Park conference is the subject of an editorial in your issue of August 23. The question, "How free is the man who goes to work when the whistle blows and goes home when another whistle blows?" is one which I have heard many times but never with the implications you ascribe to it.

You suggest that the implication of the question is that in a more ideal society the worker would not need to bother about whistles, time clocks nor other devices which have to do with putting in a prescribed number of hours of work. I have always understood, on the contrary, that the question is intended to serve as a reminder that even under "free" enterprise the great mass of the people in an industrialized society must inevitably behave as a regimented army of whistle-listeners and clock-punchers. Mass production has made it so. Presumably Mr. Coldwell was drawing attention to the fact that our interdependence in the complex, modern economy relegates individualism of the old, rugged kind, to an obscure place.

Woodbridge, Ont. D. A. BRISTON

Passing Show

A BRITISH scientist says we shall soon be able to fly to the moon. What's the use? The exchange control people will undoubtedly prevent us from taking any money there.

•

"Social security measures are now costing New Zealanders nearly $100 a head."—Ottawa *Journal*. "Social security measures are now distributing to New Zealanders nearly $100 a head."—Any good New Zealand Socialist. It's all in the point of view.

•

Asked "whether they would put the interests of their own country before those of the rest of the world," half the British people questioned in a recent poll said they would. The other half were not asked how they expected to know what the interests of the rest of the world were in any given situation.

•

The *C.C.F. News* objects to a recent heading in *Canadian Business* which read "Let's Fight for Profits." But nobody denies to the C.C.F. the right to the slogan "Let's Fight for Losses."

•

Whittier and Wittier

Of all sad words you hear or see
From the pen, or the human *vox*,
The saddest are these: "It used to be
In my safety deposit box."

J. E. P.

•

The amended Criminal Code makes it an offence to cause a disturbance in a public place "by screaming, swearing, shouting or singing." That seems to put tenors where they belong.

A well known firm is now advertising a "dental type tooth brush". To be followed, no doubt, by a pedal type shoe and ocular type glasses.

•

Mr. McGregor is certainly putting teeth into the Combines Act.

•

Canada's Margaret Marshall came third in the finals of the Atlantic City beauty contest, but first in the bathing-costume preliminaries. "Show" in both cases.

•

Our Minister of Agriculture, the Rt. Hon. J. G. Gardiner, was nearly arrested in Germany as a suspicious character. Food prices must be going up there too.

•

If India and Pakistan are ready for self-government they might start doing some.

•

Check the Veto

Mr. Molotov will not attend the opening sessions of the U.N. Assembly. It is rumored he is annoyed because he cannot bring his Veto with him.

•

The United States has decided to sell some of its isotopes, which will be splendid if anybody can find U.S. funds to buy them with.

•

The new immigration policy—"Let George Drew it."

•

The C.B.C. seems to be broadcasting its staff as well as its programs.

•

"Future disposition of America's gold is not a subject for discussion by foreign powers."—U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. But you'll let us dream about it, surely?

•

Lucy says the new hem line will cheat a lot of elderly ladies out of their pleasure in life—they can no longer call it ahem line.

Photo by Milne Studios.

Most Rev. George Frederick Kingston, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., D.D., was elected Primate of All Canada of the Church of England this week at the General Synod of the Electoral College meeting in Saskatoon. Formerly Bishop of Nova Scotia, he now becomes Archbishop of Nova Scotia. The 58-year-old Ontario-born churchman succeeds Archbishop Derwyn T. Owen, who died last April, as Primate. Said Archbishop Kingston after his election: "I pledge myself to the church, body, mind and soul. It is a great day of opportunity for the church and by the help of God we will make the best of it." For brief biographical sketch of the new Primate see page 22.

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

different in their problems of finance and management. One of them has needed a lot of money from the Government during the war and if this continues indefinitely a strong argument for some form of government control will arise in that particular case; but to nationalize and centralize control over the whole industry is to invite bureaucracy, inefficiency and muddle. As for socializing the farm implement and meat packing industries, this proposal is obviously intended to catch farm votes; both industries seem to be reasonably efficient producers and, with some reservations, reasonably competitive; profits in meat packing have been high but the profit margin is narrow and it could quickly disappear; political intervention would be inevitable, because meat packing is wide open to pressures from both farm groups and consumer groups.

Nationalization of banking is, or ought to be, a dead duck; the recent war, coming on top of the 1930's, has almost convinced everyone (except the most reactionary conservatives and the C.C.F.) that a shortage of money and credit will never again stand in the way of desirable enterprise, public or private, for which the men and materials are available.

We have already gone a long way along the paths of socialism in Canada, and in some directions we will no doubt go farther, as other countries have done. But surely we can learn something from the various socialistic experiments that have been tried here and in Great Britain and elsewhere. Political clap-trap about nationalizing unpopular industries is a poor sort of talk for a party that is trying to persuade us all to follow it along the path of "intelligent national planning."

REQUEST

For the Re-Opening of the Schools.

O PRAY for teacher now
Who never knows
Where lands the fallen seed
Or if it grows;
He cannot force the unfolding of the flower,
Protect from rain, anticipate the hour
When new seed blows.

O pray for teacher now
Who never dares
Withhold from secret need
In one who cares;
His best he scatters blind, and never asks
If heeded or refused by little masks,
If fruit or tares.

G. V. DOWNES

The New Minister

MR. KING'S powers of persuasion, which seem to be almost unlimited when the interests of the Liberal party are gravely involved, have enabled him to secure for the New Brunswick vacancy in his Cabinet a New Brunswicker of outstanding ability, who must be regarded as making a great personal sacrifice in accepting the Fisheries portfolio. President Milton F. Gregg, V.C., has been highly successful during his brief incumbency at the University of New Brunswick, and could look forward to spending the rest of his active life in that post or some even more responsible academic position. He gives up that career in exchange for membership in a Government which has been in power since 1935 and can hardly expect to remain in power for an indefinite period hereafter, and for a portfolio which, while no doubt a necessary part of that body, cannot be regarded as one of its more important offices. It is true that there are several shifts to be expected in the early future, and that Dr. Gregg may very reasonably look forward to a much more important position within a few months.

We cannot greatly share the resentment which has been expressed by some New Brunswick Conservatives over Dr. Gregg's adhesion to the Liberal party. It appears to us to be quite possible even for a man whose ancestors were Conservatives to believe that the Liberal Party is likely to provide the best Government for Canada during the next few years, and therefore to be willing in all honesty to help it do the providing. The view that a man is committed for his entire lifetime to the political party of his father and grandfather is, we are aware, quite widely held in New Brunswick and in other parts of Canada, but it has never seemed to us to be a sound view, and we fancy that even in New Brunswick it may be losing its hold. That it will be put forward with great earnestness as a reason why Dr. Gregg should not be elected in York-Sunbury is to be expected, but it is hardly likely to prevent his election. Nor will that election have any significance as a test of public opinion concerning the King Government.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE *Copyright in All Countries*

The Tribune's Boxes

THE use of a circulation test as a means of banning the distribution of Toronto's Communist daily newspaper by nickel-in-the-slot boxes on the street corners is a thoroughly improper device, and the Toronto Board of Control is probably sorry by this time that it adopted it. It has afforded the Communists a splendid opportunity to do some more bleating about freedom of the press, and has compelled a lot of people (like ourselves) who have no sympathy with their objectives to support them in this particular issue because they happen to be right.

These distribution boxes are a device for selling newspapers without the use of newsboys. Nobody would dream of prohibiting a newsboy from selling the *Tribune* on the street corners because its circulation is less than 150,000. Nobody should dream of prohibiting the sale of the *Tribune* by corner boxes on that ground. If the boxes showed signs of becoming so numerous as to interfere with traffic they can be checked by imposing a rental fee or by restricting the corners at which they can be placed. But there is no such indication at present, and even if there were there would be no justification for dealing with the problem by cutting out the stands of little papers and leaving those of big ones.

Empire Exports Decline

CANADIAN exporters of manufactured goods may well be alarmed about the future of their markets. The outlook seemed bright at the end of the war, but a few months ago there arose a little cloud the size of a man's hand, and now the sky is black with clouds and wind. A straw in the wind: Australia has just cut imports of Canadian newsprint by 30 per cent.

The trouble comes, of course, from the "dollar shortage" of Great Britain and other Empire countries. This is only another way of saying that, because those countries are unable to sell very much to the United States and Canada, they are also unable to buy very much from us. And naturally they will only be buying the things that they need most and that cost them least: food and raw materials rather than manufactures.

Things are even worse than they look at first sight. Two points must be kept in mind. (1) In past years our exporters of manufactures—motor cars, rubber goods, stoves, textiles, chemicals, and countless other products—have built up their markets in Empire countries within the tariff protection given by Imperial Preference. (2) Many of our chief exporting firms are branches of American corporations that have set up plants in Canada in order to be able to make and sell goods within the Empire preference area; and many of these branches are not allowed, by their parent companies, to compete with them in other markets such as South America. In short, our exports have not only been traditionally pointed at certain targets that are now disappearing, they are actually being held in that direction by arrangements over which the Canadians concerned have little or no control.

Karsh's Exhibition

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Support for the United Nations does not depend on the belief that it will avert war. It depends on the belief that the establishment and continued functioning of the new organization have shown the world a pattern within which the nations can be taught to settle their differences around a common table; that the preservation and constant exercise of the veto power are showing that the complete and absolute nationalism of which it is the symbol is the root-cause of modern warfare; and that the repeated and dramatic use of the veto will in time lead to a realization that both it and the absolute nationalism which it represents are no longer compatible with the security and progress of the human race.

There are two equal dangers, in expecting too much of the United Nations, and in expecting too little. We must not expect it to be perfect, for it is only a human organization. We must not lose interest in it on account of its imperfections, for that which is imperfect can be improved. We must above all things see to it that the very definite obligations of our own country towards the organization which it has entered are carried out to the full extent and in the fullest good faith; only then shall we have a right to criticize other nations for whatever failures may attend the course of this great effort to mitigate the sufferings of humanity.

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Oh, oh, how terrible the thought!
Now he's in the House of Rimmon, sullying his glory
And denying all he had been taught,
Such as High Protection, Military Readiness,
Church-and-King prerogative and every kind of steadiness
As against the Radicals, so loose and indeterminate,
Who will never pause to see a New Idea germinate.

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But he wasn't bigoted about traditions hoary,
Didn't think about his label much.
When the world was threatened with a total loss
He came out of Cambrai with a fine Victoria Cross,
For he saw his duty and he did it, bold and hearty,
Never even thinking how it would affect The Party.

That's the kind of statesman to adore a Government,
Labels are less useful than force and good intent.

J. E. M.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Dairy Industry Opposes Margarine for Stable National Economy

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

ASSUMING that you are sincere in asking the question "Why not margarine?" in your editorial (S.N., Aug. 30), and again assuming that a large percentage of your readers have not had an opportunity of hearing the other side of the argument, I would appreciate the opportunity of making some comments.

Your first statement that butter prices have already gone far above the cost of production can stand some correction. Reliable economists have collected authentic data on the cost of producing butterfat and have established the price of 74 cents per pound. The hourly wage rate allowed for labor and management on the farm in this calculation was only 42 cents. There have been increases in cost since this figure was arrived at.

How selfish we Canadians can appear to be at times. The world supply of vegetable oils is extremely short. Large areas of the world are on the verge of starvation and yet it would appear some of us are anxious to further deprive these unfortunate people.

Countries are becoming more realistic as they discover that a cheap food policy is not a sound economic policy. Agriculture is still a very important factor in our national well-being and the farmers of Canada, as potential users of consumer goods, will always be a ready market at home for an immense volume of manufactured goods if they are receiving something more than their cost of production. Keeping the farmers of our Dominion prosperous is one of the greatest factors in assuring the well-being of both industry and labor as well as those providing other services in our society. Butter is often referred to as the safety valve in our whole Dairy Industry. In other words, experience has demonstrated that it is necessary to maintain butter prices at a reasonable level if we want to build some security in the Dairy Industry in particular and in all of Agriculture in general, and thus help materially in stabilizing the whole economic structure.

If it should be possible to buy margarine in Canada, then it should also be possible to buy, without a duty that makes it at times comparable to a ban, U.S. automobile tires, textiles, radios, milk filter discs or the thousands of other articles that Canadian farmers purchase regularly to the value of millions of dollars.

In reference to your statement regarding the qualities of margarine as a healthful food, I would like to draw your readers' attention to the disgusting paradox of the *Canadian Medical Association Journal* advocating the manufacture of margarine and the Ontario Medical Association protesting the admission of refugee doctors—doctors need oleo but cream producers don't need doctors!

Since SATURDAY NIGHT seems to be so concerned about health (and rightly so), please note that every time farm prices are forced below cost of production the farmer is forced to mine his soil. This practice results in the production of food below the standards required for good health and society suffers. Let us not be guilty of creating such conditions.

If we are going to attack privilege, let us first attack the Big Privileges that make smaller compensating privileges a necessity.

R. W. MORRISON
Vice-Pres., Ontario Federation of Agriculture
Alvinston, Ont.

Kerensky and Lloyd George

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN THE interview with Kerensky (S.N., July 12) I note that the writer resurrects the musty old yarn that he (Kerensky) wished to ship the Czar Nicholas to England but was prevented from doing so by Lloyd George. In his Memoirs the latter devotes a whole chapter to the story and exposes the falsity of this hoary myth by quoting the actual telegrams that were exchanged on the matter between the Russian and British Governments.

Perhaps your writer, J. N. Harris, will consult the whole chapter and there learn the more and trouble into which the Russian people were led by the inept and weak-kneed policy followed by Kerensky during the very brief period in which he led the interim party, and in the face of the ferocious and implacable Lenin.

Incidentally, it is said to think that Lenin and Stalin taught Mussolini how, Mussolini who taught Hitler who taught Franco what an easy thing it is to fasten the fetters of tyranny upon a people. Stalin and in a lesser degree Franco still survive.

Kipawa, Surrey, Que. ANTHONY JOHNS

Table or Bed?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN ONE of the captions with which Miss Van Gogh answered "Letter for Letter" (S.N., July 26, if memory serves) of a mystery all the time why the oriental enthusiasm in this province opposes the public provision of the necessities of Canada's plan, or the absorption of "Queen Road" elements which constitute the prime appeal of these plays and their rightful lure such truly artistic productions as the French film "Les Enfants du Paradis" the alleged immorality of which is merely incidental to the main theme.

Subscription to art is being translated today in an entirely literary appreciation before the fact is not two years or so completed to promote that the work stands for the appreciation of such low comedy as "Letter for Letter" and the post-play "Queen's Road" and a number persons regarding many French films of a vastly higher and more serious endeavor, is the puerile one of national prejudice. One can also chew a mental cud on the fact that the English-speaking peoples, especially on this continent, can so benignly tolerate the most indecent and disgusting treatment of sexual themes in public performance, so long as it is performed as comedy; but when approached by the serious, refined and really civilized treatment of the unorthodox in sexual matters, which often appears in French films, we react with an indignant shudder at its "immorality", and give such films the cold shoulder.

No wonder the contention, so often suggested these days, that this continent is becoming the custodian of civilized values and culture, is enough to give any civilized person the blues.

I, for one, am of the opinion that what the common man needs is not a tickle in the ribs but a kick in the pants!

London, Ont. H. C. FRANCIS

Redistribution

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

"CRITICUS" argued that redistribution is not creation (S.N., Aug. 16). If we agree that the end of economic activity is to create "welfare", then surely he is in error. It seems likely that a dollar taken from the prince and given to the pauper adds to the welfare of society, for the loss to the one is more than offset by the gain to the other. At any rate, the principle has been accepted by those capitalist governments which have used the graduated income tax.

A left-winger might argue, for example, that even if a socialist government should prove less efficient, in a technical sense, than the capitalist regime which it replaced, yet it might still increase the overall welfare by changing the pattern of distribution. He would say, possibly, that a C.C.F. government would have given us six $4,000 houses for every $20,000 mansion erected in the past year or so; but he could add that we would be better off even if only four had been produced.

Granted that the New Zealand government has achieved a more equitable distribution of wealth without restricting either freedom or production, then it has fulfilled one aspect of the socialist plan not too badly.

Montreal, Que. J. C. WELDON

Safety Measures

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

RE YOUR editorial on the barring of Communists (S.N., Aug. 2), the necessary steps which will have to be taken to ensure the safety of the State and preserve our future for Free Enterprise and Democracy are viz:

1. The dissolution of all opposition parties.
2. A controlled press.
3. Controlled elections.
4. The dissolution of trade unions and cooperatives.
5. The creation of a secret police to act as auxiliary informers to our present national force, which will have to be stepped up to a much higher degree of efficiency than it now possesses.
6. A coordinated army, navy and air force, especially trained and equipped to deal with strikes, riots and hunger marchers, and these armed forces to be numerically stronger than at the present day.
7. The internment of all those possessing liberal political, economic, social or religious opinions, this following the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

By putting into effect the above precautions immediately, we may save ourselves from a spread of Socialism, and the danger of a Communist uprising along the 1917 lines.

Pictou, N.S. W. RITCHIE FRASER

Clock-Punchers

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

A RHETORICAL question by Mr. M. J. Coldwell at a Geneva Park conference is the subject of an editorial in your issue of August 23. The question, "How free is the man who goes to work when the whistle blows and goes home when another whistle blows?" is one which I have heard many times but never with the implications you ascribe to it.

You suggest that the implication of the question is that in a more ideal society the worker would not need to bother about whistles, time clocks nor other devices which have to do with putting in a prescribed number of hours of work. I have always understood, on the contrary, that the question is intended to serve as a reminder that even under "free" enterprise the great mass of the people in an industrialized society must inevitably behave as a regimented army of whistle-listeners and clock-punchers. Mass production has made it so. Presumably Mr. Coldwell was drawing attention to the fact that our interdependence in the complex, modern economy relegates individualism of the old, rugged kind, to an obscure place.

Woodbridge, Ont. D. A. BRISTON

Passing Show

A BRITISH scientist says we shall soon be able to fly to the moon. What's the use? The exchange control people will undoubtedly prevent us from taking any money there.

•

"Social security measures are now costing New Zealanders nearly $100 a head."—Ottawa *Journal*. "Social security measures are now distributing to New Zealanders nearly $100 a head."—Any good New Zealand Socialist. It's all in the point of view.

•

Asked "whether they would put the interests of their own country before those of the rest of the world," half the British people questioned in a recent poll said they would. The other half were not asked how they expected to know what the interests of the rest of the world were in any given situation.

•

The *C.C.F. News* objects to a recent heading in *Canadian Business* which read "Let's Fight for Profits." But nobody denies to the C.C.F. the right to the slogan "Let's Fight for Losses."

•

Whittier and Wittier

Of all sad words you hear or see
From the pen, or the human *vox*,
The saddest are these: "It used to be
In my safety deposit box."

J. E. P.

•

The amended Criminal Code makes it an offence to cause a disturbance in a public place "by screaming, swearing, shouting or singing." That seems to put tenors where they belong.

A well known firm is now advertising a "dental type tooth brush". To be followed, no doubt, by a pedal type shoe and ocular type glasses.

•

Mr. McGregor is certainly putting teeth into the Combines Act.

•

Canada's Margaret Marshall came third in the finals of the Atlantic City beauty contest, but first in the bathing-costume preliminaries. "Show" in both cases.

•

Our Minister of Agriculture, the Rt. Hon. J. G. Gardiner, was nearly arrested in Germany as a suspicious character. Food prices must be going up there too.

•

If India and Pakistan are ready for self-government they might start doing some.

•

Check the Veto

Mr. Molotov will not attend the opening sessions of the U.N. Assembly. It is rumored he is annoyed because he cannot bring his Veto with him.

•

The United States has decided to sell some of its isotopes, which will be splendid if anybody can find U.S. funds to buy them with.

•

The new immigration policy—"Let George Drew it."

•

The C.B.C. seems to be broadcasting its staff as well as its programs.

•

"Future disposition of America's gold is not a subject for discussion by foreign powers."—U.S. Secretary of the Treasury. But you'll let us dream about it, surely?

•

Lucy says the new hem line will cheat a lot of elderly ladies out of their pleasure in life—they can no longer call it ahem line.

Photo by Milne Studios.

Most Rev. George Frederick Kingston, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., D.D., was elected Primate of All Canada of the Church of England this week at the General Synod of the Electoral College meeting in Saskatoon. Formerly Bishop of Nova Scotia, he now becomes Archbishop of Nova Scotia. The 58-year-old Ontario-born churchman succeeds Archbishop Derwyn T. Owen, who died last April, as Primate. Said Archbishop Kingston after his election: "I pledge myself to the church, body, mind and soul. It is a great day of opportunity for the church and by the help of God we will make the best of it." For brief biographical sketch of the new Primate see page 22.

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

different in their problems of finance and management. One of them has needed a lot of money from the Government during the war and if this continues indefinitely a strong argument for some form of government control will arise in that particular case; but to nationalize and centralize control over the whole industry is to invite bureaucracy, inefficiency and muddle. As for socializing the farm implement and meat packing industries, this proposal is obviously intended to catch farm votes; both industries seem to be reasonably efficient producers and, with some reservations, reasonably competitive; profits in meat packing have been high but the profit margin is narrow and it could quickly disappear; political intervention would be inevitable, because meat packing is wide open to pressures from both farm groups and consumer groups.

Nationalization of banking is, or ought to be, a dead duck; the recent war, coming on top of the 1930's, has almost convinced everyone (except the most reactionary conservatives and the C. C. F.) that a shortage of money and credit will never again stand in the way of desirable enterprise, public or private, for which the men and materials are available.

We have already gone a long way along the paths of socialism in Canada, and in some directions we will no doubt go farther, as other countries have done. But surely we can learn something from the various socialistic experiments that have been tried here and in Great Britain and elsewhere. Political clap-trap about nationalizing unpopular industries is a poor sort of talk for a party that is trying to persuade us all to follow it along the path of "intelligent national planning."

REQUEST

For the Re-Opening of the Schools.

O PRAY for teacher now
Who never knows
Where lands the fallen seed
Or if it grows;
He cannot force the unfolding of the flower,
Protect from rain, anticipate the hour
When new seed blows.

O pray for teacher now
Who never dares
Withhold from secret need
In one who cares;
His best he scatters blind, and never asks
If heeded or refused by little masks,
If fruit or tares.

G. V. DOWNES

The New Minister

MR. KING'S powers of persuasion, which seem to be almost unlimited when the interests of the Liberal party are gravely involved, have enabled him to secure for the New Brunswick vacancy in his Cabinet a New Brunswicker of outstanding ability, who must be regarded as making a great personal sacrifice in accepting the Fisheries portfolio. President Milton F. Gregg, V.C., has been highly successful during his brief incumbency at the University of New Brunswick, and could look forward to spending the rest of his active life in that post or some even more responsible academic position. He gives up that career in exchange for membership in a Government which has been in power since 1935 and can hardly expect to remain in power for an indefinite period hereafter, and for a portfolio which, while no doubt a necessary part of that body, cannot be regarded as one of its more important offices. It is true that there are several shifts to be expected in the early future, and that Dr. Gregg may very reasonably look forward to a much more important position within a few months.

We cannot greatly share the resentment which has been expressed by some New Brunswick Conservatives over Dr. Gregg's adhesion to the Liberal party. It appears to us to be quite possible even for a man whose ancestors were Conservatives to believe that the Liberal Party is likely to provide the best Government for Canada during the next few years, and therefore to be willing in all honesty to help it do the providing. The view that a man is committed for his entire lifetime to the political party of his father and grandfather is, we are aware, quite widely held in New Brunswick and in other parts of Canada, but it has never seemed to us to be a sound view, and we fancy that even in New Brunswick it may be losing its hold. That it will be put forward with great earnestness as a reason why Dr. Gregg should not be elected in York-Sunbury is to be expected, but it is hardly likely to prevent his election. Nor will that election have any significance as a test of public opinion concerning the King Government.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE *Copyright in All Countries*

The Tribune's Boxes

THE use of a circulation test as a means of banning the distribution of Toronto's Communist daily newspaper by nickel-in-the-slot boxes on the street corners is a thoroughly improper device, and the Toronto Board of Control is probably sorry by this time that it adopted it. It has afforded the Communists a splendid opportunity to do some more bleating about freedom of the press, and has compelled a lot of people (like ourselves) who have no sympathy with their objectives to support them in this particular issue because they happen to be right.

These distribution boxes are a device for selling newspapers without the use of newsboys. Nobody would dream of prohibiting a newsboy from selling the *Tribune* on the street corners because its circulation is less than 150,000. Nobody should dream of prohibiting the sale of the *Tribune* by corner boxes on that ground. If the boxes showed signs of becoming so numerous as to interfere with traffic they can be checked by imposing a rental fee or by restricting the corners at which they can be placed. But there is no such indication at present, and even if there were there would be no justification for dealing with the problem by cutting out the stands of little papers and leaving those of big ones.

Empire Exports Decline

CANADIAN exporters of manufactured goods may well be alarmed about the future of their markets. The outlook seemed bright at the end of the war, but a few months ago there arose a little cloud the size of a man's hand, and now the sky is black with clouds and wind. A straw in the wind: Australia has just cut imports of Canadian newsprint by 30 per cent.

The trouble comes, of course, from the "dollar shortage" of Great Britain and other Empire countries. This is only another way of saying that, because those countries are unable to sell very much to the United States and Canada, they are also unable to buy very much from us. And naturally they will only be buying the things that they need most and that cost them least: food and raw materials rather than manufactures.

Things are even worse than they look at first sight. Two points must be kept in mind. (1) In past years our exporters of manufactures—motor cars, rubber goods, stoves, textiles, chemicals, and countless other products—have built up their markets in Empire countries within the tariff protection given by Imperial Preference. (2) Many of our chief exporting firms are branches of American corporations that have set up plants in Canada in order to be able to make and sell goods within the Empire preference area; and many of these branches are not allowed, by their parent companies, to compete with them in other markets such as South America. In short, our exports have not only been traditionally pointed at certain targets that are now disappearing, they are actually being held in that direction by arrangements over which the Canadians concerned have little or no control.

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J. E. M.

A Revised Training System Is Needed in Nursing

By CHARLOTTE WHITTON

In this article, the last of two on the shortage in nursing needs, Dr. Whitton claims that recruiting, speeding up, lowering of admission standards to training schools do not come to grips with the fundamental problem. This is that, alone among the comparable professions, nursing still proceeds on the old apprenticeship basis of "working for your training". It is a precarious risk to rely for the great army of our general "bedside and case" nurses upon 164 approved nursing schools, attached to this number among our 600 hospitals for acute diseases.

Dr. Whitton suggests that none but the Canadian Nurses' Association is grappling with the basic question which is that nursing training must be revamped and hospitals do their job of caring for the sick through graduate nursing staff and pay for it; and that nursing training schools specialize in training in the care of the sick and charge for their tuition.

CANADA'S largest hospitals are small, compared to those of the United States, and few of them are really large. We have barely half a dozen hospitals in the 750 upwards range; in fact 73 per cent have less than 100 beds, their average being only 40 beds, the other 27 per cent with over 100 beds have an average of 263. Even in well settled, prosperous Ontario 65 per cent of the hospitals have less than 100 beds and average about 40, while in the western provinces 75 per cent of Manitoba's hospitals (average 42 beds), 90 per cent of Saskatchewan's (average 31), 91 per cent of Alberta's (average 37) and 84 per cent of British Columbia's (average 39) are in the "under 100 bed" category. Quebec, with Montreal's large institutions and many long established religious houses, has the highest percentage of larger hospitals, 60 per cent over 100 beds, with an average of 261 beds, while her smaller hospitals average 52 beds. Roughly 70 per cent of the hospitals in the Maritime Provinces have less than 100 beds, averaging around 60.

And of these hospitals, only one in three or four operates schools of nursing, 35 per cent of them in Ontario, 22 per cent in Quebec, 20 per cent in the Maritimes, 23 per cent in the West. Graduate nurses in these hospitals with training schools number 3,780, with 1,870 probationers and 10,100 student nurses, or a ratio of between 3 and 4 nurses in training to every graduate.

Obviously there is a great range in the excellence of training, varying with the resources of the training school, and the girl who is entering nursing seriously wants the best preparation she can get. She naturally seeks the larger hospitals but people are ill in their own communities. The very balance between Canada's primary and secondary production depends in great degree upon the extension of at least minimum social provisions, especially in the health services, to those who work the farms, forests, mines and fisheries and drive forward our frontiers. The district hospital, clinic and health unit form part of the logical answer but they cannot operate without nursing staff. Nursing personnel can be persuaded to staff them but it is becoming crystal clear that when the smaller hospital attempts to operate a training school as well two things are happening. It cannot give training, carrying prestige wherever the graduate goes, and the girl seeking nursing training is going elsewhere.

Two functions long separated in the other professions are still combined in nursing training. The hospitals with training schools seek to provide care for the sick and at the same time training in the care of the sick.

Nursing training in the Canadian hospital school today is organized on the basis of admission of the student as a probationer for a period of 4 to 6 months, at the end of which (if she isn't sent on "the homeseekers' excursion") she is "capped" and enters the second stage of her three year course as a student nurse. In this period, she does not ordinarily pay for her tuition, as in practically any comparable pursuit; she "works for her training", putting in 121 weeks of 48 hour weeks (8 hour days) or a total, estimated by that gifted leader of Canadian nurses, Miss Ethel Johns, Reg. N., as 5,808 hours, worth, at present minimum rates for unskilled labor, at least 50 cents per hour or $2,900 during her course.

Duty and Classes

Against this the hospital, operating the training school, allows her a uniform, maintenance and some nominal allowance per month, a total probably not exceeding $2,000 for her course. During this period of training, the student nurse must work in all her class instruction, in addition to the 8 hour nursing day, and, if she be on night duty (and some hospitals put students on 12 hour night duty, some on ten weeks of continuous night duty, etc.) she must fit her sleep in some time between duty and classes. An anomaly in several of the provinces is that the student nurse, working for her training, has a maximum week in excess of the peak tolerated, even in the canneries, etc., and then only for short emergency periods, and with a monthly return probably equal to the canning operator's weekly wages.

The approved hospital training schools vary greatly in service and prestige and the pressure on the training facilities of the "pukka hospitals" enables them to pick and choose their probationers. Physicians, hospital boards, citizens at large, teachers and parents in the smaller cities and towns complain that part of the present problem is because some of these top-flight schools have been less than statesmanlike in their lack of interest either in the recruiting and training of nurses as a whole or in the problems besetting the hospitals' training schools in the small communities.

Too many hospitals have failed to face up to the actual cost problem of operating with a full complement of graduate to student nurses. The smaller hospitals with training schools, closed in the interest of more efficient training, or stumbling in the lack of student applications, are facing a crisis both in staff and costs. They lack probationers; they cannot entice district graduates back from the large schools since the girl who leaves her town or small city to train in the "swanky" metropolitan hospitals is not likely to return to a small institution, particularly since the larger hospitals and cities offer unusual inducements to the enterprising and efficient graduate.

Graduate Staffs Needed

Personnel standards, generally accepted in hospital training on this continent, call for a staff distribution of 15 per cent supervisors and head nurses, 30 per cent graduate staff, 30 per cent student nurses, 25 per cent "sub" staff (aides, orderlies, etc.). The Canadian Nurses' Association made a recent "spot" grading of 26 representative Canadian hospitals, all with more than 100 beds, and found that only 3 had acquired almost sufficient graduate staff, 15 almost adequate supervisory staff, and only 9 almost adequate auxiliary staff. Twenty-four were using student nurses quite beyond the minimum, all but two, had over 40 per cent as against the standard of 30, many more than 50 per cent and several over 70 per cent and up to 80 per cent. Several offenders were very large hospitals.

The crux of the problem is to face the situation and to face also the fact that three types of service are now required in the nursing field—the executive nurse, the bedside or "case" nurse, and the auxiliary nurse aide—and to attempt to recast training in the light of these facts and of principles prevailing in all other comparable lines. An essential practical consideration is the necessity of assuring the operation of hospitals and the nursing of the sick in the small, no less than the great Canadian community. This calls for facing what hospitals, healing professions and the public have all too long ignored—that the care of the sick and training in the care of the sick are related but separate functions as in medicine; that one is a health responsibility and hospital function and the other is a training responsibility and educational function. Acceptance of this principle leads naturally to the development of hospital services as educational services, along two major lines—normal training hospitals and service hospitals, just as we have normal training schools or colleges and many hundreds of institutions actually instructing pupils, not training instructors.

More and more, leaders in nursing and hospitalization aver that no solution will come until these facts are faced and the hospitals proper are operated with full-time, fully paid graduate staff, who will render the actual nursing service and similarly retained subsidiary staff who will do non-nursing work. (A study just completed in the United States indicates that the average hospital nurse reports at least a quarter of her time on duty expended on making beds, answering bells, taking meals to pa-

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tients, taking patients to appointments and doing clerical work for hospital or medical staff.)

The Canadian Nurses' Association has developed extensive plans for a Demonstration School of nursing along such lines, and the Canadian Red Cross Society has made a grant of $40,000 a year for three years for its operation. If the experiment justifies its hopes, this plan would probably be generally and gradually extended. Its principles could be adapted in central training schools. Special "nursing normal schools" could be created, strategically located, to utilize all hospitals in a city or area.

Shorten Training

They could be operated as training schools, solely, accepting and instructing nursing students, and placing them for specified periods in actual student nursing, under graduate supervision in the hospitals proper and paying the hospitals for the tuition given. Nursing leaders estimate that such procedure could speed up the course and shorten the period of training. The nurses would be graduates of a common, central school, practice nursing in the whole round of hospitals affiliated for teaching, and their diplomas would be issued in the name of the school itself, removing the present disparity between the graduate of the "first" and "second" rank hospitals. The student would be encouraged to express her preference for bedside or administrative nursing, and, in the case of the latter, proceed to post-graduate work therein. Certain of the affiliated hospitals would be utilized as training units for subsidiary hospital staff, practical nursing, etc. and their licenses would likewise carry common currency.*

The objection of many hospitals to this development is the increase in costs involved, most of them frankly admitting their heavy additional outlays if they cease to "work the student nurses". The hospitals should have no extra costs themselves; the difference in the payment of a graduate nurse staff should be made up by payment of fees for training and educational grants from the public authorities, such as are today essential to the Universities and normal colleges for every other category of technical and professional training but nursing.

Of course, beyond this immediate challenge to the re-alignment of training there is, too, a challenge to the community for understanding in the regularization of nursing schedules and their development along lines to assure the nurse on private duty some year-round minimum income and to equalize the salary of the nurse "geographically" to the end that the heavy duties of hinterland and small community, calling for maturity and experience, shall not be under discount to the less individually isolated and often routine procedures of the much more highly paid junior urban worker. Also, in a profession, demanding preparation, quality and responsibility all of high order, the public, as a whole, must concern itself to assure a better average annual return to the nurse than a gross of $1,009 and a net of $982 per year, particularly when compared with the average medical gross of $5,237 and net of $3,162 and the dental averages of $3,386 and $2,032. (Report—Health Insurance for Canada).

National Health Program

Moreover, if we are sincere in our evaluation of the strategic place of the nurse in our entire social health program, some more commensurate assignment should be made to nursing service than in the schedules so far consistently used in all the Dominion's data on proposed health insurance plans for Canada. These estimate an annual cost of approximately $250 millions, pro rated $109 millions among our 12,000 medical practitioners, $41 millions for dental services, exactly the same amount, $41 millions, for hospital care, $29 millions for pharmaceutical needs, and only $20 millions for nursing. Of this, about $7 millions is for visiting nurses (peculiarly enough just the same amount as allowed for laboratory service) and $13 millions for all other nursing.

This is how the costs are planned, nursing thus altogether being assigned just 8 per cent of the nation's planned budget in health benefits. Such a disparity cannot but induce a discount in public evaluation of the need and value of our nursing services. The relationship in the cost to the insured person is also apt to lead him to regard nursing care very lightly, for in the contributor's annual premium of $21.60 the official estimates assign to nursing service a cost of 60 cents per year per capita and to all other nursing, including private duty, $1.15, as against $9.50 for medical services, $3.60 for dental, $3.60 for hospital and $2.55 for drugs, etc. The Canadian who agrees upon this rating has little valid complaint if young Canadian women accept his assessing of their worth and turn to other pursuits upon which their country appears to place a higher value.

*Just as this article is being printed, word has been received that the Canadian Nurses' Association has concluded arrangements for the inauguration of a Demonstration Nursing School, as above outlined, in the Windsor (Ontario) Metropolitan Hospital, serving the Border City area. It will be under the direction of Miss Nettie D. Fidler, formerly of the staff of the University of Toronto School of Nursing. This will be a most significant experiment in the training of nurses in Canada.

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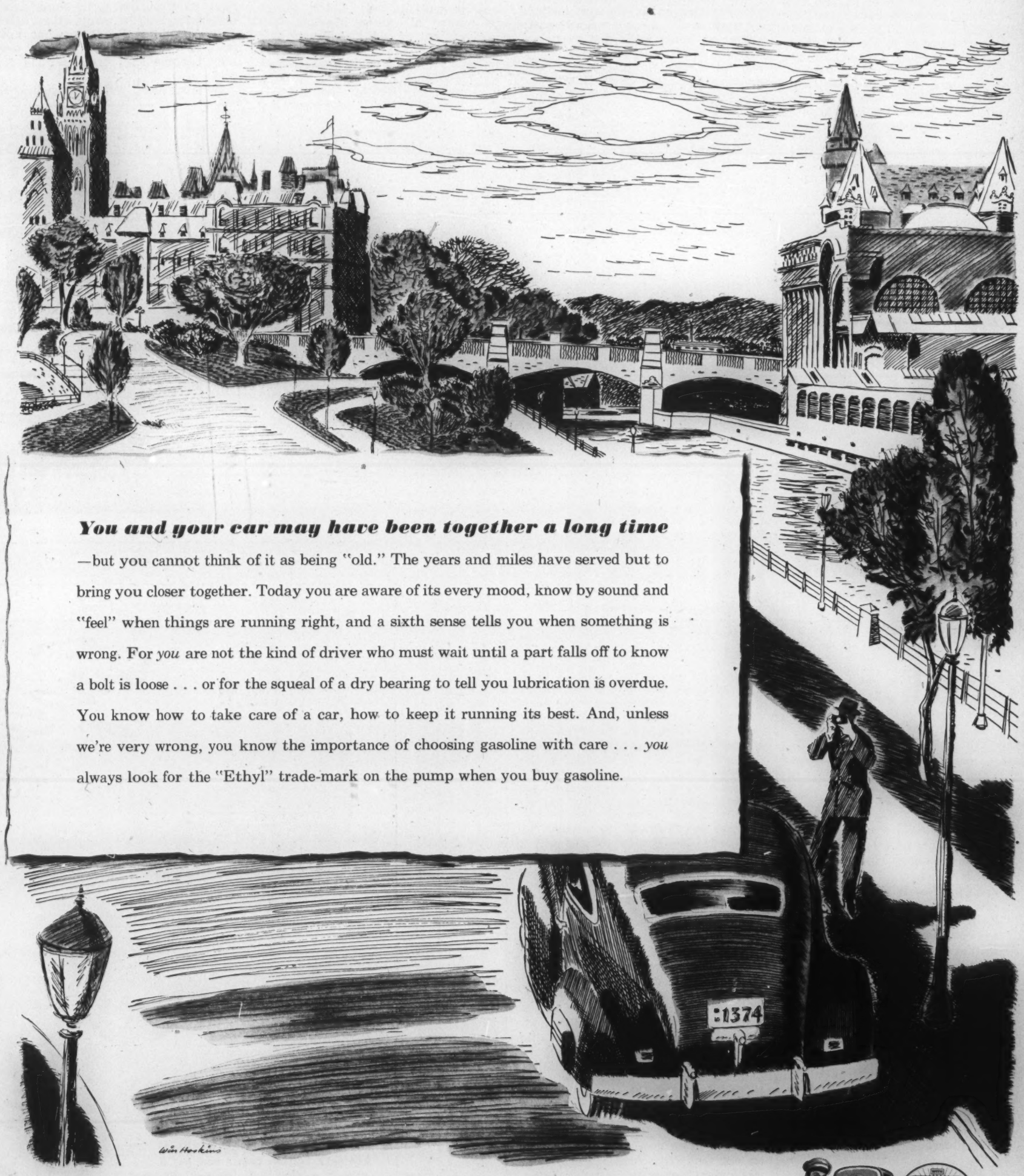

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OTTAWA LETTER

French Philosopher on Liberalism Stirs Young Liberal Delegates

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

THE outstanding events of the week do not always get the biggest headlines. It is quite possible that the most important national political news of the past few days was not the selection of a Conservative university president to be a Liberal Minister of Fisheries but the gathering of Young Liberals in Summer Conference at McMaster University. It all depends on whether you are thinking of immediate political tactics or long-term basic strategy.

It can be conceded at once that the gathering at Hamilton is not likely to have any immediate effect upon the strength of the Liberal party or the results of the next general election. There may have been a certain amount of party strategy discussed, or even decided upon; but for the most part the gathering was not much concerned over the practical problems of the choice of candidates or the selection of issues to be stressed in the provincial and national fields. It was really a "school" rather than a convention, just as the Port Hope Conference of 1933 was a "school."

The tough, hard-bitten, practical, party politician is always inclined to brush aside these academic gatherings as being frills and even luxuries. I think that is a very short-sighted view. Every year a new generation of Canadians is reaching an age when they might be expected to show some interest in public life. Many of them will join political parties; some of them will decide to make politics their life calling. The future of the Liberal party in Canada in 1960 hinges on the number and calibre of the young people who between now and then decide it is the kind of society which expresses their needs and desires, so that they want to join in it and work with it.

Among the parties in Canada which will welcome them to their ranks will be the Young Communists, the C.C.F., the Liberals, the Social Crediters and the Conservatives. The decision they will make will depend, of course, to some extent on their family backgrounds and early prejudices. But the deciding factor for many will be the vitality, the enthusiasm, the plausibility and the deep, abiding appeal of the program to be found in the several parties. If the Canadian Liberal party is to get its fair share of these young people it must possess aims and qualities which will appeal to many of them. If it is trying to live on its laurels, if it is content to concentrate upon clinging to power, if it is bankrupt in new means of achieving old objectives, the great majority of the young people will find a more exciting affiliation elsewhere.

Seeking New Answers

Any political party which desires to live and thrive must be constantly evolving in the light of new challenges and conditions. As soon as it begins to coast along on its traditions, it is doomed to decay and even eventual death. The significance of the Liberal Summer Conference at Hamilton should be read in the light of such a truism. The chief value of the sessions last week was the evidence of a groping toward new answers and the penetrating examination of the tasks of modern liberalism provided by a number of speakers, outstanding among which was Dr. Etienne Gilson of Paris.

Dr. Gilson's talk was singularly rich in answers to those disturbing and baffling questions which Liberals in all countries have been asking themselves in recent years. How can you reconcile the pure tenets of Liberalism with the extension of state paternalism such as seems to be inescapably connected with social welfare? How can a true Liberal endorse the growing evidences of state intervention without which the modern, intricate society appears unable to operate? How can a Liberal move forward without becoming to a large extent a Socialist? And finally, what is the right Liberal attitude toward the menace of Marxian Socialism or Communism?

Indeed, Dr. Gilson's address is so pregnant with illuminating comment on our troubled world of conflicting ideologies that any Canadian interested in public affairs could read it with benefit, and I hope steps are taken to give it the circulation it warrants.

It is an admirable sign, I think, that the Young Liberals at Hamilton greeted the eminent French philosopher's remarks with loud and prolonged enthusiasm, and that more than one of them said afterwards that his speech had led them to decide to dedicate themselves to a life of public service.

Apart from Dr. Gilson's talk on "The Philosophy of Liberalism" and the other valuable contributions on the theory and practise of liberal doctrines, a notable feature of the conference was the thoroughly representative nature of the delegates (they came from every province, and the largest delegation of all came from French-Canada), and the spirit of lively criticism coupled with broad, cultural toleration.

Basis: Political Liberty

A liberal, said Dr. Gilson, is a man who, in everything, stands for political liberty. But political liberty is not an end in itself, but a means to ensure all other liberties. The achievement of political liberty was the work of Liberals, but it is not enough to stop at that goal. Indeed, the achievement of political equality "has naturally had for its result, in the economic field, the progressive concentration of wealth within the hands of a comparatively few men." Capitalism, he said, is a regime where, owing to an *exclusively political* liberalism, a small body of economically strong citizens can wholly dominate a more or less large body of economically weak citizens.

The real attraction of Marxism is that it is promising to add economic liberty to political liberty, he said. Lots of people were terribly afraid of Communism, and rightly so, for it was a plague, but its very strength lay in the ignorance of people as to what lies at the bottom of it. The strength of the Marxist appeal, he said, lay in "the fact that, now a full-fledged citizen on the political level, most workers still remain, in their working life, mere economical subjects, swayed from high by economic powers in which they have no share. If we want to remove Marxism, we should first remove its cause."

Marxism offered no real solution, because it first suppresses political liberty and then by necessary consequence annihilates what little may already exist of social and economic liberty. Marxism pretends to be an enemy of capitalism, which is the concentration of wealth and power, but the Marxist revolution is really the last effort of concentration,—"the most acute form of the disease which it pretends to cure, since it represents State capitalism."

"The proper function of the State," he contended, "is neither to monopolize all the rights and all the liberties, nor blindly to trust human nature as if its natural goodness were bound to bring about the spontaneous triumph of social order, economic justice and mutual charity. . . . Modern societies have reached such a stage of technical development that state intervention is, in some cases necessary, and in many other cases desirable, in order that what now remains the privilege of a happy few, may become the common good for all."

On such social welfare measures as family allowances, he commented: "There is Statism where the State aims to do the job of families, not where it helps families in doing themselves their own job." On labor relations: "What the State has to do is everywhere to favor and regulate professional, commercial and industrial organization, so as to be the natural arbiter between employer and employees." Where labor will not be organized by the State in a democratic way, labor itself is bound sooner or later to become the State. These brief quotations suggest the meaty character of this notable address.

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Army Cuts Will Impair Britain's Influence

By SCRUTATOR

Last month to a House of Commons crowded with members who had been especially recalled from Summer Recess, Prime Minister Attlee described the causes and nature of Britain's economic crisis. He outlined the Government's corrective plan which included a reduction of 80,000 in Britain's projected 1948 overseas military establishment of 1,087,000.

"But such economies, which can have disastrous politico-military effects, should be made with the utmost caution," warns the well-known British foreign affairs analyst who writes under the pseudonym of Scrutator.

London.

AT TIMES of economic pressure, when the nation is being urged to "cut its coat according to its cloth," there is always a school of thought which argues that the first and easiest thing to economize upon is the strength of the Services. Do we want more man-power? Get it, they say, by bringing men from the Forces back to civil life. Do we want to spend less foreign currency? Save it, they say, by employing fewer and smaller Service units abroad—in Germany, in the Middle East, in the Indian Ocean, or in Japan.

After all, they suggest, it does not matter how large or small your forces are, unless there is a war; and if anybody is so wicked as to suggest that another war may come, down with him! Do not his words prove him a bellicose hothead, fundamentally undeserving of credence?

This school of thought is very assertive today on the back benches of the Labor Party. But it did not originate there; it has been active in the House of Commons for generations past. In the present century it has been largely responsible for our being caught unprepared by the two successive world wars. Twice over that unpreparedness has entailed heavy casualties on ourselves and terrible miseries on the Allies who trusted in us. And twice over it has come near to ending our very existence as a nation.

Some politicians of the anti-Services school are so anxious to reduce defence expenditure that they seem almost to welcome a financial crisis as an excuse for doing so. At the back of their minds they assume that such expenditure is money thrown away; that it "makes for militarism," and is a source of danger to peace. They do not realize that, Britain being the most pacific power in the world, the stronger Britain is, the stronger peace is; and, vice versa, that when Britain is weak, peace is weak.

Holding Her Own

The continuing importance of Britain's prestige in the world can hardly be over-estimated. In every main sphere of international cooperation—politics, administration, commerce, banking, and maritime practice—she can draw on an experience longer and wider than that of any other people. But her power of rendering service to others depends vitally on holding her own.

To this there are two sides—economic and politico-military, wealth and defence. On one of these sides, the economic, she is temporarily suffering a severe blow. I believe it is temporary; I believe, as the Government believes, that it can be overcome. But nothing would so much hamper our overcoming it as any display of weakness on the other, the politico-military, side. From the Parliamentary standpoint our temporary poverty might make a reduction of defence expenditure more plausible. But from the international standpoint it would render it much more difficult to effect without our losing status irreparably.

Certain Service economies have, of course, been in prospect throughout, such as savings arising out of the withdrawal of our forces from Italy, from Greece, or from India. Those from the evacuation of India will now for perfectly legitimate reasons be realized earlier than could six months ago be foreseen. But their extent should not be exaggerated. We cannot simply strike off the Army and Air Force the whole of the units hitherto forming the white element in India's defences. The bulk of them will still be needed for our garrisons and strategic reserves elsewhere.

The figure hitherto adopted by the Government for March 31, 1948, is 1,087,000 men in the three Services. The total is made up of two components — 750,000 representing the "basic needs" of the three Services, and 337,000 due to various abnormal commitments. Of the latter much the largest is the occupation of Germany, which (taking Army, Navy and Air Force together) is reckoned to require about 210,000 men. These units represent a special cost in foreign exchange, which creates a special motive for reducing them. But they could not be reduced without an immediate weakening of our authority in Europe; since for any of the Great Powers to retain a full voice in the postwar settlement the effective discharge of its part in the occupation of Germany obviously remains a *sine qua non*.

Any effective defence system must in each of the three Services supply five needs: (1) trained units in the first line to protect our territory and communications; (2) trained units to act as strategic reserves and striking forces; (3) units undertaking special services like the occupation of Germany; (4) units of untrained men undergoing training; (5) administrative personnel and specialists, including experts in new forms of warfare. What is very important is that the first three should not go without divisional, corps and army training (as starved numbers often compelled them to do between the wars), and that (4) should be on a separate footing.

Above all, the final yardstick should be safety and not cost. We cannot afford to be unsafe; and the forces which we judged indispensable to defend us are not the first things for us to cut down, but the last. Even for economic purposes it will pay us to keep the high line, and refuse to abdicate our national status. For if Heaven helps those who help themselves, so mankind backs those who hold their heads up. That, too, our experience should by now have taught us.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Newer, Longer Skirt

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

WITH the excitement over the new longer skirts still at its height it seemed an opportune moment to conduct my monthly telephone survey and discover how local public opinion stood on this critical question. My question, "Are you in favor of the newer, longer skirts?" brought a number of indignant opinions, none of which is likely to affect the issue, since as everyone knows ninety per cent of women are against skirt-lengthening and a hundred per cent are lengthening them anyway.

A Mrs. Dextrose said she was organizing a branch of the Housewives Consumers Association to march on Ottawa with placards announcing "Hold That Hem-Line."

"Do you think that the Housewives and Consumers' Association will be any more successful in checking the lowering of skirts than they were in preventing the rise in prices?" I asked.

"I think it extremely unlikely," Mrs. Dextrose said.

"Then why march on Ottawa?" I asked.

"Well, you have to have some reason for going to Ottawa," Mrs. Dextrose said.

A MR. PERCIVAL declared that he was shocked by the folly and extravagance of throwing away whole wardrobes for the sake of a shift in style.

"The whole trouble with women is in the kind of shoes they wear," he pointed out. Women's shoes, he said emphatically, were responsible for spinal dislocation, displacement of the internal organs, metatarsal spread, mental instability, stocking runs, psychotic disturbances, split hair-ends and broken homes.

"It should be perfectly obvious that if flat-heeled shoes were to be made compulsory the whole matter would be cleared up," he concluded. "Skirts would be two to three inches nearer the floor, wardrobes could be retained, and personalities would be improved beyond recognition."

A Mrs. Boddington said that she was still in a state of doubt and perplexity over the whole problem.

"In matters of this sort I usually seek guidance from a wisdom higher than my own," she said.

"You are making it a matter of conscience?" I asked.

"Not exactly," Mrs. Bodington said nervously. "You may say I am waiting to see what stand is being taken by Helen Trent, Letty Linton, Big Sister and Back-Stage Wife."

"I AM not interested in the new longer skirt," said a Mr. Snelgrove. "At the moment I have more important subjects to engage my attention. For instance, have you considered what would happen if Secretary Bevin's proposal to redistribute the Fort Knox gold reserve were to be accepted by the Government of the United States?"

"Possibly as a short-range plan—," I began cautiously.

"If the price of gold is devalued to provide a fund of dollars so that Europe can import manufactured goods under the Marshall plan, the result will be a further rise in the price of goods with inflationary results on such a scale that it will take a whole basketful of currency to buy a pound of butter and you women will find yourselves making the newer, longer skirt out of old ten-dollar bills," Mr. Snelgrove said.

He hung up in a temper and I called the next person on my list, an N. W. Prendergast. The telephone was answered by both Mr. and Mrs. Prendergast, with Mrs. Prendergast speaking on the upstairs extension line. The conversation went something like this:

MRS. PRENDERGAST: I'm so glad for this opportunity of telling you about my latest discovery, the newer, longer skirt—.

MR. PRENDERGAST: So feminine.

MRS. PRENDERGAST: So slenderizing.

MR. PRENDERGAST: So *smart!* Have you ever said to yourself—

MRS. PRENDERGAST: How very attractive Mrs. Potter looks with those awful piano legs of hers covered up by the new, longer skirt.

MR. PRENDERGAST: That's L-O-N-G-E-R. Longer.

MRS. PRENDERGAST: Why don't *you* try it? See how much faster you'll feel better in one of these lovely new skirts that have captured the imagination of the world's smartest women.

MR. PRENDERGAST: Actual medical tests have proved that the newer, *longer* skirt—.

I broke in at this point to ask if they didn't think that the investment in an entire new wardrobe might impair the family budget.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Prendergast. "All that is needed is a little ingenuity. You see, most women feel that skirts can be lowered only from the bottom. You can prove by actual test in your own home that it is just as practicable to lower them from the top. By the use of a belt or fitted yoke made of similar or contrasting material—."

"You can add at least three inches to the length of your skirt!" cried Mr. Prendergast.

"And since fashion authorities have decreed that men's trousers are to be raised at least three inches from the ground, you can easily obtain a smart contrasting yoke for your last season's tweed suit from the bottom of your husband's trousers."

"The hell you can!" cried Mr. Prendergast.

A lively altercation developed at this point at the other end of the telephone. "James Stewart says..." "Vincent Minelli says . . ." "Brian Aherne says..." "Yah, Brian Aherne! . . ." After a little I hung up the receiver and left Mr. and Mrs. Prendergast to fight it out in private.

THE last person on my list, a Mr. Upshed, pointed out that women's skirts tended to follow the upward and downward movements of the stock market.

"When the stock market is up, skirts go up with it," he said. "When the market declines, skirts naturally seek a lower level. This unfortunately is indicative of the unstable, not to say hysterical, conditions that operate under a reactionary capitalistic system. Where you have a controlled socialistic economy, skirts maintain a uniform level and all human and material resources — including the newsprint that is wasted in carrying on discussions of this sort—is dedicated to the building up of the truly democratic state."

"In other words," Mr. Upshed concluded, "the falling hem-line points conclusively to a decline in the stock market, which in turn will lead to depression and the collapse of the so-called Western Democracies."

"May I say then that you are in favor of the newer, lower skirt?" I asked.

"Absolutely," said Mr. Upshed.

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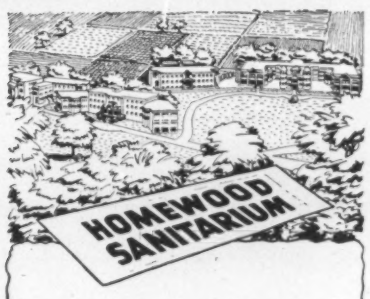

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Checking Loyalty of Civil Service May Reveal Defence Weaknesses

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

THE F.B.I. says it won't be a witch hunt. J. Edgar Hoover's top assistant, Clyde A. Tolson, declares that the loyalty check on Federal workers should be "no cause for hysteria except on the part of those who have something to conceal." In addition, U.S. Civil Service Commissioner Arthur Flemming says there is adequate protection for dismissed employees through a system of appeals.

Nevertheless, some 1,800,000 Government workers throughout the U.S.—200,000 of them in Washington—are gingerly taking stock of the loyalty check which has just been launched under an executive order from President Truman. They have been assured that the Truman checkup is much milder than that proposed by House Civil Service Chairman, Representative Rees of Kansas, which, critics say, would have permitted Star Chamber proceedings against any Government employee merely on the basis of "derogatory information."

The Truman program got under way with publicity fanfare. Labor Secretary Lewis B. Schwellenbach was the first member of the cabinet to be fingerprinted. He took it smilingly, but without comment. A Mrs. Evelyn Byne, age 26, of Arlington, Va., was the first employee fingerprinted, to the accompaniment of news photograph flash bulbs.

Fingerprinting is the preliminary phase of the program. The rest of the investigation is carried on with that familiar Government weapon, a blank form. Federal departments and agencies are now readying their fingerprinting and name card checking facilities and it is estimated the entire preliminary phase will take at least six months, using several thousand Federal workers, mostly from personnel offices. It will be a full year before Uncle Sam has completed this first full-scale inquiry in history into the loyalty or lack of it of his Federal workers staff. The job is being done cooperatively by the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Civil Service Commission. The investigation, of course, results to some extent from Canadian spy ring disclosures that Canadian Government employees had been induced to serve a foreign power. The U.S. Government's stand is that it must have some means of getting rid of persons who may reasonably be suspected of being pro-Communistic.

Fears have been expressed, however, that the inquiry could develop into inquisition of innocent persons, despite Mr. Flemming's further assurance that mere membership in an organization that had developed into a Communist front group would not be cause for dismissal. Americans have a vivid recollection of the "smear" inflicted upon citizens, many of them presumably innocent, whose names have been listed on "front group" membership rolls. The present program calls for the dismissal from the Federal service, or the rejection of Government job applicants, who are found to be disloyal to the Government of the United States.

What is disloyalty? A Federal loyalty review board is being set up by the commission to determine standards and policies to be used in the program. This board will also be the last court of appeals in the cases of employees found to be disloyal. Should employees be found to be members of the Communist Party, fellow travellers, or members of American Fascist movements, they will be given the right of hearing and may have counsel. F.B.I. and C.S.C. officials have agreed that for security reasons such employees will not have the right to confront or cross-examine their accusers.

Now under study is the creation of standards to be used in determining employee loyalty, and which organizations shall be considered subversive in determining loyalty. Procedures are also being worked out for use by the Loyalty Appeal Board.

Criticism of Program

Representative Rees is naturally a strong critic of the Truman program. Even before the Truman plan was started he had charged that the program "isn't working out and won't work." He accused the Administration of too much laxity in ferreting out subversives from the Federal work rolls. He gave credit to Congress—presumably the Republican segment—for prodding the Administration into taking action. Mr. Rees can be expected to keep check on progress of the plan. He is going to ask F.B.I. and C.S.C. at intervals during the summer recess for reports "to keep the agencies in line." He believes the Truman program is doomed to failure because "it is not strong enough to clean out the agencies and at the same time it does not offer enough protection to employees accused of subversion."

The house did pass his bill earlier this year but it was not sanctioned by the Senate because of lack of time. He criticized the Truman plan because it established more than 70 different boards to check employees. He says it is possible for an employee to be found guilty in one agency and innocent in another, because of lack of a standardized procedure.

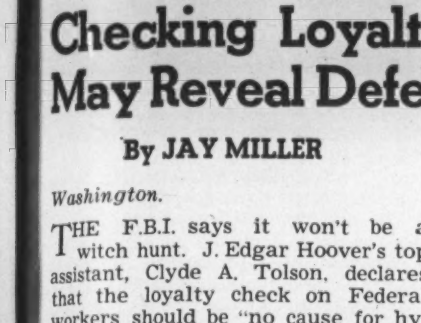
The Rees measure elicited Democratic criticism during discussion in Congress. Conservative Representative Sam Hobbs of Alabama described the bill as a monstrosity. Democratic Estes Kefauver of Tennesee fought the measure step by step, yet the Republican majority voted down these critics. Opponents of stringent loyalty legislation fear that the investigations might lead to deprivation of civil rights. Already there are reports that the F.B.I. is quietly conducting inquiries into the relationship between certain American citizens, public officials among them, and the Soviet Union.

There is talk that this probe may lead to an American equivalent of the Canadian spy case, but not on the scale of the Canadian revelations. Igor Gouzenko's startling disclosures to the Canadian police implicated certain Americans and it is reported Treasury officials were among them.

American law enforcement officials believe that if there are Americans like the pro-Commies in Canada who were willing to serve the Soviet Union against their own country, the facts about them should be known. Yet, it is believed that only harm will result if American citizens are to be hounded out of Government jobs merely on the basis of hearsay or unconfirmed allegations. The question resolves itself into a matter of total national security against the civil rights of the individual. And in this period when Russia appears to be determined to extend the sphere of Communist influence around the world, freedom-loving Americans want to hunt out weak chinks in the nation's defensive armor.

The loyalty plan is going to accentuate the difficult problem of getting top-grade executives to work for the Government. The press whipping that officials must endure to hold public office has already kept many able men out of Federal service. Now, it is pointed out, if J. Edgar Hoover's boys are to be back of every desk or filing cabinet, fewer leading executives will be inclined to accept Federal posts.

Even strong critics of overly-stringent loyalty checkups agree that in the light of what happened in Canada the U.S. Government must exclude rigorously any person believed to be subversive. It will be the Government's job to try to get the facts, and when they are known, to take "calm and effective action, as it was taken in Canada."



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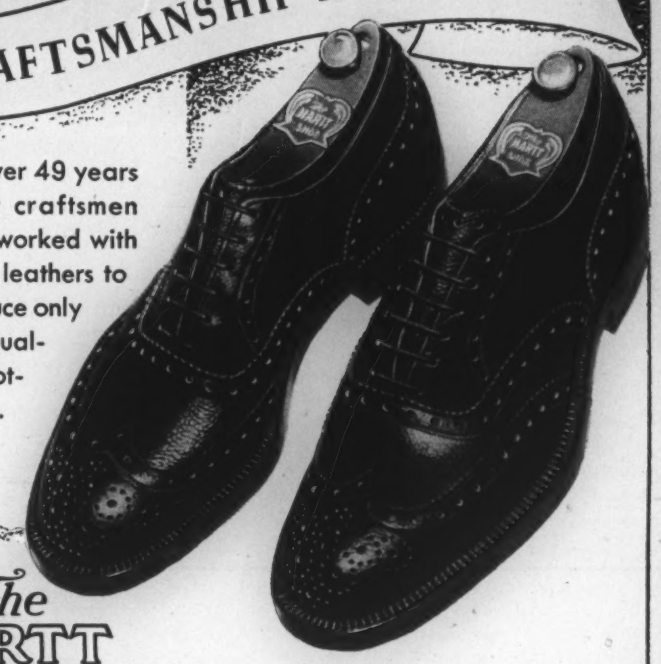

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MB-1

...e Humans "Ticking" to Celestial Rays?

By JULIAN G. DAVIES

Evidence strongly supports the belief that celestial rays produce cycles in all organic life. Behavior of individuals moves rhythmically through one cycle and into another, for instance, swinging from a high degree of optimism right over to blackest pessimism. But the real teaser for science is just how much of this behavior pattern can be determined in advance. The new book "Cycles—the Science of Prediction" deals with the rhythms in nature and associated effects upon other expressions in our lives.

The writer has been an associate member of the Foundation for the Study of Cycles for many years, during which time he has studied extensively various phases of the subject.

THE recent attention shown by SATURDAY NIGHT (April 19) and the new book "Cycles—the Science of Prediction"* serves to impress on many readers the vital influence of cycles in the weather, business and the processes of Nature on our lives.

No other element exerts a more profound effect on the material well-being of every individual human being, lower animal, and all species of plant life throughout our planet. Our means of sustenance and our health are intimately associated with these rhythms in nature. Ready availability of our food, our rate of gainful employment and the amount of money that employment will produce, the health and behavior of our population, all follow a definite trend which can be traced down through the ages and can be counted on to follow a definite pattern in the years to come.

The feverish mass exhilaration, almost hysteria, which periodically causes us to lose our sense of proportion temporarily, and indulge in orgies of cash-spending and instalment-buying when prices are at their peak, mining speculation and generally slap-happy dissipation of our earnings; excesses in other types of mass mental instability, marathon dancing, flagpole sitting, labor unrest, wars, revolutions, lynchings in the U.S., pogroms in Eastern Europe, and many other examples of mass mental restlessness, are shown to adhere to a definite plan.

While advances in medical science have greatly restrained the ravages of plagues, we do experience cycles of infantile paralysis, influenza, heart disease, cancer, pneumonia, and other mass ailments. Wild life, not being subject to the benefits of modern medical knowledge are decimated periodically by pestilence, so that cycles in population of the lower animals are much more pronounced than in human beings.

Ebb and Flow

This book on cycles is largely a collection of much that has been learned regarding the ebb and flow in the tides of business and nature. Dependable means of predetermining their actual occurrence and degree of intensity would be of inestimable benefit to the individual who contemplates buying a home, the purchase of a major item of household equipment on the instalment plan, or who wishes to plan his financial progress, or protect his capital, and obtain the best possible return, consonant with safety, from his investments, over the coming years. In attempting to find a solution, we must investigate the sources of human energy, physical and mental.

What makes the human animal tick? We are all human dynamos, regardless of any contrary opinion the boss may hold. We all generate electricity, and use it in much the same manner as an automobile. This electricity is generated in the cells of the body, of which there are uncounted billions in the human structure. This electrical energy is of four types.

First is a direct current, in which the cells act as a B-battery.

Second, all muscles give off an alternating current when contracting. Each wink of an eyelid discharges electricity. The electric potential of the human stomach, when empty, is fairly constant. If milk, for instance, enters the stomach, the voltage rises perceptibly.

Third, and most pronounced, is the electricity generated by heart action. This is the type of electrical discharge which the electro-cardiograph is designed to measure.

"Brain-Waves"

Fourth are the "brain-waves" which we are sometimes accused of having, and to which we must always plead guilty. We have them constantly during every waking hour. These electric waves originate in the brain, and are projected along the central nervous system in the same manner as electric currents along a telegraph wire.

Recently we have gone farther in our study of the generation of electricity by living organisms. Two scientists at Yale University have been working for years on the generation of electricity by the seeds of many forms of vegetation. They have used chiefly grains of corn in their investigations, because corn is one of the larger seeds, therefore more easily handled. They have shown conclusively that each seed is, of itself, an extremely complex physio-chemical system, similar to an electric battery. The electrical potential of each seed is the sum of the electromotive forces of each individual cell in the seed. This potential begins to manifest itself when the seed is soaked in water for several hours to start the germination process. It is invariably found that seeds with a high prime potential germinate earlier, they grow into more sturdy plants, better able to resist diseases, than those with a medium or low potential. We know that in man, too, there is a wide variation in the amount of electricity generated by individuals. Some cannot wear wristwatches successfully, because of the effect of their personal magnetism on the watch mechanism.

Despite the advent of radio, radar, mechanical propulsion, and many other wonders of science based on electricity during comparatively recent years, we are merely on the

* "Cycles — the Science of Prediction" by Edward R. Dewey and Edwin F. Dakin—Henry Holt & Co., N.Y.; Oxford, Toronto—$3.50.

Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Regal De Luxe Land Cruiser

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threshold of learning of the stupendous influence of electricity on our lives. It was not until radio came into general use that we became really interested in sunspots. They also show a definite rhythm in number and intensity. We know they are the source of tremendous bombardments of our earth by electrically charged particles. We read in our newspapers from time to time of radio, telegraph, cable, and even telephone communication being disrupted by this solar electricity. At such times, the Northern Lights are displayed in all their maximum splendor. Violent thunderstorms and other phenomena of the weather also accompany excessive sunspot activity.

Ionization of Air

These electrical waves, shot out from the sun in gigantic volume and speed, cause, among other things, ionization of the air, increasing the amount of oxygen, stimulating mankind both physiologically and psychologically. They exert similar effects on all living organisms, particularly in the reproduction of animals, fowl, fish, and vegetation.

The influence of solar electricity on human health opens up a field for scientific investigation from which developments of major importance to the human race may be expected. Prior to World War II, two German scientists spent years examining the connection between sunspot activity and the incidence of suicides, and deaths from tumors, tuberculosis, and other maladies. From these it is apparent that there is a distinct relation between sunspot activity and increases in deterioration of the cells of the human anatomy, causing those and other cellular diseases. (See charts below.)

The present concerted effort to ascertain the causes and cure for cancer, one of the diseases of the cells, emphasizes the possibility that the generation of electrical energy by the cells, and the effects on the cell structure of the stupendous electrical bombardment from the sun, may prove helpful in solving the problem of cancer which seems to have received little scientific consideration thus far along this line.

In addition to the electrical invasion of our planet, there are, of course, other rays of varying intensity which affect all living organisms, cosmic, gamma, heat, infra-red, ultra-violet, and others. Our knowledge of them is comparatively scant, but is constantly expanding. We do know that there is a rhythm to their periods of intensity also, and evidence is accumulating hat they influence the volume of electric rays reaching our earth.

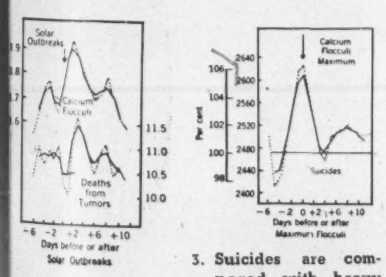
Solar Assault

To return to the basic causes of the mass mental disturbances which seem to afflict our earth's population at regular intervals since the dawn of history, the probability of the effect of excessive solar electricity on the human mental mechanism becomes apparent. If the solar electrical assault on the magnetic field surrounding our earth is so stupendous as to vastly increase the intensity of the aurora borealis, of electrical storms, and to seriously interfere with radio and telegraphic communication, does it not seem reasonable to suppose that it also exerts a tremendous impact on the infinitely more delicate electrical mechanism of the human brain? Is it not that influence, exerted at fairly regular intervals, which is the basic cause of those mental disturbances which produce the abnormal optimism culminating in the orgies of mass hysteria described previously? The receding of that tidal wave of optimism, in turn, exposes a "low-water" mark of mental depression, uncertainty, fear, and stagnation from which we do not emerge until the forces of optimism again gain the ascendency.

Conclusions

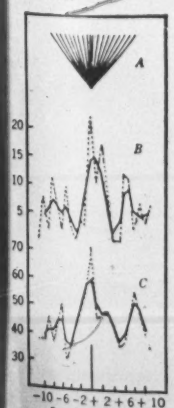
It cannot yet be said with certainty that these celestial rays do produce the cycles in all organic life, but the evidence strongly supports that contention. Additional evidence may be counted on ultimately to change such things as business and financial management, investments, and personal domestic management, from an art to an exact science. Until that time arrives, a growing realization and understanding of the truly marvellous operation of that finely balanced mechanism, the human body and intellect, and the manner in which they are influenced by natural phenomena, can leave little opportunity for boredom. There is abundant food for thought in the mechanics of applying our knowledge of these matters toward a continuous improvement in our own individual welfare.

DISEASE, DEATH AND SUNSPOTS

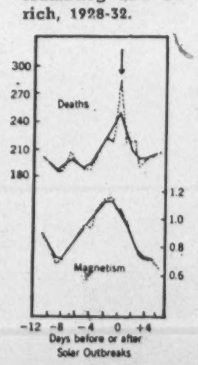


1. Time of the solar outbursts is indicated by arrow. Heavy concentrations of Calcium Flocculi on the sun's surface (upper line) are compared with deaths from tumor in 1936.

3. Suicides are compared with heavy concentrations of Calcium Flocculi on the sun's surface. These are recorded suicides in Berlin 1917-19 and 1930-32, and in Copenhagen, Frankfurt-am-Main, Hamburg and Zurich, 1928-32.



2. Strong solar eruptions in 1936 (A), high-frequency electrical "showers" (B), and deaths from tuberculosis (C).



4. Here the number of deaths for a given period is compared with the magnetic disturbances. (All diagrams are the work of the famed cycle-researcher Düll. Other charts have compared solar eruptions with business cycles.

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THE WORLD TODAY

Fight Against Communists Begun In Canadian Labor Circles

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

I DOUBT if World Communism bases its main hope of final victory on the trans-polar rocket attack, prepared in the Soviet Union and launched against Detroit, Pittsburgh and Los Angeles, New York, Washington, Montreal and Toronto, becoming such a favorite subject of magazine articles, though usually with the comforting (?) assertion that push-button warfare is at least twenty years away.

The chief hope of Communists everywhere and the key strategy organized in Moscow since the war is rather, I believe, based on capture of the labor movement. The old Comintern may or may not have been dissolved in 1943. But the real new Comintern is the World Federation of Trade Unions sponsored by Communists in all countries.

The aim was stated as clearly in the New York *Daily Worker* as Hitler ever proclaimed his aims in *Mein Kampf*. Browder's Teheran policy of labor-management peace had to go, this paper said, and a new policy be adopted, "to take advantage of the coming era of industrial strife." It was not long in coming.

Glimpses of the ultimate hopes of this policy were given in the recent proposal by Paris Communist papers for a simultaneous general strike in France and Italy, paralyzing the two largest nations in Europe whose political apparatus is still beyond Communist control, though their central trade union organizations have been captured by the Reds.

But looking beyond even a two-nation general strike, the Communists revealed a more far-reaching scheme to paralyze the trade and choke the economic life of the entire non-Communist world, when they talked last year, during the American shipping strike, of a *world-wide* shipping strike.

We have ample evidence in both Canada and the United States that the Communists continue to concentrate attention on the shipping unions. J. B. Salsberg, the Ontario Communist leader, is reported to have confided to a friend—whose "reliability" he does not seem to have checked carefully enough—that their objective was to paralyze key industries, and in Canada these key industries were considered to be food distribution, shipping, the electrical and radio industry, and textiles.

Because of its violence and because it is being led by a recent convert from Communism, the struggle in the shipping industry this past summer has received much more publicity than the equally bitter fight going on in the textile industry. Sullivan, it is true, is fighting the notoriously Communist - dominated Canadian Seamen's Union with plenty of physical courage. But as democratic union leaders have put it to me, they don't like ex-Communists much better than Communists, and they find that in using strike-breakers in his fight, Sullivan is still following the Communist creed of any means to an end.

A.F.L. and C.I.O.

In the textile fight it is different. There an honest, forthright and capable C.I.O. leader, with a clear record of fifteen years of opposition to the Communists, is fighting an equally strong A.F.L. union.

It may seem curious to some that in this case it is the C.I.O. union which is anti-Communist and the A.F.L. union which has been captured by the Reds. In the States, the Communists are much more prominent in the C.I.O. But in Canada the A.F.L. was the weaker of the two union groups, and the Communists had more success in penetrating A.F.L. unions.

They have not gained control of the A.F.L. headquarters organization (the Trades and Labor Congress), but neither has this organization undertaken a vigorous campaign to oust Communists, as the C.I.O. headquarters is doing. Still it should be emphasized that the great majority of A.F.L. members in Canada are non-Communist, and are embarrassed by the activities of their seamen, textile workers and office workers union.

No general indictment is intended when I refer to the Communist-controlled textile workers as "A.F.L." To use the two very similar names of the contending unions would only create confusion, for the C.I.O. group is called the Textile Workers Union of America, while the A.F.L. group is the United Textile Workers of America.

There is no confusing the opposing leaders, however. In the Communist corner is Kent Rowley, interned two years during the early part of the war, reportedly for trying to organize Communist anti-war cells within the Canadian Army, and at present in jail in Quebec Province.

In the democratic corner is Sam Baron, an experienced union leader who was in the early struggle to form the C.I.O. in the United States, who learned to distrust and hate Communists when the Soviets callously starved five millions to death to collectivize the farms and export grain in 1932-33, and went through the Spanish Civil War distinguishing between the Republic and Comintern ambitions. He is a man who identifies the welfare of his union members with peace in the textile industry and an honest deal with the employer.

Textile Union Leads Fight

Baron has called only one strike in his two years of building up his union in Canada. This was at St. Jean, Quebec, where the employer wouldn't recognize the certification of his union as a bargaining agent and, he says, fought tooth and nail against having any union at all. Nor has Baron any taste for the jurisdictional strike, where the unions use up their strength and energy competing against each other, often to the satisfaction of the employer.

He stayed out of the big battle at Montreal and Valleyfield for the 6,000 workers of Dominion Textiles and its related firm, Montreal Cottons, because the A.F.L. were in the field ahead of him and had laid the groundwork. When, however, the A.F.L. union horned in on his organization drive at Lachute, Quebec, and with the aid of a naive statement by the mill management that it preferred the C.I.O. group to the Communists, successfully smeared Baron as a "company stooge" favored by "the bosses," and stampeded the workers, Baron decided to hand it back to them.

That is the fight going on at present in the Monarch Knitting mill in Toronto. Outside the plant on Berkeley Street you can watch this struggle going on, with union organizers propagandizing the workers with posters, handbills and soundtrucks. To show how important this contest is considered, the C.I.O. has brought in such leading figures as Murray Cotterill, leading the anti-Communist fight in Toronto, and handed out messages from Pat Conroy, whom many regard as the solidest labor leader in Canada, and C. H. Millard, who has rigorously excluded the Communists from his Steel Workers union, and allied it to the C.C.F.

The A.F.L. textile group are not able to match this speakers' list. Denying that they are Communists, they cannot bring in Tim Buck, Salsberg or A. A. McLeod. Their own union, according to the Communist pattern, is controlled by a tight little clique. Of these, the leader, Rowley, is currently behind bars; his chief assistant Madeleine Parent is out on bail and waiting for trial; and her Icelandic husband, Val Bjarnason, covers the Ontario field from Montreal.

The lack of strong local leaders is explained by the fact that the Communist clique at the top prefer to pick people who, while they may have a grievance which drives them to

"Look... I've just grown another pair of hands!"

NEW HANDS seem to sprout—the day that *electronic dictating machines* are installed in the office.

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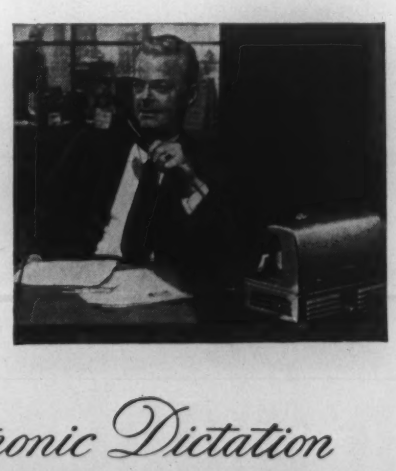

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When flames swept Montreal IN 1852

One of the worst conflagrations before Confederation occurred in 1852, when the east end of Montreal was swept by flames.

The reservoir was being repaired, and fire fighters were hampered by lack of water pressure. Over 1,000 buildings, including the cathedral and the bishop's residence, were destroyed, and 2,886 families left homeless.

Montreal had a $3,000,000 fire in 1901, and in 1907 another caused half a million dollars of damage.

In 1852, GORE, founded by men of the Gore District of Upper Canada in 1839, was thirteen years old. Today it is serving property owners in Ontario and the Western Provinces with sound, economical insurance.

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work hard at "the cause", are stupid and follow orders unquestioningly.

Rather than in strong leadership, the strength of the Communist challenge at Monarch lies in a hate and smear campaign. They operate this way—and doubtless the reader will think of many parallels with larger-scale Communist campaigns to take over whole countries in Europe, and some with Hitler's methods.

The Communist Technique

First they tried the technique of spreading despair among the employees. "It's no use fighting us, as we will win hands down and where will you be then?" Next they turned to more open intimidation, warning any employees who were seen signing C.I.O. cards outside the plant that "we are watching you, and when we win you'll lose your job."

With the intimidation goes a "high-minded" appeal, not to weaken "labor unity." (That's the familiar Nazi "whip and candy-stick" approach). The C.I.O. opponents, their handbills proclaim, are "company stooges" with whom the bosses would be only too glad to deal. Only their A.F.L. union will "fight" for the workers' rights, so don't weaken your union and hurt your own cause.

But their main reliance is on the big lie, repeated often. The publicity hacks who prepare their handbills have a certain cleverness in their contemptible trade. Day by day they repeat over again, in a slightly different way, a score of carefully-considered stock words and phrases.

"Fight" is in every second sentence. "Democracy" and "progressive forces" are mouthed endlessly. "Sweatshop," "slave-driving methods" and "your toil" at "substandard wages" are favorites, always contrasted with the "greedy profits" of the "bosses."

They love to exhort the worker to be "on guard," and never fail to warn him of the "conspiracy" of the traitorous union opponent with the capitalist enemy. And what they don't write, they whisper: that Sam Baron is a notorious fascist, and that the company keeps C.I.O. organizers on its payroll favoring them because they won't "fight" for wage increases.

With contempt for the intelligence of their victims, they don't worry about being consistent. For the actual fact is that the C.I.O. has gained increases up to 25 cents an hour for its workers (by cooperating in increasing production, which must pay for these increases), while the Communist textile outfit, after a seven-week strike in Monarch-Toronto last year for a demand of 15 cents increase, a 40-hour week and union shop, settled for a 7-cent increase, a 44-hour week and no union shop.

Further, the Communist-controlled union in Monarch-Toronto signed a contract which froze wages for the whole year. The C.I.O. provided, more astutely, for the reopening of the wage question if the cost of living went up, and so have looked after their workers better. Covering up their own failure, the Communists tell the Toronto workers: "See, the bosses are really cutting your wages, by not raising them as the cost of living goes up."

Fight Goes to Phil Murray

So the Communist campaign goes, stirring up the employees, talking union warfare instead of producing, until many good workers have left in disgust and the company is facing operation at a loss. But for all their talk, the Communists don't appear to want a vote just yet as to which union the majority of the employees prefers.

This is their only mill in the Monarch chain, and their only mill in Ontario. If they win, it will be trumpeted as a tremendous victory and used to give them impetus in spreading through Ontario. If they lose, it will be a serious defeat and might finish them in Ontario. So they delay the decision and intensify their hate and smear campaign, hoping that in the end it will be as effective as at St. Jean, Quebec.

Does this seem a petty struggle? It has already reverberated throughout the Canadian Congress of Labor organization, and brought the personal intervention of Philip Murray. That came on the question of union loyalty. It seems that the ugly duckling of the C.C.L.-C.I.O., the Communist-controlled United Electrical and Radio Workers, has chosen to forego its loyalty to a brother C.I.O. union and support the Communist-controlled A.F.L. textile workers—another instance of that "higher loyalty" which came out in the Ottawa spy investigation.

The miscreants were tried a few days ago by a union court, and the decision is pending. Much more will be heard of this case, and of the whole fight against Communism in Canadian labor—of which this textile dispute is the spearhead—in the coming convention of the C.C.L.

Just a few wider reflections in closing. The record shows that a Communist-controlled union does not get the best results for its workers, in spite of all its talk of "fight." It is a political organization, with political objectives, and chief of these is to stir up hatred between workers and employers, not to promote co-operation.

It aims, according to the *Daily Worker's* proclamation, at industrial strife and paralysis, not the higher production out of which higher wages can come to the workers. Because it chooses local leaders who will obey orders unquestioningly, and because it is interested primarily in the fight over contract re-negotiation once a year—and if possible, a strike—it does not look after the interests of the workers well, day by day. Indeed its leaders and sub-leaders are so full of politics they haven't time to study union practices.

On the employers' side, it is evident that a progressive, enlightened company is the greatest and most effective enemy of the Communists, robbing them of their slogans of hate and creating stable conditions of work. I don't suppose that employers love even able and honest union leaders who are in there fighting for all they can obtain for their workers. But if they felt moved, in anguish, to declare that at least they liked such-and-such a labor leader better than the Communists, they had better not say it. That's only providing the Communists with smear material.

As for government's role in people dyn- vital question of labor-manageme relations, it is clear that about th— worst thing it can do—in this kind of country, at least—is to throw the Communist leaders into prison on every pretext, as Duplessis does in Quebec. The rapid growth of Communism in Quebec labor circles proves that this only gives the Communists the very cause that they are looking for, and "proves" that they are leading the workers in a deadly struggle against "the forces of reaction and black fascism." Far better is it to let other workers, who have learned the Communists' trickery and double-dealing through painful experience, handle them.

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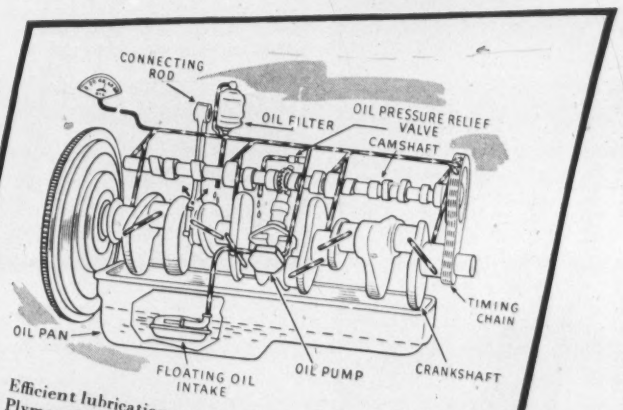

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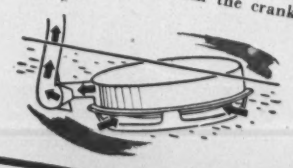

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...g's Visit Revives Quit-Rent Custom

By ROBERT FRIARY

One of the most interesting ceremonies which still survive in Britain today is that of paying quit-rent to the reigning monarch. Every year on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo the tenant of the Iron Duke's estate in Strathfieldsaye in Berkshire must provide a new silken tricolor to be taken to Windsor and draped over the bust of the Duke of Wellington in the guardroom. This ceremony was revived in Scotland during their Majesties' recent visit.

THREE times during the royal tour in Scotland there has been observed an ancient custom requiring the gift to the sovereign of a rose. Twice the rose was red, once it was white, and each time it was a formal homage associated with land tenure.

Of the almost innumerable old-time ceremonies which survive in Britain, none are more historically interesting than these, connected with the paying of "quit" rent to the reigning monarch.

The King's quit-rents are many and curious, ranging from picturesque trifles, a rose and a dove, gloves turned up with hare skin, horseshoes and faggots, greyhounds and beaver skins, to water with which to wash his hands, and snowballs (and at midsummer at that, in one case).

Repairing Royal Ploughs

Others embrace such strictly utilitarian services as repairing the king's ploughs, and military obligations such as the services of a knight in full armor, which was the fee due from the occupant of Kidwelly Castle, Wales, whenever the sovereign visited it.

Two of the most interesting of quit-rent customs are associated with the famous dukedoms of Marlborough and Wellington. Punctually before noon on June 15, Waterloo Day, every year a new silken tricolor is taken to Windsor Castle and solemnly draped over the bust of the Duke of Wellington in the guardroom.

That this should be done every year on the anniversary of the battle was the only condition imposed when the estate of Strathfieldsaye in Berkshire was granted to the Iron Duke in recognition of his services to the nation.

Similarly, every year on August 3, the anniversary of Blenheim, a silken banner is hung above the bust of Marlborough at Windsor. The great military captain was given the beautiful estate of Blenheim, Oxfordshire, in return for which he and his heirs "forever" were to present to the king a silken flag annually on the date of the battle of Blenheim.

Many of these royal quit-rents are linked with the old feudal system known as serjeanty. As long ago as Domesday serjeants were entered as a distinct class. Tenure by serjeanty began in the assignation of an estate in land on condition of the performance of a certain duty distinct from knight-service. A very curious one, keeping the gaol in Winchester Castle, can be traced back to the time of Domesday.

"Petty" and "Grand"

Down the centuries many changes came about, and eventually two classes became distinct, known as "petty" and "grand" serjeanty. The latter alone held their lands by virtue of personal service to the king, and petty serjeanties consisted of renders, usually a bow, sword, dagger, standard or other small thing belonging to war.

One of the offices of grand serjeanty consisted of holding the royal head while crossing the Channel! Grand serjeanty has been retained, although nowadays limited in practice to the carrying out of certain offices at coronations. The most conspicuous is that of champion, appurtenant to the Dymoke's manor of Scrivelsby, Lincolnshire.

One of the most interesting grand serjeanties is that associated with Kidwelly Castle, Wales, one of the strongest in the Principality in its heyday. When the king visits the castle he has to be provided with the services of a knight in armor.

There are several unusually interesting petty serjeanties, too, which differ from the ordinary offering of an object of warfare. A quaint survival, for instance, was seen in Edinburgh during his Majesty's visit after his coronation, when by way of a quit-rent for a farm he was presented with a ewer, basin and napkin, for the washing of his hands.

Another interesting piece of evidence comes from Lancashire, where there is a copy of an ancient deed, dated 1322, in the reign of Edward II, which states that "Everton was worth nothing yearly, beyond a certain rent to our lord the king".

Five years afterwards we find that this rent which was paid to the king for the manors of West Derby, Salford, Liverpool, Crosby, Wavertree, Everton, and Hope amounted to the service of rendering one ambling nag per annum!

Some adjacent manors paid a rent consisting of a falcon, a pair of gloves, 12 hen's eggs or a silver penny, and a red rose at Yuletide. This last reminds one that the rents were not always easy to procure, so it was fortunate they were not always insisted upon.

The Duke of Atholl, for instance, must offer a white rose, a condition which caused some difficulty when Queen Victoria visited Perthshire in mid-winter. And a Yorkshire estate has to provide a snowball on Midsummer Day—if asked for!

• •

TACTICS

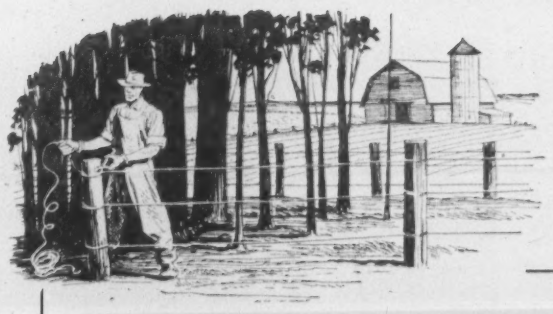
A WIFE'S most vitriolic remarks
Far into the night, emitting sparks
Are answered successfully, not with a roar,
But with an exasperating snore!

MAY RICHSTONE

†Nature Unspoiled

YOURS TO ENJOY
YOURS TO PROTECT

"RUFFED GROUSE" *by T. M. Shortt, Ornithologist*



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* "Food and cover are the most important considerations in the life of a bird . . . few perish from the effects of adverse weather alone. Provided food is obtainable, they can withstand surprisingly low temperatures and unusual depths of snow."

* An excerpt from—CONSERVATION AND WINTER HELP FOR OUR BIRDS, by J. L. Baillie, Jr., one in a series of pamphlets published by The Carling Conservation Club.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

How Much Work Would Be Done If There Were No Compulsion?

By B. K. SANDWELL

LABOR is defined in the New Oxford Dictionary as "bodily or mental toil, esp. when painful or compulsory." It is, we think, the general experience that bodily or mental toil invariably becomes painful after a certain amount of it has been performed within a certain period. It is our own observation that there are people in whom the state of painfulness is reached after a very small amount of labor; others of course have no great objection to laboring for much longer periods.

The great majority of the inhabitants of Canada do most of their work, under the present grievously tyrannical capitalist system which Mr. Coldwell so aptly described the other day, under a considerable amount of compulsion, and find it not a little painful. The compulsion is of many different kinds. With a great many of us it is the necessity of eating, being clothed and being housed. Some however do not stop when they have earned their clothes, their housing and their food; they feel a compulsion to own a motor-car, or a radio-phonograph, or something else that is better than what the Joneses own. This is still, we suggest, a form of compulsion; if they could get the motor-car without working they would not work; they want the motor-car, and they are therefore compelled to work. Still others have plenty of money to buy a motor-car and yet go on working in order to get more money with which to pay for it; they feel compelled to increase their possessions because, while they have enough to satisfy their compelling needs of the present, they want to be sure of being able to satisfy all the compelling needs of the future.

It is an interesting question, how much work would be done, as compared with what is done at present, if all these compulsions were removed. It is indeed the one question which should be agitating the minds of all the people who want to remove or greatly diminish the compulsions to work. If for example the state, which is the community as a whole in its political expression, undertook to remove all compulsions resulting from the need of food, clothing and housing, by providing at least a minimum but adequate amount of these things for everybody, how many persons would continue to do the amount of work that they are now doing under these compulsions, and how much would the rest of them reduce the amount of their output?

What Marx Believed

Unquestionably it was the belief of Karl Marx that when his system was completely established all over the world, and the produce of the world was distributed "to each according to his need", there would be no further compulsions necessary; work would cease to be painful, and would be voluntarily performed by "each according to his ability". And that continues to be the fundamental assumption, though in most cases perhaps not consciously realized, of nine-tenths of the people who today are advocating a greater or lesser amount of Socialism. It need hardly be said, however, that it is not the assumption upon which Soviet Russia is at present acting, nor is there any visible sign that it will be put into practice in that country in the near future. Instead, there is in operation in that country the most oppressive system of compulsions that can now be found anywhere in the world, and still the total annual output of an hour of human labor remains vastly below that of most other countries.

It is an unfortunate fact that a great many of the least pleasant, or as the dictionary would say most painful, jobs in our modern economy are also the least remunerative, for the reason that they require absolutely no special skills. Mr. J. V. McAree in the *Globe and Mail* pointed out the other day that the reason why the lavatories of Toronto restaurants are dirty is that in times when everybody has a better job it is impossible to hire anybody to clean them. It is no use suggesting that the wages of lavatory cleaners should be raised to a point where workers would be attracted into that occupation, for the simple reason that it could not be done. Lavatory cleaning is such unpleasant work that if lavatory cleaners were paid $5,000 a year they would only work for three months and consequently there would still be a shortage of lavatory cleaners, and the more they were paid the less they would work.

There seems to be no doubt, for example, that the British coal miner, as soon as he reaches a certain very moderate level of real (purchasing-power) income, prefers thereafter to increase his leisure.

The Miner's Choice

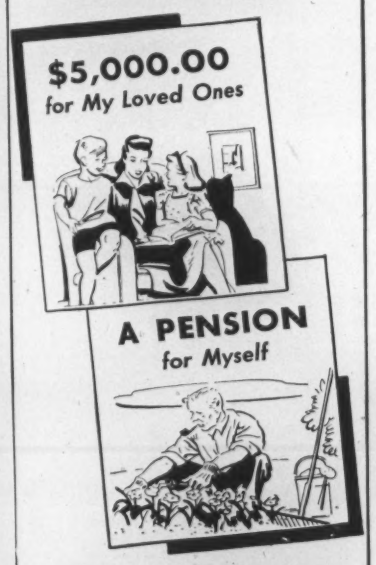
This is not a choice for which anyone can blame him. Even if he were able, as the American working man was going to be able in the glorious 'twenties, to put a second car in his garage and a second chicken in his daily soup pot, he is still fully entitled to find these things less enticing than an afternoon at the dog races or the football stadium; and in England at the present moment he cannot get even the first motor-car or the first chicken, which may to some extent account for his voting for the dog races. But legitimate as his choice is, it does create an enormous problem for the national economist; and the same problem is in process of being created in every other nation's economy by the wage-increases which labor is able to extort because of the practically unlimited demand of the moment for its products.

In other words it appears highly possible that a great deal of the work of the world, particularly of those kinds of it which very readily become painful, is done only because the persons who do it are under compulsion to do it. Yet the solemn fact remains that it is work that must be done, and that there is a tremendous amount of it requiring to be done. The present compulsions, in the capitalist world, are of a limited and indirect character. No-one is ordered by the government, in peacetime, to clean lavatories or to dig coal or to go fishing in cold and stormy weather. There are a great many people who are obliged to accept one or other of these occupations because they have not the skills and knowledges required for a more remunerative occupation, but they are at least free to choose between these less remunerative kinds, to organize with their fellows to make them more remunerative, and (unless the educational facilities are gravely deficient) to have their children equipped for a better way of life in the next generation. Mechanical invention is by degrees diminishing the unpleasantness of most of the very unpleasant occupations, and diminishing also the total of work which needs to be done in them. But a very large amount of such labor will continue to be needed in even the most advanced of societies.

The device of trying to get it done by increasing the rate of pay for it is only effective up to a point. You can pay a university professor dynamite wages of a university professor and he will continue to do the work that is customarily expected of a university professor. It happens to be a not particularly unpleasant work, and he is under a certain social compulsion to live up to a university professor's standard. But if you start paying a street-cleaner a university professor's salary (we do not mean a lecturer's salary, which would be less than what he gets at present) the results may be very different. The street-cleaner has no advancement to look forward to, for there are no higher grades of street cleaning. He is under no social compulsion to live up to a professorial standard. He may prefer to do less street cleaning and have more leisure. The professor, it is true, has now more leisure than the street cleaner, but leisure is supposed to cause, and in many cases actually does cause, an improvement in his qualities as a professor, whereas no amount of leisure will improve the street cleaner's qualities as a cleaner.

And besides all this, the question arises whether society can afford to pay the same remuneration for the work of a street cleaner, which requires no skills and no knowledges and therefore no particular preparation, as for that of a professor, which requires certain special endowments and considerable preparation.

"I'VE PLANNED MY FUTURE"



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C.N.E. Good Show romise for Future

By GRAHAM McINNES

Though the producers of the Canadian National Exhibition are obviously governed, in the main, by utilitarian rather than cultural considerations and it is plain that its chief purpose is to sell goods, the 1947 "Ex"—the first since 1941—was "not only a finer spectacle but a spectacle in finer taste." New materials and methods were largely used; some remarkable examples of display design were on view; many displays were of international excellence.

Results achieved under exceptional difficulties this year promise much for 1948 and succeeding years.

FROM its six-year hibernation, the C.N.E. has emerged not simply as a finer spectacle, but as a spectacle in finer taste. Commercialized surrealism, pioneered in department store window display; the influence on type faces of wartime visual information programs and prestige advertising; the use of new materials in plastics and plywoods; the popularizing, through civic planning, of architectural forms: all have combined to give the C.N.E. a cachet of distinction which it certainly did not possess in 1941.

This is all the more surprising when you consider that the chief purpose of the C.N.E. and its exhibitors is to sell goods. The C.N.E. is not an international exposition of culture and science; it is not known to be vitally interested in such bodies as U.N.E.S.C.O. Nevertheless, in the décor of its grounds and buildings and in the work of certain exhibitors, some remarkable examples of display design were on view.

This may or may not be a surprise to that wise and shrewd promoter, Elwood Hughes. There is no doubt that he is linked, in the public mind, more with the great sporting events, the Midway, the consumer goods and the circus atmosphere that prevails on the trampled swards and steamy sidewalks along the Lakeshore. But this year he played host to exhibits which can hold their own against all comers, and which show that Canadian exhibition design has taken a big forward step since 1941.

The temporary fittings of the C.N.E. itself were a distinct improvement. The use of patterns and pencils of indirect lighting on the parkway pylons, the thin, free supports and the awning type of cantilever verandah known as the *brise-soleil*, were all noteworthy. So was the ingenious use of stencilled wire-screen work in the three-dimensional medallions along the fairways. Most of the actual buildings, of course, date from another era. With the exception of the Automotive Building, they carry nostalgic wisps of memory which float down in their domed and glassed magnificence all the way from the Crystal Palace of 1851. But many of the exhibitors transformed their particular corners completely.

Honkytonk

You can quarrel with Mr. Hughes only on the grounds that he permits food concessionaires to invade the exhibits area with garish signs, vulgar lettering and amateurish display. Apart from the notable exception of Honey Dew, the refreshment booths at the west end of the grounds were an affront to the eye. They seemed to have strayed off the Midway, where the honkytonk Times Square atmosphere is, of course, entirely permissible. Here each must shout loudest to draw his crowd and the matter of taste simply doesn't enter. Even so, the venturesome character who erected the word "BINGO" in six-foot *sans-serif* letters in multiple parallel neon tubes deserves a hand for his audacity. Perhaps next year, the refreshment booths can be segregated, or at the least, minimal standards of design and presentation laid down.

Exhibits can be divided into three main categories. First comes the single merchandising display designed to promote named products, such as washing machines, automobiles, farm implements or women's dresses. Inevitably most of these are mere shells to house the product, and provided the name is prominently displayed and there is something mobile to catch the eye, nothing much is required. But even here the merchant's besetting sin of "crowding" can be justified only on the grounds that 250,000 people a day may be presumed not to be over-sensitive. On the other hand, the T. Eaton Company's and the Robert Simpson Company's tasteful displays of *haute couture* avoided this weakness and were therefore outstanding. So were the automobiles, though the display man here has a fairly simple task, since his product is self-dramatizing. This was true also of General Electric and International Business Machines, where the sleek, functional efficiency of the product, with plenty of free space for circulation, obviated the need for more than the most elementary display.

Palm to C.I.L.

In the second field of institutional displays, in which an industry as a whole is on parade, the palm undoubtedly goes to Canadian Industries Limited. Theirs was a remarkable mixture of shrewd promotion, sedate quiz, demonstration, and the simple, yet tasteful, repetition of a single theme: "You may not know it, but chemistry plays a vital part in *your* everyday life." C.I.L. transformed their end of the General Exhibits Building with an austere and restfully white façade, off which was a small garden — an oasis of green lawn and striped awnings in the jungle of the Ex. Inside, chemistry was explained at the "Popular Mechanics" level, and none the worse, since it was done in good taste.

Particularly effective was the use of light, self-conducted through plastic, as a means of outlining, in art work, the basic national occupations served by chemistry; a piece of glass distilling apparatus transformed into a symbol of the chemical industry; and the use of plastic white cloth on all guard and handrails. As in most successful exhibits, rear-projected 16 mm. color films played a large part both in holding the crowd and dramatizing the product. The increased use of films as an integral part of display work is, in fact, one of the most striking phenomena of the C.N.E. It is directly traceable to the expanded wartime use of film and the realization that no single visual presentation in itself suffices. The successful exhibitor and educator alike use films, filmstrips, displays, and written material as a four-horse team.

The third category, government exhibits, is essentially one of prestige or information. Not being tied to the direct selling of a product, governments have a freedom of action denied to commercial exhibitors. But it does not always follow that advantage will be taken of this. Leading the field in this section was the French Government exhibit. It transformed the whole west wall of the

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B-433

IDEAS FOR YOUR FUTURE HOME

Interesting illustrated folders on the materials listed below are available from your J-M dealer or from Canadian Johns-Manville, 199 Bay St., Toronto. When writing be sure to mention particular material in which you are interested.

DURABESTOS ROOF SHINGLES
CEDARGRAIN SIDING SHINGLES
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Manufacturers' Building into the atmosphere of an outdoor terrace.

Simple pilasters screened two alleyways, one devoted chiefly to tourism and the exquisite products summed up in the phrase *"les femmes, les parfums et les vins,"* the other to the decorative arts: tapestries, silverware, pottery, textiles and furniture. The two alleyways were at once broken and united by what was, in effect, a simple square arch of exquisite proportions in which were framed paintings representative of the great contemporary French tradition.

Australian Exhibit

The Australian Government display centered on a large, composite photo-mural combining aspects of Australian life with striking aboriginal decorative motifs. It was flanked and contained by supports in the form of giant boomerangs, and in front was a raised map with witty and amusing symbols, in three dimensional form, of Australia's natural resources. Goods were tastefully displayed against open, latticework grilles and an introductory historical section contained some striking portraits of Australian leaders.

The Dominion Government's National Parks Branch had a first rate display. The conservation theme was admirably adapted to broad panels with sweeping designs, including tree motifs; and the somewhat old-fashioned "translite" color transparencies were cunningly assimilated to modern display techniques by the use of streamlined tables. The whole of one end of the display led gracefully down into a rock garden and pool in which real trout attracted gaping crowds which then moved on to read the conservation message.

Other good government displays were those of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation and the Department of Labor. The former made effective use of models of actual houses and dramatized in cartoon and pictograph form the method of obtaining a loan. The mobile diorama of the Queenston power plant provided a good focal point for the Ontario Hydro display, which also contained fine photographs, life-size samples of rural transmission lines and pertinent, well-displayed pictographs and charts on the use of hydro-electric power.

Altogether, we can be proud of the first postwar "Ex." That it has been a trading and promotional success without parallel in its history few can doubt. That it has featured certain displays of international excellence is more unexpected but none the less gratifying. It seems that "design for use" is now an accepted philosophy with many exhibitors. The fitting of function to form is no longer the sole prerogative of the lissome fashion model or the prize Ayrshire. We look forward with keen interest to 1948, and congratulate not only Mr. Hughes, but Canadian designers generally.

• •

UNTAMEABLES

DANGER like a spirited charger
strikes down the bars of his strongly fenced pasture
enticing man
to scale the heavens,
search the deeps
and travel far
beyond recorded boundaries of thought;
stealing the secrets of antiquity,
forcing the progress of modernity,
until the earth is well-nigh subject to his will.

Danger carries man destructively to triumph
or flings his broken body to the stars;
but others press to fill his place,
to catch his mantle.

The high road to adventure
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will evermore be high above the serried pinnacles of time,
not commonplace:
a common quest,
in beaten paths,
with placid company.

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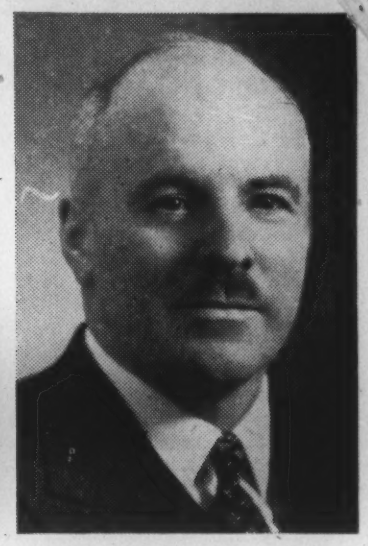

JAMES CROSSLAND, C.L.U.

The Head Office of the Mutual Life of Canada has announced that two members of its Toronto-King St. Agency have had the distinction of leading the entire sales force of the Company in the Club Year just ended. Mr. Rodney Hull is President of the Senior Production Club, and Mr. James Crossland, C.L.U., is Vice-President.

This is the second successive year in which Mr. Hull has been President of the Senior Production Club and Leading Personal Producer. He became a representative of The Mutual Life of Canada in January 1942, and has had a very high production record, having been a member of the Senior Production Club each year since joining the sales staff. He also has the distinction of being a member of the Million Dollar Round Table, an international group comprising the leading life underwriters in America.

Mr. Crossland, the second highest producer, has been consistently among the Company's leading underwriters since he joined the sales organization in February 1932. He has qualified for the Senior Production Club each year since that date, has been President of the Club on two occasions, and in addition to his current qualification, has been Vice-President six times previously. *

South African education authorities have ordered six Percival Merganser aircraft from Britain for use in flying children living in remote districts to and from school. Each machine will carry 14 children over distances of approximately 200 miles daily. The above picture shows the completed fuselage of one of the machines at the factory at Luton, Bedfordshire.

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Many prefer Autumn to all other months for vacationing. Niagara — a joy at all seasons — is especially lovely in the Fall.

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, AUGUST 21, 1947.

CANADIAN FUR PRICES UP

Winnipeg Auctions Indicate Rise of 10 to 25 Per Cent

WINNIPEG, Aug. 20 (Canadian Press)—Fur auction sales here indicate that fur coats will cost more this year.

Officials of a Winnipeg fur auction company report prices strengthened 10 to 25 per cent. This is partly attributed to depleted stocks on the American market and the lateness of spring, which caused fewer pelt deliveries from the North.

American buyers, anxious to obtain as many pelts as possible for their fall trade, have been bidding vigorously, particularly on short-haired furs such as muskrat, beaver, mink and weasel.

"Fur Auction Sales Here Indicate That Fur Coats Will Cost More This Year"...

Reports "The New York Times" in one of its recent issues, via Canadian Press, on the prices fetched for raw peltry at the Winnipeg Auctions ended August 20, 1947.

Particular and telling reference is made to short-haired furs . . . such as muskrat, beaver, mink and weasel. The coats made in them and other peltry are **now offered by HOLT RENFREW at prices firmly established on the basis of the low prices of the raw furs bought by H.R. at the right time . . . and in the early "low" market.**

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Bucktail Streamers for the Speckled Trout

By S. H. HOWARD

When you start on a fishing trip, don't let your wife hurry you so that you forget your most important equipment—such as the right bait. But even so, you can use a deer carcass to provide bait—if you have the deer.

"WHAT'S the best bait for Speckled Trout?"

I put the question to my friend Bill Lang, who is a past-president of the Toronto Anglers' and Hunters' Association, and an acknowledged authority. He even lectures and shows colored movies of fishing and hunting. "I don't mean worms or minnows or pork-rind or any of those barbarities. What is the best artificial fly?"

Because if I can't catch speckled trout on a fly I won't catch them at all. It's not a matter of religion or anything like that. People that do that sort of thing are welcome to do it for all of me. I don't associate with them much, if I can help it, that's all. Sometimes after many days I may be forced into it. I mean when the fish simply won't look at me, and my flies, wet or dry, large or small, wings or hackles, red or blue or green, or white or black. Then I am forced, as I say, to offer one of these fellows a cigarette, speak him fair, and borrow a few worms. But not very often. Once a gentleman always a gentleman, I say — or almost always. The Speckled Trout is a gentleman's fish, and ought to be reserved for gentlemen, as in England.

Bill Lang agrees with me. He was born in England. Learned to fish there. But he has lived his life for the most part in Canada. He has spiced the traditions of the Old Country and its trout streams to the wild nature of this country with its myriad trout lakes and its mighty waterpowers.

"The best artificial for speckled trout," said Bill, "is a streamer."

A streamer is not an artificial fly at all. It is made without wings. It is about an inch and a half long, or two inches. It resembles a minnow when played in the current, rather than a fly. I felt my hackles rise.

"What kind of a streamer?" I asked to gain time, in case I would eventually be obliged to speak to Bill rather severely.

"Any kind of a streamer," replied Bill.

"Well what's the next best?" I persisted.

"A bucktail," said Bill. "A bucktail streamer."

Now as I understand it, a streamer is feathers and a bucktail is deer hair. However, I let this loose mixture of terms and impurities pass. Neither streamers nor bucktails were the sort of thing they permit themselves on the chalk streams of southern England. Nor on the burns and lochs of the Scottish Highlands, either.

Anyway, I took about half a dozen bucktail streamers, just in case. If they were not rising to flies, I would have to try something else. I could not wait all summer. After all, business is business. I had to get back. Jack Sutton put them up in a nice little brown cardboard box, and told me how to use them to best advantage.

"Cast as far as the rock—or the stump—or what have you," said he in the bromidic modern idiom. "And count ten."

"What do you mean, 'count ten?' " demanded I.

"Let it sink," continued Jack. "When it is down at the bottom start to retrieve. Retrieve in short, sharp snatches at the line with your left hand. This imitates the action of a minnow, and it is down at the trout's level, where he can see it. Over seventy per cent of a speckled trout's food is foraged on the bottom. He's only jumping on top of the water for flies when there's a hatch on. Most of the time he's down below."

Worms Just in Case

So I came home with my box of bucktails in my coat pocket and a box of worms under my arm. Just fifty. I mean I wasn't going to use them every day. Just those days when they weren't taking flies or streamers, or anything else. Once a gentleman always a gentleman, I generally say. I didn't expect Walkie to use any of *my* worms. He is a purist of the purest Trout Club school. He never takes worms, himself. But he used most of mine, as it turned out. That's why I was so vexed about those streamers.

The night before we left for Algonquin Park, my wife, bless her innocent heart, invited Walkie to dinner. After dinner we sat around listing everything and putting it down.

"Have you put down a spare suit of woollen combinations?" asked my wife. "And plenty of ski socks?"

"Do you think we are going to have snow?" I inquired of Walkie with mock alarm.

"Don't forget those bucktails," advised Walkie, to whom I had confided my hunch in this regard.

I took the box out of my inside breast pocket and opened them up for Walkie's inspection. He approved but hurried his remarks, to a brief conclusion. He was in a hurry, he said. He wanted me to get into my bush clothes and drive home with him to sleep.

"We'll start north at five o'clock," said he. "We'll be at the Big East for breakfast and at South River for lunch. We leave the car there and go in nine miles by Army truck. We ought to be in to Tea Lake for supper easy. We'll stay at the ranger's cabin. I know the Chief Ranger."

So that's how it was that I came away without my bucktail streamers, my deer-hair nymphs, my specially tied and weighted spiders out of dental rubber sheets by my friend Avern Pardoe, and several other things in that inside coat pocket of my city suit. I was hurried along by my poor wife who was nervous about keeping Mr. Walkinshaw waiting. I hung up my city suit with her pulling at my bush sweater. I climbed into my Grenfell windbreaker which is supposed to shed water like a duck's back, with the both of them urging me to make haste and get going. I checked over my list mentally as I tied the mouth of my blanket bag and stuffed bag and all into my packsack. But I never got to the tail-end of the list where my bucktails were noted. My wife pushed me out the front door, both small hands applied to the small of my back. Fairly kicked me out of the house.

"You'll never get started if I don't start you," said she. "There now, kiss me and get going. Learn not to keep people waiting—that's what I've been trying to teach you ever since we were married."

"You kept *me* waiting at the altar that time," I reminded her.

Too Cool, or Something

Aubrey was already seated in the car. He tooted his horn. I climbed in beside him and we were off. That's why I resorted to worms when, after trying hard with flies wet and dry for two days up in the Park, I realized they were not rising. Too cool, or something. The flies were not hatching.

"First real hot day you'll see them," said Len, our mink-ranching guide. "You'll see black flies and mosquitoes, too," prophesied he. "But in the meantime they're down. You'll have to go down for them."

So it was then I reached behind for my box of fifty worms. I had been rather apologetic to Walkie about my box of worms, he being a Simon-purist and all.

"I brought only fifty of 'em," propitiated I. "Just in case."

But when I put my hand into the moss to pick out a worm I could

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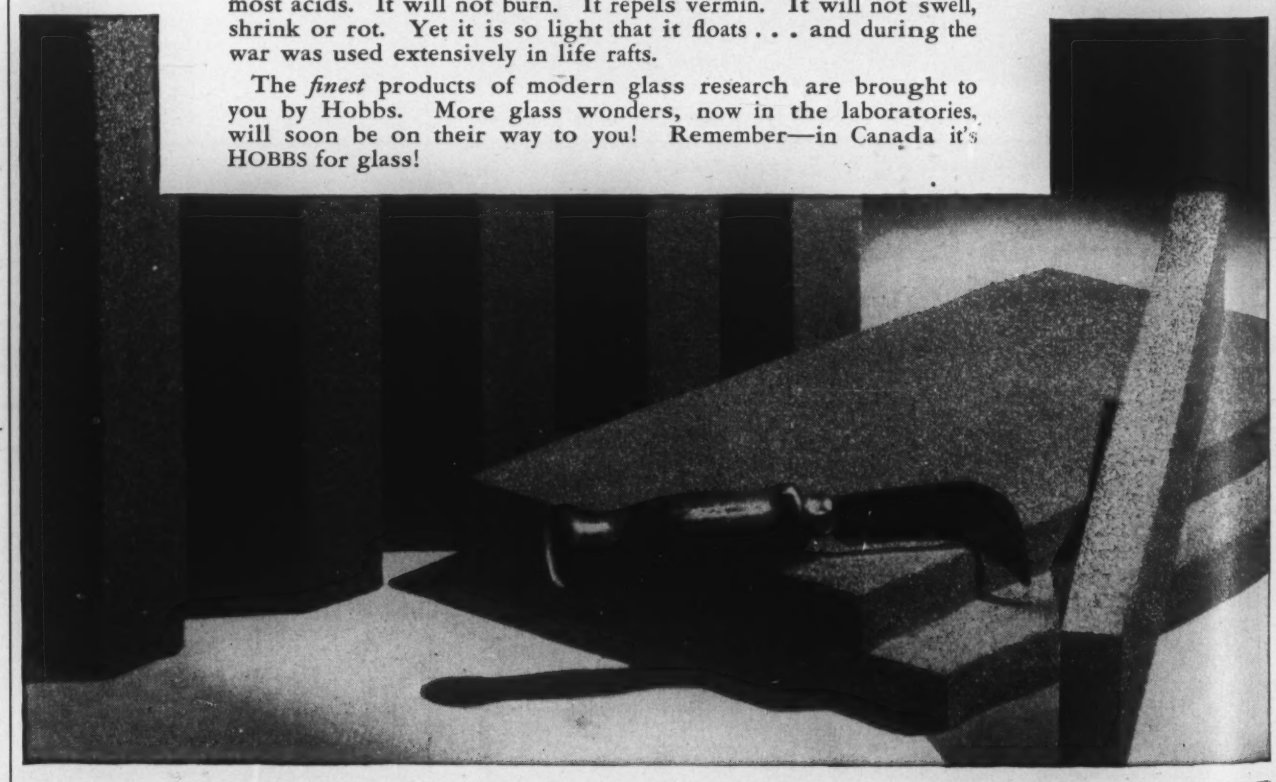

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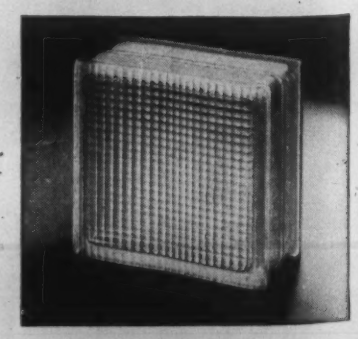

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AVAILABLE IN THREE CONVENIENT SIZES

French girls practising on the roof of a fencing school along the Champs Elysées, Paris, in preparation for Ile de France league events to be contested this winter. The Arc de Triomphe can be seen in the background.

hardly find any. Walkie had been using worms right along. And they were nearly all gone! No wonder he was catching more fish than I was. I sat in the bow with my back to him casting a fly from the front thwart in towards the submerged logs and leaning rampikes along the shore. He sat on the floor boards amidships, trolling on the other side—trolling with a June bug spinner baited with one of my worms, over the edge of the drop into deep water. He, ex-president of Toronto Anglers and a member of the Ontario Federation Council! And me a self-confessed opportunist! It was to smile. However I still had something up my sleeve. I had a hunch the trout were down on the bottom. When they are down on the bottom you've got to go down for them, as Jack Sutton has told me in private more than once.

So I searched in my tackle bag for that little brown cardboard box with my bucktails. It wasn't there. Of course it wasn't. It was in the inside breast pocket of my city suit, hanging up in my bedroom clothes closet at home in Toronto. I had been chased out of the house before I had time to complete the changing of my pockets. So there we were. The one thing we needed to catch fish—catch them in plenty and no fooling, catch them the way you're supposed to catch them up in Algonquin Park—a bucktail streamer, was lacking. We had come best part of two hundred miles without it.

"If deer hair is all you want to make bait look over there," said Len. He pointed over the starboard quarter. Two deer, a buck and a doe, full grown each, grazed in the shallow water on the edge of a weedy bay. We sat "frozen" while Len "fanned" the canoe towards them every time they put their heads down. When they looked up they stared at us and we sat staring back. When they put their heads down to crop grass and stuff we slid nearer. When we were within fifty feet, they stopped feeding to stare in earnest.

Hair Off the Tail

Suddenly Len emitted a long-drawn melancholy howl, being that of a timber wolf, with which species he was well acquainted, having several pelts with bounties to his credit every winter. At sound of the first note those two beautiful creatures turned for the woods. They were out of sight before we could have clapped our hands. The last glimpse we had was of a white bucktail disappearing in a tangle of leaves.

"If we could only have grabbed that fellow and got a little of that grizzled hair off his tail," sighed I. "Then we'd have been all set."

But we were all set anyway as it happened. Len knew of a deer carcass that had been killed by the wolves last winter on the ice at the edge of the lake. It was now floating in the water tangled in the overhanging brush. We passed it on our way in to the Long Portage to Three Mile Lake. Len took his sheath knife and cut off the dead (and swollen) buck's tail. And that night in camp after we had negotiated the near-two-mile portage and finished supper, we set to and tied up some bucktail streamers on long-shanked hooks.

Did the trout of Three Mile Lake rise to bucktail streamers? I'll say they did. Up to two pounds. Speckled trout — *salvalinus fontanalis*. Missed some must have gone about three. But you always miss some bigger than any you land. That's what makes you want to go back every year. We got lakers, too, on fly rods, five pounds and over. We saw beaver and beaver houses every day; giant white pine left by the Ottawa valley square-timber men eighty years ago, we saw several more deer, one, as he hurried into the water across the river without paying the slightest attention to us, evidently being chased by a wolf, Len said. We saw a loon's nest with a brown egg in it. We saw powerful rapids, and mountainous wooded hills. And the portage paths through the hardwoods were bordered by trilliums, and dog-tooth violets, while anemone sparkled the flattened dry leaves of the forest floor, like the blossoms in the design of a huge rug. And marsh marigolds blazed in the wet places.

Fish Everywhere

We caught fish in running water and in still water; in rapids spilling over old dams and in eddies below; in the lakes off the rocky shores, and out in deep water trolling with a copper wire for lake trout in their deep-water beds.

But our sure fire for speckleds—be the water swift or still and deep—was a bucktail streamer.

One thing I'm firm on from now on. I won't let my wife push me in the back when I'm getting ready to go fishing, and changing my pockets. I might come away without any money, which would be tragic. An incident like that might lead to suicide. Can you imagine it?

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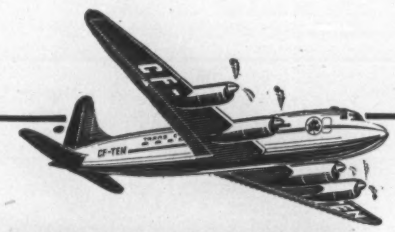

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Lles and Backwoods Familiar to Primate

By OWSLEY ROBERT ROWLEY

Early this week, during the session of the Electoral College of the Church of England, Bishop Kingston of Nova Scotia was elected the new Primate of All Canada. He succeeds the late Archbishop Owen. The event took place in St. John's Cathedral, Saskatoon. In the evening the impressive induction service was held. The writer of this short biography of the new Primate says, "He is great in mind and soul, and commands the admiration, respect and loyalty of all sections of the Church."

FROM the wind-whipped coast of Nova Scotia to the snowclad, pine-girt fastnesses of Ontario's Northland, they know him. He has followed the trail of lumberjack and trapper, talked with Ojibway hunters and Cree canoemen, shared his lunch with the two-fisted stalwarts who toil in the mines, and slept in the huts of Maritime fishermen. The verdict from East to West is—"A man's man, and one hundred per cent a missionary of Christ."

Such is George Frederick Kingston—Bishop of Algoma 1940-1944 and Bishop of Nova Scotia since March, 1944—who on Monday of this week was elected Primate of All Canada by the Electoral College of the Church of England in Canada, in session at Saskatoon, Sask., and duly enthroned as Primate at St. John's Cathedral.

The new Primate, who becomes Archbishop of Nova Scotia, is a sturdy, vigorous man of medium height, well set up, with a strong face, a ruddy complexion, and a good humored twinkle in his eyes. Quiet in voice and manner, an impression of dominance and strength, however, is gained by all who meet him. He enjoys a joke, has a hearty laugh, and withal is a saintly man; deep spirituality is one of his outstanding characteristics.

George Frederick Kingston, youngest of a family of seven sons and three daughters of Richard and Elizabeth Kingston, was born August 26, 1889, at Prescott, Ont., and educated there at the High and Model Schools.

Convinced from early youth that the ministry was his true vocation, he entered Trinity University, Toronto, graduated in 1913 with the Governor General's Medal for the best degree of the year, took his M.A. degree and later the B.D. degree from King's University, Halifax.

During his theological course at Trinity, he did post-graduate work in philosophy at Toronto University, graduated in 1923 with first class honors, and the Ph.D. degree. When on furlough from 1919 to 1922, he studied first at Oxford University, and later at Harvard University. Upon his elevation to the See of Algoma in 1940, the Universities of Trinity, Toronto and King's, Halifax conferred upon him the degree (*Jure dignitatis*) of Doctor of Divinity.

First Appointment

Ordained deacon in June and priest in December 1916 for work in the Diocese of Nova Scotia, his first appointment was Professor in Philosophy at King's University, where for three years his intellectual attainments were so vigorous and his lectures so scholarly, that all who came in contact with him were strongly impressed by the power of his sterling character and splendid manhood.

During summer vacations in Nova Scotia, he took charge of mission churches on the coast, taught the children thoroughly, prepared candidates for confirmation, and, in endless ways, showed he was deeply missionary-minded and missionary-hearted.

He became Professor of Ethics at Trinity University, Toronto, in 1922, and later also Dean of Residence. In both offices he exerted great influence with students, and soon was recognized a born leader with outstanding administrative abilities. In 1937, he was appointed a Canon of the Cathedral Church of St. James, Toronto.

For years the shadow of the Episcopate lay upon his path. He was predestined to it by great and versatile gifts. At the election in 1934, of a Suffragan Bishop of Toronto, and again in 1939, at the election of a Bishop of Ottawa, he received the second largest number of votes in both orders. In January, 1940, he was unanimously elected Bishop of Algoma and was consecrated by the Archbishop of Toronto, Primate of All Canada, the Archbishop of Moosonee, and the Bishops of Huron, Ontario, Niagara, Ottawa and the Suffragan Bishop of Toronto, on April 25 at St. Luke's Pro-Cathedral, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

As Bishop of Algoma he gave a magnificent lead, enheartened his people, built up the waste places and showed himself a messenger of Him who said "I am among you as one that serveth."

In January, 1944, Dr. Kingston was unanimously elected on the first ballot to the See of Nova Scotia, the first Colonial Bishopric in the British Empire—a distinct call to an enlarged pastorage, with greater opportunities. On his translation from Algoma to Nova Scotia (where on March 10, 1944, he became the eighth Bishop) he found a fine spirit, definitely forward-looking, courageous and adventurous—a great tribute to a 160 years-old Diocese, which under his leadership has advanced from "strength to strength."

Vision of Church Universal

Dr. Kingston was married in August 1919, to Florence Belle, a lady of charm and high musical talent, youngest daughter of the late Harry Brown of Wolfville, N.S. They have a son and two daughters.

As a member of Christ's Holy Catholic Church, Archbishop Kingston thinks there is need to have a clear vision of the Church universal, that is, the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world, seeking to express the Catholic, universal, world-wide nature of the Church as a living organism. He feels the necessity of being whole heartedly loyal to the Church of God, to live for her in upholding that for which she has stood firmly through the ages, and if need be to die for her, in defeating the enemies which assail her throughout the world.

Archbishop Kingston is great in mind and soul, and commands the admiration, the respect, and the loyalty of all sections of the Church. The embodiment of character, highly developed with strongly marked moral qualities and excellence, he comes to the highest office in the gift of the Anglican Church in Canada, in the full flower of his intellectual and physical life. He is a scholar firmly grounded in the traditional principles of the Church of England; has a broad and Catholic outlook, great organizing powers, a genial and attractive personality, and rules with equity and judgment.

In a brief, humble address of acceptance this week, Archbishop Kingston said: "I will carry the torch high and steadily when the world so needs the light and glory of God. Pray for me as I try to do so. I ask you to pray for the church, for me, for the bishops and clergy. I accept this responsibility in the name of the Church of God."

LONDON LETTER

British Need More than Sacrifice to Cure Their Economic Woes

By P. O'D.

London.

CANADIAN readers will by now know about the new cuts in food and clothes and petrol and tobacco and fuel, and all the other restrictions by which the Government is trying to bridge the gap between the nation's income and the nation's expenditure. If they were really bridging it, everyone would accept cheerfully the sacrifices involved. But they are not bridging it.

You can't cross a 12-foot gap with a six-foot plank. Nothing less than the full length will do; and the bitterest criticism directed against the Government is because of its failure to adopt the really drastic measures which will alone solve the problem.

It is obvious that the economic crisis cannot be effectively met just by sacrifices, by doing without things. As Churchill said at the time of Dunkirk, wars are not won by evacuations. The positive side of this economic battle is the side of production; and here the Government is conspicuously feeble, fumbling and frightened. The method seems to be to give the trade-unions everything they demand, to beg them, please, not to ask for any more, but if they do—well, to give it to them anyway. There are of course warnings, and even

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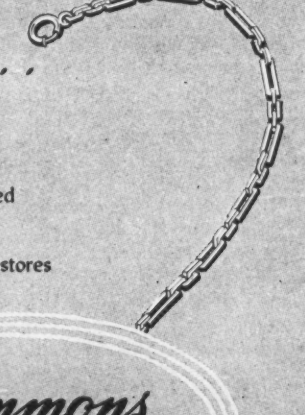

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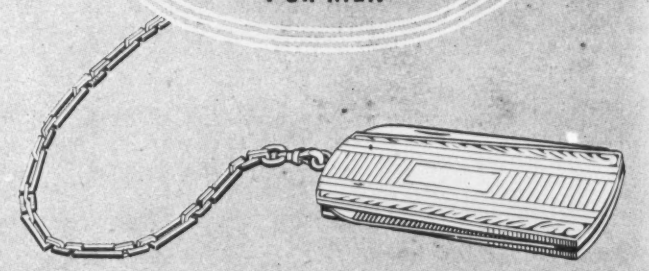

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menaces of official action, but none of the warnings is heeded, and none of the threats carried out.

Organized labor is in the happy position of working for father, a nice kindly old gaffer, who can be trusted to do everything possible for the boys, and not to expect much in return. He may get a bit irritable now and then, when they don't turn up at the factory, or don't work as well as they should, but it always blows over. His heart is in the right place.

So coal miners are refusing to cut more coal; and all over the country unions are suspending members because they are doing more work than the union rules permit. Every attempt to get more production is a matter of lengthy and generally fruitless negotiation. Even when the union officials agree, it is more than likely—as is happening right now in the Yorkshire coalfields—that the men will refuse to carry out the agreement.

"So what?" the Canadian reader may ask, growing weary perhaps of this grim and familiar story. "What is the answer?"

Unfortunately, there is no quick and easy answer. Or, if there is, no one seems to know it—not the Conservatives any more than the Socialists. Some way must be found of instilling a new spirit into the workingmen of the country, of providing genuine incentives to effort, of dissipating the false confidence which this Government has done so much to inspire. No doubt a way will be found in time—even if it is only the old, hard way of general misery and semi-starvation. And, let there be no mistake about it, we are well on the way to that right now.

One-Man Firms Increase

Recently I needed a spare part for a car—a small part, but essential if the old bus were to be kept on the road. It was impossible to get it from the manufacturer, or would have involved a long delay. Fortunately, the garage-man knew of a mechanic who had gone into the business of turning out such things on his own—another "one-man firm". He made the part. The price was comparatively high, it was well worth it.

Apparently these little free-lance enterprises are now springing up all over the country. The establishment of the five-day week has, no doubt, had something to do with it. Skilled mechanics have found themselves with a good deal of spare time on their hands, and the more enterprising among them have devoted it to making spare parts. They have found also that they could get all the work they wanted, on their own terms, free from trade-union restrictions, and that they could make more money. So they have become their own bosses, capitalists, in such numbers that manufacturers are said to be worried by the drifting away of their best hands.

The same sort of thing is happening in the building industry, as I mentioned. Thus does over-centralization, restriction, and trade-union tyranny defeat itself. Private enterprise, like cheerfulness, keeps breaking in—or out.

Athens of the North

Edinburgh has a good claim to be regarded as the most beautiful city in the country—of the larger cities, at any rate—and one does not need to be Scotch to admit it. In fact, the only people likely to question it are the people of Glasgow, for Glasgow has always been rather envious of Edinburgh. Glasgow has the size and the business and the money, but Edinburgh has the beauty and the culture. No one has even thought of describing Glasgow as "the Athens of the North."

Just now Edinburgh is at its gayest and best, for the musical festival is on, and more than 120,000 visitors have crowded in for the week of music and drama and spectacle. There are concerts and plays and operatic performances, with Bruno Walter and Elizabeth Schumann come from Germany and an orchestra and theatrical company from Paris, as well as a most impressive array of British talent.

There are of course parades and receptions and spectacles of all sorts, but Edinburgh itself, festive and beflagged, is the finest spectacle of all. But there is one special feature that is missing, the flood-lit Castle as seen across the Park from Princes Street. This is one of the grandest city-views in Europe, and the Castle is still there, but it is not flood-lit. The electricity required would have cost the equivalent of about three tons of coal, and Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Fuel and Power, has forbidden it. That man seems to make all the mistakes.

Pampered Pets

Next to the coal miners the farmers are just now the pampered pets of the Government—and with good reason. Every pound's worth of food that the British farmer produces represents so many dollars saved. There is thus a renewed and intensified drive to increase production to the utmost, especially in wheat and in livestock.

Agricultural wages have now gone up again—it is the only way to keep men on the land. To meet the increased cost, prices for farm products have been raised. With these new prices and an absolutely assured market for everything he can produce, there seems to be no reason why almost any farmer who knows his business at all should not make a good deal of money.

It is significant that the Ministry of Agriculture has asked the war-agricultural committees to take a keener and more personal interest in their areas, to go about and see for themselves, and not to leave things too much in the hands of paid staff. It is a recognition of the good work the committees did during the war, and of the renewed necessity for it.

There is one point, however, and a very important point, on which the Government has nothing at all to say, and that is the question of who is to pay these increases in the cost of food. Is it to be the consumer or the taxpayer? At present it is the taxpayer who has to find the money for the food subsidies—a tidy little bill of about £400,000,000 a year. But the poor crushed worm is beginning to turn.

He wants to know why, with greatly increased wages in every industry, the people who eat the food shouldn't pay a reasonable share of the cost. They should, of course, but it is a safe bet that they won't. The cost of living is frozen, and the Government intends to let it stay frozen. You know what happens to people who start thawing out sticks of dynamite.

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IN THE PUBLIC EYE

What Is the Crystal Ball Forecast for B.C.'s Premier John Hart?

By J. K. NESBITT

Victoria, B.C.

BRITISH Columbians are having a fine time these days speculating on the future of Premier John Hart. Some say he will join Canada's diplomatic staff; others that he will go to the Senate in Ottawa; some even say he will be both a Senator and an ambassador. There are rumors he will be the chairman of the International Joint Commission.

Mr. Hart says nothing. Not long ago, the speculation became so bold that the Premier issued a statement that he had made no decision about his future. Readers-between-the-lines noted the Premier hadn't said he would resign and he hadn't said he wouldn't either. He left the whole matter open.

In any event, it would appear B.C.'s Premier John Hart, when and if he hands over the reins of office in Canada's farthest west province, will have no worries about the future; the Dominion Government is willing and anxious to make use of his services.

A few months ago it seemed Mr. Hart might become Canada's new ambassador to Eire. This would have been very nice—but Mr. Hart was not ready to give up his Government chieftainship in B.C. Mr. Hart comes from Ireland, still has a soft spot in his heart for the old sod, though he has lost most of his brogue, except when angry. Speculation on the Irish job first cropped up a year ago. Mr. Hart said it sounded interesting, but that he knew nothing of it. Then one fine day the Premier gave a press conference. This doesn't often happen. And, there on his desk, begorrah, was Morton's "In Search of Ireland."

Was it bait for the press? It was all very mysterious, but it came to nothing, for someone else is now the Canadian minister in Dublin.

As to the Senate, Mr. Hart is equally uncommunicative. It has long been believed he could go to the Senate any time he wanted. And though neither Prime Minister King nor Mr. Hart will say so at the moment, Mr. King probably thinks it would be a good idea if Mr. Hart would carry the Canadian Government's credentials to the head of a friendly government in some foreign capital. After all—looking back—Mr. Hart has been in Ottawa six times in the last two years. Mr. King didn't invite him, all by himself, to tea in Laurier House, just to talk about the weather. And—worthy of note—Mr. Hart is a Liberal Premier, one of a handful in Canada, even though at the moment he is bound up in coalition with the Conservatives.

However, after his last trip east, the political talkers said they saw a hitch in Mr. King's plans to have Mr. Hart in the Senate. These people pointed out that B.C. already has one Catholic Senator—Hon. Gray Turgeon, and that the people of B.C. wouldn't approve of two. Nevertheless, the two vacant B.C. seats have not been filled. Of course, one was only recently made available by the death of Senator "Gerry" McGeer. If Mr. Hart doesn't get one of them, he will doubtless carry on as B.C. Premier. But if a seat should definitely be offered him there is not the least doubt he would take it.

Ottawa Agreement

Mr. Hart has brought to successful conclusion the complicated financial agreement between B.C. and Ottawa, whereby his province has rented the income tax to the Dominion Government for five years. He has seen his program for B.C. well and truly launched. Keel-laying is not enough for Mr. Hart. He has to see the finished product. He wants to leave public office while his sun is at high noon. This he will do, say those closest to him—a very few.

B.C.'s Premier is a quiet, unspectacular sort of person. He believes in the gloved hand. In spite of himself, however, he has become legend in B.C.; across Canada and in certain U.S. circles he is known as a genius of orthodox finance. He never, never, never gets cross in public. At least he would never say anything that would indicate he was cross. Observers, though, during a legislative session have seen Mr. Hart, under Opposition fire, grow furious—and the more furious the more silent. But in caucus Mr. Hart takes down his hair. Not for one moment does he let his legislative followers forget who's big cheese of the Government and the Party. At cabinet meetings, too, he's the supreme chief. More than one cabinet minister, talking out of turn or politically indiscreet on the public platform, has cringed under a Hart spanking. When his Government has any important announcements to make, he likes to make them, in carefully prepared statements.

JOHN HART

In the same way Mr. Hart is a stickler for etiquette and protocol. When he gives a luncheon or dinner he has secretaries running around making sure guests are seated according to the book. When he makes a speech he addresses everyone in the correct order, with correct titles. Mr. Hart has never been known to make a *faux pas*. That is why he would be an ideal ambassador. And besides—no one knows how to entertain better than Mr. Hart.

But perhaps this is getting way ahead of the Hart story. John Hart was born in Ireland's County Leitrim March 31, 1879. When he was in the last year of his teens he followed two older sisters to Victoria. There he has remained—going on 50 years now—until Jack Hart is a real home-town boy made good, a living success story, and all Victoria is proud of him.

Whiz at Maths

Young Jack Hart was a born whiz at arithmetic. So he found a job in the accounting branch of a big wholesale firm. Less than 20 years later he was British Columbia's Minister of Finance. Twenty times he has brought down B.C.'s budgets—a record unequalled anywhere in the British Empire or the United States—or probably in the world, for that matter. He has never known defeat at the polls. He has always been a victor. Victoria, every chance it gets, gives Jack Hart a thumping majority, a resounding pat on the back—in 1916-, 1917, 1920, 1933, 1937, 1941, 1945. And Victoria will go right on doing that as long as Mr. Hart cares to offer himself for public office. From 1924 to 1933 he was out of public life, having left to build up his own sizable investment firm, which he still heads.

The way he came to the Premiership is now interesting to recall. In the 1941 general election B.C. elected a hodge-podge of Liberals, Conservatives and C.C.F.'ers—no party strong enough to form a safe government, though the Liberals had the biggest following. Coalition of Liberals and Conservatives, to down the C.C.F., in the House at least, was the only solution. Tough minded, stubborn "Duff" Pattullo, who had been Liberal Premier since 1933, refused to coalesce with the Conservatives. B.C. was in political chaos. Ministers were resigning right and left; Mr. Pattullo appointed new ones in a desperate attempt to carry on. After a few days they resigned, having been talked into coalition. Mr. Hart came out for Coalition, was promptly fired for such sentiments. Then the badly stunned Liberal Association called a convention to deal with the

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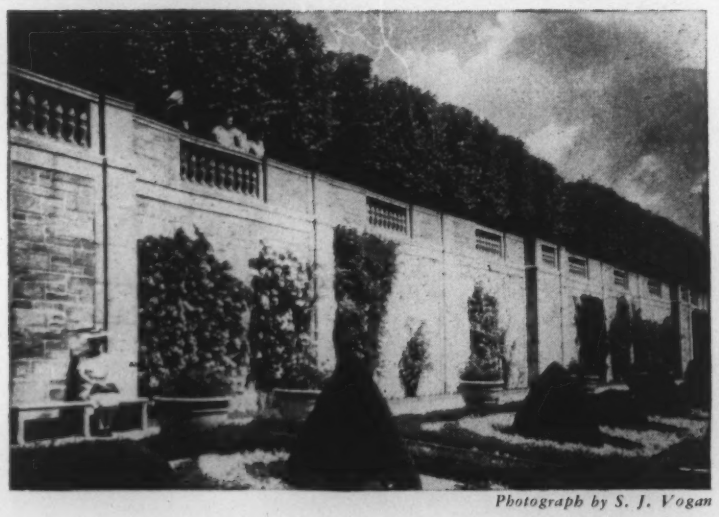

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The odour was obviously coming from the pool where he had tossed the molten mass. Heart racing, he lighted a match. Without warning, a small explosion shrouded the young man in a cloud of soot. Unknown to Tom Willson, the contents of the furnace, when thrown on the rain-soaked floor, had set free a gas, and in the white heat of the electric furnace, a new substance had been formed . . . one that reacted with water and generated acetylene.

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upheaval. Mr. Pattullo still sneered at coalition. For this the convention forthwith fired Mr. Pattullo, appointed Mr. Hart the Liberal chief, told him to go ahead and form a Liberal-Conservative government — with more Liberal ministers than Conservative, naturally. The Hart-Maitland government (the late Hon. R. L. Maitland was B.C. Tory leader at the time) had only been in office a few days when Pearl Harbor came along. Mr. Hart was bombarded by an anxious public. Were B.C.'s coast defences adequate? What about a blackout? What about the Japs? There were 25,000 of them living on the B.C. coast. Were they a potential threat? Mr. Hart, trying to get his great experiment in government launched, had to attend to more pressing matters.

Despite its strange, almost illegitimate start, the Hart coalition Government has been a great success. B.C.'s press has no hesitation in calling it the best Government in B.C.'s history, though several papers have had no hesitation in offering criticism when they thought it necessary. The C.C.F. and Mr. Pattullo, of course, call the Coalition a shot-gun affair, predict it will break up in due course. But the public in October of 1945 overwhelmingly endorsed it, knocked out Mr. Pattullo, who had represented Prince Rupert for 30 years and crushed most of the C.C.F. big guns. There is now much talk of Liberals and Conservatives going to the people at the next election as separate parties. This may well happen—which gives the C.C.F. great pleasure to contemplate. Big business in B.C. gets the shakes and shivers when it tries to figure out what Mr. Hart's retirement might mean to B.C. Government affairs. Big business is convinced Mr. Hart is the only one who can hold Liberals and Conservatives together.

Spartan Life

The B.C. Premier is lithe and lean, has the figure of a college boy. His shock of snow-white hair is famous. He leads an almost spartan existence, when he can get away with it. Perhaps that explains his freshness, his ability to work long hours, seemingly untired.

The Premier and Mrs. Hart, who have been married 39 years (she a native Victorian, great-granddaughter of John Dunn, who wrote the historically priceless "History of the Oregon Territory and British North American fur trade") live in a fine home on the brow of Gonzales Hill, three miles from the Legislative Buildings. The Premier likes to go home for lunch. He finds it restful to eat lightly, talk over the morning's events with Mrs. Hart. She is a warm-hearted hostess, who doesn't particularly enjoy big social events, but gives and attends them as her duty. The childless Harts have a Chinese cook, a part-time gardener, a woman to clean twice a week, a nurse for Mrs. Hart, who is a semi-invalid. The Premier receives $12,000 a year—$9,000 Premier's salary, $3,000 indemnity as a member of the Legislature.

At 4 each afternoon, except during the session, Mr. Hart has a cup of tea in his big office, looking out on the green lawns of the Parliament Buildings to the Inner Harbor and the Empress Hotel, and glances over the afternoon paper. One biscuit he puts into an envelope for Peter, his 11-year-old white West Highland terrier.

The Premier seldom takes a drink, never smokes, but there's nothing he likes better than pouring for his friends, seeing them have a good time in their own way. Sometimes, after work, he slips into Victoria's exclusive Union Club for a round of poker. He's master at it, say those who play with him. Wednesday afternoons he tries to get away for a game of golf. Two or three weekends a year he goes fishing.

He's a meticulous dresser, usually in black or dark blue, pin-striped trousers when the occasion warrants. His shoes always shine; a starched handkerchief pokes from his breast pocket.

The way he can turn on the charm is miraculous to see.

Last year the Government gave $25,000 to the University of British Columbia gymnasium fund. The students had wanted $50,000. So they sent a delegation to the Premier, to politely thank him for the crumb, but to tell him, nevertheless, in strong terms, that they would like a whole slice, thank you. The Premier received the delegation. Oh, yes, he said, the Government is always ready to help the University—and—had the delegation seen the Parliament Buildings? No? He rang for a secretary, arranged a personally conducted tour. What about lunch with him in the legislative dining room? Very nice, glad to, said the students, wondering how on earth they were going to get tough with this delightful person.

On the steamer back to Vancouver the students remembered they'd forgotten all about that extra $25,000.

Help for U.B.C.

"He'll look after our needs," reported back the delegation to the student body. "He's a wonderful man." Whether it was that delegation or not, Mr. Hart that session found $5,000,000 Government money for U.B.C., started pharmaceutical and legal faculties, and is now encouraging a medical faculty.

A staunch Roman Catholic, Mr. Hart has a high-up Mason as his secretary. No Catholic would ever get that job; Mr. Hart thinks it wouldn't look good. He likes to greet a Presbyterian Moderator, as much as a Cardinal. Once a year he gives a party for the Masons. One of his closest friends and behind-the-scenes advisers is the Anglican Bishop of British Columbia.

Last year Mr. Hart left his beloved portfolio of finance, in the interest of the coalition government he formed and has worked so hard to make outstanding. Mr. Maitland, his co-leader, died; Mr. Hart had to have another attorney-general immediately. No Conservative was available; Liberal Gordon Wismer was. Mr. Hart named him and to placate the Conservatives gave up the important finance portfolio to Hon. Herbert Anscomb, the new B.C. Tory leader. In the days before 1941, when he was in Conservative opposition, Mr. Anscomb used to tear Hart budgets to shreds. He and Mr. Hart used to have long legislative arguments. The C.C.F. each session nowadays dearly loves to recall the old Hart-Anscomb duels. Now, of course, the two of them see eye to eye on such matters as budgets. That's what coalition does.

Mr. Hart hates C.C.F. theories with a bitter Irish hate. Personally he likes C.C.F.'ers, who are always thanking the Premier for courtesies and kindnesses. The Premier is a defiant believer in the free enterprise system. Yet his Government is in business, as witness the B.C. Power Commission, operating on $30,000,000 of the taxpayers' money, and in almost direct competition with the powerful privately-owned B.C. Electric Railway Company, which the power commission has commenced to swallow up by expropriating B.C. Electric properties in various parts of the province. The power commission is Mr. Hart's baby; he conceived it and watched over its infancy.

It is the Hart Government that is linking B.C.'s fabulously rich Peace River country by road with Vancouver. Peace River people demanded that the new road be called the John Hart Highway.

Premier Hart has taken the province's political football and long-time white elephant, the Pacific Great Eastern Railway—of which he is now president—and prepared its extension into the Far North. His latest trip east is in this connection. He wants B.C. to enter partnership with the Dominion Government, the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National to extend this railway from its present terminus at Quesnel to Dawson Creek.

Mr. Hart appointed the Sloan commission on logging and lumbering and his Government is now implementing the recommendations of Chief Justice Gordon Sloan, designed to give the forests a sustained yield. He appointed the Cameron commission on educational costs, to give the teachers a new deal; the Goldenberg commission on provincial-municipal financial relations, to give the hard-pressed municipalities a new deal. A few months ago he gave B.C.'s old-age pensioners another $5 a month. B.C. now pays the highest old-age pension in Canada—$40 a month.

Whether it be an ambassadorial mansion in some foreign capital, or a seat in the Red Chamber at Ottawa, or both, to which goes this clever politician, this very warm-hearted, human gentleman, the stamp of John Hart is indelibly pounded into B.C.'s life and political history.

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SPORTING LIFE

Fall, Football, and Filchock

By KIMBALL McILROY

CANADIAN RUGBY is going to be known pretty soon as the game nobody plays in February. The reason for this oversight is not altogether clear. Perhaps no one has ever thought of playing it in February. Perhaps February has too few days. When's leap year?

At any rate, it's going to be played in January next year, if the Universities of Toronto and British Columbia can work out their arrangements for a New Year's Day game on the West Coast. This will give the squads the month of February off before Spring training commences in March, which it will have to do if the opening dates back up any farther into the good old summertime.

This year the season opened with a bang on the 23rd of August, and the boys looked hot. They were hot, too, especially in Toronto, where the thermometer read 125 in the sun. By the end of the game the huskiest middles had reduced to scat-back size. The thermoses in the stands were filled with iced Collins instead of hot rum. The only unperturbed man on the field was North Carolina's gift to the Ottawa Roughriders, Howard Turner. Down where he comes from a guy wears an overcoat in chilly weather like that. His teammates got their revenge by dropping every pass he threw at them. It was never like that in North Carolina, or so Howard claims.

Opening the season in midsummer is probably a break for rugby fans, but it's tough on baseball players, who not only have to meet the competition but sound pretty hollow giving the hot weather as an excuse for seedy play. After all, they're dressed for it.

Bribes and Dancing Girls

Even hotter than the weather has been the controversy over the production by Hamilton Tigers of Frank Filchock, who starred last year with the New York Giants and then was barred from professional football after a certain unpleasantness involving bribe offers, dancing girls, and what-not.

As the situation stands at the moment of writing, the other three clubs in the Big Four have voted not to allow Filchock to play, and the C.R.U. has stated that he cannot play. Tigers, on the other hand, insist that he will play, even if they have to carry the case to the courts (which will set some fascinating legal precedents), and as a matter of fact have already played him.

Athletic officials come up with more nonsense than almost anybody. In the first place, Ottawa's scunner to Filchock as a Tiger becomes more than a little ridiculous in view of the fact that they did their damndest to get him for themselves a bit earlier. Probably if that had happened Hamilton would now be sitting back and dropping black-balls into the ballot box.

L'affaire Filchock presents a fine example of the high-grade or athletic-executive paradox. On the face of it, there is a valid reason why the ex-Giant should not be permitted to play, and an invalid one. The boys, naturally, are trying to have him run out for the latter.

Palpable Nonsense

They say that because Filchock is barred for life from American professional football, therefore with fine international accord he should also be barred from Canadian amateur rugby. This is palpable nonsense. No charges were ever laid against Filchock. He was even allowed to play in the final play-off game after the story broke. He was banned only because professional football got scared stiff that a scandal might slow down the lovely spinning of the turnstiles, and tossed out anyone who had been involved, however innocently, in any funny goings-on.

But even presuming that Filchock *had* done a naughty thing, even a *very* naughty thing, as a professional, is that any reason for preventing him from obtaining healthy outdoor exercise at the game he loves?

Of course not.

The real, and valid, reason for refusing to let Filchock take the field is simply that he's a professional. But no one seems to hold that against him. Strange, isn't it?

Perhaps the reason for this is that more and more Canadian teams are becoming nothing much more than farm clubs for the big U.S. pro outfits. If they find that a boy needs another year's conditioning, they send him North of the border up Canada way, where he's made welcome and wealthy, gets in a good season's work, and next Fall has another try-out with the pro club.

Somehow this doesn't seem to tie in with the ideal picture of the operation of a strictly amateur rugby set-up. It makes for excellent rugby, however, and it's only a shame that the boys don't come right out with it. The hidden payroll isn't one-two-three with the hidden ball as a rugby spectacle.

The C.R.U.'s rules committee met last February, but nothing much happened. This was probably a good thing. With the farm idea as outlined above making headway, there's going to be increasing pressure on the rule-makers to let the Canadian game conform in toto with the American. This would contribute only to relieving insomnia among the fans.

Workable Solution

This department has never agreed with the ten-yard interference rule, on the grounds that the ten yards isn't marked off anywhere for the blockers to see, but we feel that unlimited interference is no solution at all. The solution — we state for at least the fifth time—is very plain. Allow linemen unlimited interference and limit the backs to the line of scrimmage. This maintains the essential advantage of the Canadian game and is, moreover, workable.

The rules changes which did come out of the meeting were minor. It was sensible indeed to revoke the ten-yard penalty for a kick-off of such prodigious proportions that it crosses the deadline. To penalize a player for sterling performance never did make much sense. But, then, how many rules do? Like the one presently in effect which forbids a defending player who intercepts a forward pass behind his own goal-line from running with it.

At the date of this writing, when only one league game of any kind has been played, it's pretty hard to pick the boys who are going to be on top come December. One thing appears regrettably obvious on the evidence at hand: the West is once more not going to take the Grey Cup home. In five East-West exhibition games to date the score stands at 5-0 for the effete Easterners. Moreover, the West hasn't suffered from that two weeks' lay-off which traditionally accounts for their poor showing in the finals. Maybe they're counting on the law of averages. Personally, this department would rather count on a good running back.

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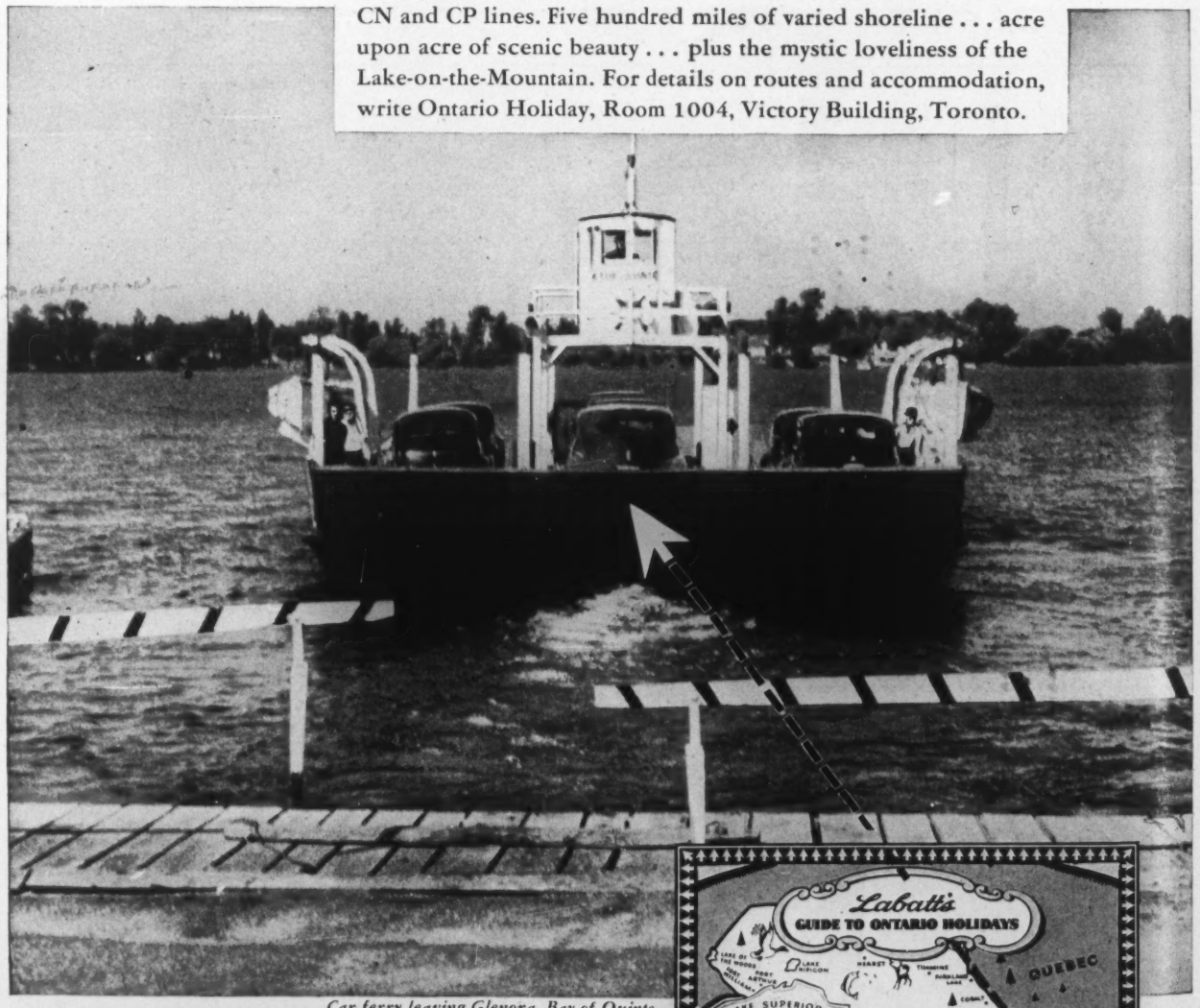

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Winnipeg should as usual be the Grey Cup contenders. They couldn't beat Argos, but they ought to beat Calgary, and the Regina club will be all season recovering from their unfortunate experience in Ottawa.

In the East, this same Ottawa (Roughriders) club looks like the best bet, though it's no season for betting, especially in the Big Four. They've got a first-class backfield which doesn't need to have the Canadian rules explained to it at game time, and probably the best line in the country. Tigers have Frank Filchock (pro tem, or just plain pro) and some good ex-juniors. Montreal looks very good on paper. Argos didn't look as if they'd win last year, but they did. They don't look as if they'd win this year, but what's the use?

The O.R.F.U. has lost three of four exhibition games to the Big Four (their one victory an internecine squabble at Hamilton, which should not really count) but will be in there trying. Wildcats look to be the best. They did last year, too. Balmy Beach will probably come along as usual toward the end of the season. To beat the Wildcats this year, however, they will have to call Ted Reeve out of retirement. Nobody's heard yet from Sarnia. Maybe we will.

In the Intercollegiate . . . oh, well, if you don't know the answer to that one you shouldn't have bothered reading this far. They ought to give the guys in the purple suits a saliva test.

• •

Chinese Beggars Try Tricks of New Type

By W. GORDON HARMON

Chinese beggars are trained from early childhood for their future career. A monstrosity born to poor parents is welcomed for the child's earnings will help them live. A few years ago beggars in Peiping had a union and if some innocent shopkeeper didn't heed the cry for alms all the beggars would stop customers from entering the store until they were paid to go away.

Peiping.
"Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark!
The beggars have come to town."

THOSE few lines can convey very little to the modern European who has not been abroad to see what beggars look like, but particularly to those who have resided in the East the words mean a lot.

The dogs of Peiping are beginning to bark more than usual as the beggars are becoming a common sight once more. Very few were seen during the winter and spring months, but like the fleas in the beggars' tatters, they multiplied during the summer weather.

The vast majority of the beggars of China are truly professional. They are trained from early childhood, naked boys of very tender years being sent to run about the snow-clad mountains to harden them for their future careers as semi-naked beggars on the winter streets of the towns. A monstrosity born to poor parents sometimes brought happiness to the father, for it would be paraded in the streets to wring the hearts of generous passers-by and solicit a few coppers to boost the family purse.

Beggars' Union

A few years ago, there were thousands of beggars in Peiping who formed a beggars' union presided over by a gentleman known as the King of the Beggars. If a shop did not respond properly to the cry for alms, the Beggars' Union would despatch some scores of beggars to the shop and they would crowd around it chanting about their misery and the hardness of the heart of the shop-owner, and no buyers could get through the crowd of beggars to enter the shop until the beggars had been paid a handsome bribe to go away.

If beggars hammered at your front gate and you did not give them anything they would send for reinforcements and camp around your gate and howl out the most libellous things about you until you satisfied their demands. In this manner the Beggars' Union and their King acquired quite a little fortune and a very great deal of power. The police seldom interfered with them as they were also the stool-pigeons the police used in tracking down criminals.

Lately, with the presence of a large number of American G.I.'s on the streets of Peiping, a new type of beggar has appeared. This is usually a quite well-dressed woman, often a plump and well-dressed child and sometimes what looks like a perfectly respectable old gentleman, and they would approach only foreigners in the belief that these were wealthy Americans and whine "No monnay! No Chow! Sanker-you velly mooch!" and when they have accumulated a reasonable day's earnings they would hire a rickshaw and drive off to rest from their labors.

Some of the professionals earn their money the hard way. One sees a man or woman sitting on the pavement and bending forward to crack their blood-stained heads on the ground before them or slapping their blood-stained chests with the *flats* of choppers. Needless to say, the blood is purchased at a butcher's for a few coppers the ounce.

Then there is what I call the "Mother-Trap." This is the poor child-mother, desperation showing in her eyes and a dead baby across her lap, who softly moans and begs for pity in the form of hard cash. Most women fall for this appeal, not knowing that the child-mother is not a mother at all, that the baby is hired and that the baby is not dead, but doped.

Many foreign residents in China have wondered why it is that they are attacked by dogs when they carry walking-sticks. They would not be attacked if they carried their sticks "at the trail," but the dogs (trained to chase beggars, who therefore carry long sticks to fend them off) attack the poor foreigner who, in his outlandish garb and with stick in hand, resembles one of the undesirables the dogs are under orders to chase away.

• •

THE EMOTIONALIST LOOKS AT ARITHMETIC

TWO and two make four to-day.
The sun is gone, the skies are gray.
My soul is heavy with despair,
And God's departed from his heaven.
But, oh! Tomorrow shines the sun!
The best of life has just begun.
My heart is lighter than the air,
And two and two make seven.

P. J. BLACKWELL

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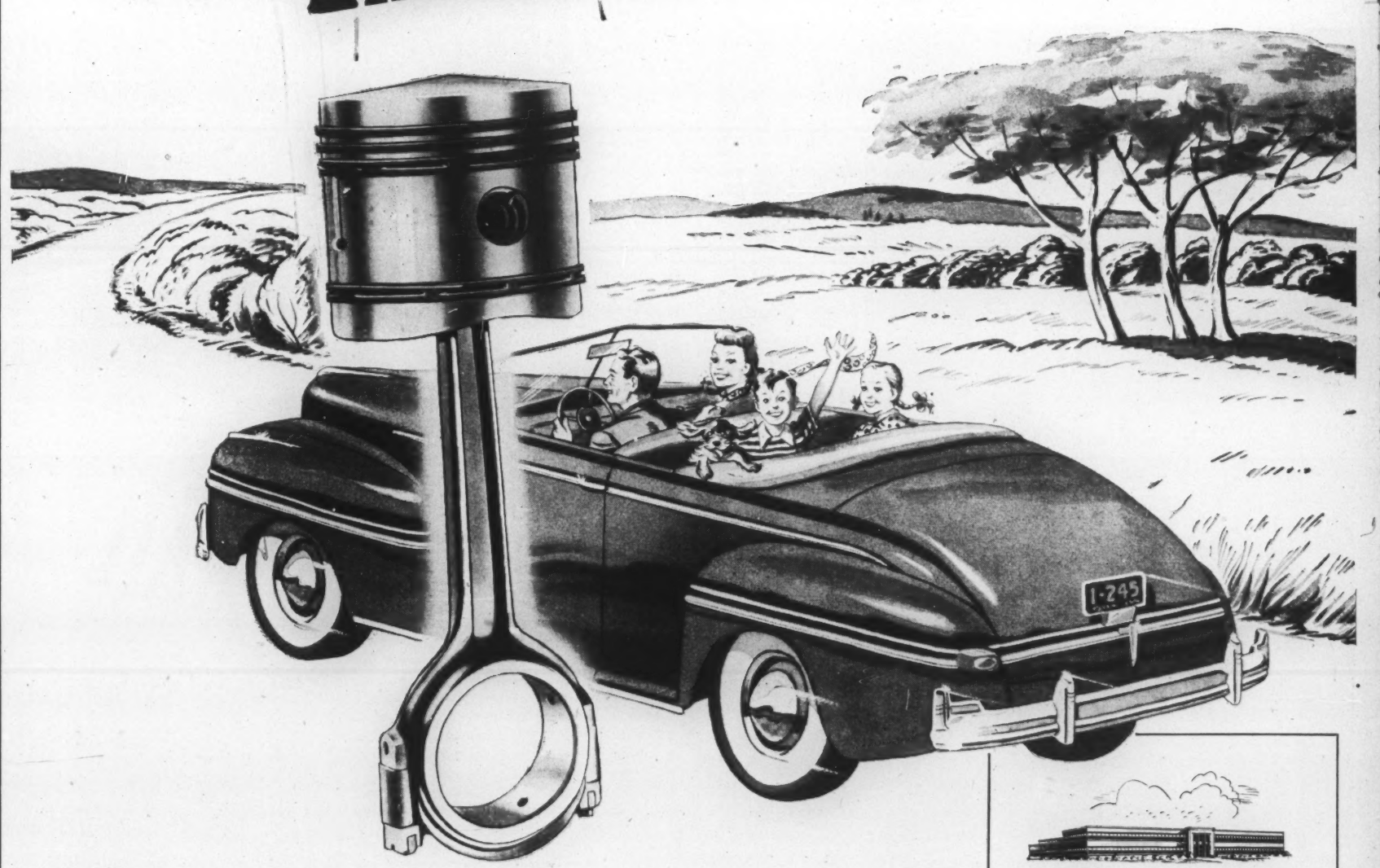

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Middle Ages Were Tough Times With or Without Mediaeval Corn

By NAT BENSON

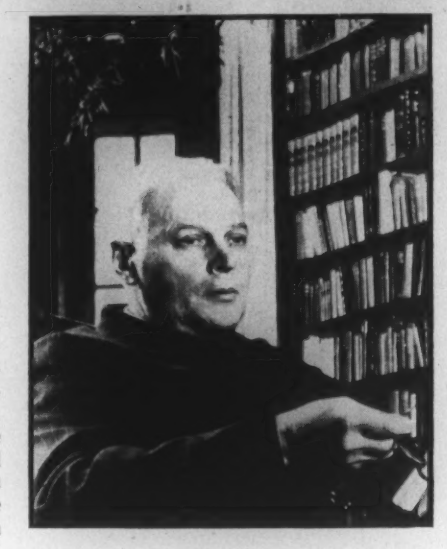
THE MONEYMAN—by Thomas B. Costain—*McClelland & Stewart Ltd.*—$3.00.

PRINCE OF FOXES—by Samuel Shellabarger—*McClelland & Stewart Ltd.*—$3.00.

AFTER spending nearly nine hundred closely printed pages with the two most popular historical romancers of our decade, Tom Costain and ex-professor Shellabarger, and reading of the colorful and melodramatic Middle Ages at their most sadistic and blood-and-thunderish, I'd like to say honestly, having viewed the grim-tapestried Middle Ages in all their gore and splendor, I'll take my chances on our own seemingly-soulless Atomic Age.

Mercy, humanity and decency seem to have arrived late in human history. Perhaps the quality of mercy *is* strained, and Shakespeare to the contrary, always has been so. Certainly, little or no mercy was shown in our time over Nagasaki, Hiroshima, Warsaw, Belgrade, Rotterdam, Maidanek, Auschwitz or Dachau. Yet one can't help feeling that, except for the unloosing of those Modern Mongols under Hitler and Tojo, the human race somehow can and should be expected to behave better even in the Atomic Age, than it did in the sanguinary Middle Ages.

Last week, Shellabarger's "Prince of Foxes," an incarnadined account of social amenities in Italy under the Borgias, was leading Tom Costain's "The Moneyman," 61-56, at the head of the best seller lists. This week their positions are reversed, which would indicate that Costain's magnificent tale of that liberal-minded merchant and man of good will, Jacques Coeur, who was Charles VII of France's *argentier*, Moneyman, or



COSTAIN

Keeper of the King's Purse, will remain at the top of the selling heap for the next six months or so, at least as long as Costain's earlier famous romance, "The Black Rose."

Whatever you, and you, may think of Costain's "Moneyman" and Shellabarger's "Prince of Foxes" as enduring literature, they at least prove one thing: That modern readers want to read good, solid, substantial, action-crammed, historical fiction more than any other kind of book. Perhaps these two spectacularly selling books *are* escape literature, but they represent a curious kind of escape—escape from the rocket missile's tenuous age into that of the scream-riven torture chambers of the brave (?) days of old.

These two books prove also that the age-old romantic gestes of valiant heroes, ravished damsels, black-hearted scoundrels and brutal bravoes of high and low degree will never grow old or cold in their appeal to all of us economically-beleagured souls whose lives are essentially humdrum. Despite the fact that science has all but evolved a swift way of blasting us clean out of the solar system, we still feel somewhat cabined, cribb'd and confined by the fact that we were not born into a more picaresque era where it was still possible for a gallant to slay a dragon for a lady, or pin a sprig of edelweiss to his visor and do in a brace of dastards in her challenged honor.

Mail-Clad Cheese Champion

Even though the age of chivalry has been replaced by the F.B.I. and the drive-in "motel," Mr. Costain's new novel goes to considerable pains to show that the "auncient and valiante joustes of chivalrie" were in themselves about as honorable and on the level as most modern professional wrestling "matches." But even though Costain vigorously unhorses a mail-clad cheese champion of the Moyen Age named Jacques de Lalaine, he does create for us in the place of that bombastic glory-hunter, a "very parfit gentle knight," Sieur d'Arly, virtuous and correct as one of J. P. Marquand's Boston boys, a hero strangely reminiscent of Doyle's ever-green flower of chivalry, Sir Nigel Loring.

Not since Doyle laid down his pen and left behind the gorgeous doings of Sir Nigel, Samkin Aylward, Hordle John and Alleyne Edricson, not since the many gaudy yet unbelievable chapters of "The Cloister and the Hearth" delighted us, have we read what seemed to be as convincing and trustworthy an epic of the Middle Ages as Costain's. It rings so true. It has in it much of the unforgettable quality of the immortal R. L. S.'s "Sire de Malétroit's Door," portrayed on a larger tapestry. Costain and Shellabarger are the logical inheritors of Dumas, Scott and Stevenson. Shellabarger tends more to the "Draw - varlet - and - defend - thy - self" school of Dumas, while Costain leans toward the detailed, leisurely, informative approach of Scott. He has Scott's conscientious honesty toward his characters, their era and his own readers.

There is a great deal of meat, yet no bologna whatever in Costain's deliberate, careful, information-packed chronicles of far-away times. Every one of his books is a Grade A Social History of its era, of the countries and peoples who make up his tableaux.

Costain, of course, like the long-experienced *Sat. Eve. Post* editor he was, has seen to it in one colorful incident of "The Moneyman" after another, that he builds up an unshakeable audience heart-interest in his fine unselfish hero, Sieur d'Arly, and in the long-suffering and lovely heroine Valerie who was trained to be a King's mistress, but whose true heart triumphed over vice like that of every notable heroine of romantic fiction.

You mustn't blame this highly competent story-teller for not loading his pages with the deeper social implications. He has not intended that his color-veined chronicle of France in the quarter-century following the burning of Jeanne d'Arc should do anything other than tell a substantial and gripping adventure story of a typical group of decent people and high-born charlatans centering about the corrupt and unhappy court of Charles VII—"The Well-Served", who

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SHELLABARGER

deserved not an atom of devotion from the least of his subjects.

It is all very well for some of the super-academic hoity-toities to sneer at Tom Costain in constipated and scintillant prose for doing this most popular kind of romantic fiction more brilliantly than anyone of his decade. Some of these sneers have cut deep into a sensitive spirit, but Tom can take full consolation, not only from his own overwhelming popularity, (even with a potent runner-up like Shellabarger functioning actively in the same field), but from the fact that all the high-domed academic piffle-squeak critics, even working overtime and en masse on extra rations of beer and skittles, could not begin to write half-a-dozen chapters of such memorable romances as "The Moneyman", "The Black Rose" or "Ride With Me".

Costain has a genius for plot and counterplot, for creating live breathing people out of the long ago, of telling you in detail what these people wore, ate, said and enjoyed centuries ago. Fifty years of thinking about writing and twenty of doing it all day have taught him how to combine these ingredients into an inevitably saleable result. He knows, too, exactly *how* he achieves the desired result. In an interesting chat he defined, even itemized just what varied things combine to create *technical skill* in novel writing: (1) the gift of selecting the right kind of interesting material to handle, (2) the judgment that determines what material to omit, and what to include, (3) *where* to start a chapter, (4) *how* to start an episode, (5) how to make good conversation tell a lot, to forward the story and build up its characters, (6) how to make good description achieve the same results, (7) knowing, above all, *when* to do certain things in and to your novel, (8) knowing *where* and *when* to cut, (9) developing by trial and error "a sureness in knowing whether to cut a scene, to stop, or go on at full tilt."

Better with Each Book

And so if you can develop all these rare and seldom enumerated faculties, you'll not only be a man, my son, but a top-selling historical novelist like the genial Tom Costain. Easy, is it? It's likely that it took this acutely intelligent man a lifetime to learn such craft. "If you're well," he said once, "you ought to learn more of your job and get better with each book." And he has. All we can say is, if you like romance, adventure, stirring deeds of long ago and a historical background that is a real education in itself, Tom Costain is your man and "The Moneyman" your book. Christopher Morley, J. P. Marquand, Clifton Fadiman and the rest of America's literary super-ephors liked "The Moneyman" enough to make it a "Book-of-the-Month Club" selection —which is BINGO!X1000 in recognition.

Mayhap we were overburdened and overharrowed with the tough Middle Ages when we approached Samuel Shellabarger's almost equally successful novel, "Prince of Foxes". It seemed a little like a painted lady alongside Somerset Maugham's tart and ironically clear tale of Borgia's times called "Then and Now". Mr. Shellabarger lays his gore on with a trowel and plays all his marches fortissimo. This is definitely cloak-and-dagger swashbuckling of ye olde schoole, wherein many-sided genius Andrea Orsini, artist-diplomat and poet-swordsman, matches wits elaborately with the bloodiest as well as the most beautiful of the Borgias. The result is a veritable "Borgy" of love, crime, intrigue, fighting, torture, rescue and good old mediaeval corn.

Regardless of what we think of its overdone overtones, this book will sell like hell. What is there to stop it? Only the odd highbrow critic who doesn't like being overwhelmed by the Niagara-like opulence of Mr. Shellabarger's writing, which provides a novel adroitly termed by a sapient New York comminator "a kind of Renaissance *Harper's Bazaar*." Mr. Shellabarger does quite a job on Cesare Borgia, who assumes the true proportions of a deluded would-be superman not unlike A. Hitler, the Borgia of Berchtesgaden.

Poet's Novel

AURELIEN—by Louis Aragon—*Collins 2 vols, $6.50.*

By B. K. SANDWELL

IN THE long, slow struggle to understand what has become of European civilization since 1914, no aid is more valuable than that afforded by the imaginative arts, and especially the novel. And for the latest stage in France we must look to the chief poet and novelist of the Resistance, Louis Aragon, whose "Aurélien" is the tale of the frustrated lives of a Frenchman and a Frenchwoman of the "leisure class" who were both about twenty-two when the first war broke out and who lived to the defeat of 1940. It is a poet's novel, extremely symbolic in most of its detail, so that we seem to be watching the agonies and frustrations of a whole nation in the persons of these two, caught in the grip of a destiny against which they are powerless. That the greed and financial unscrupulousness of a third character is an element of that destiny is clearly a part of the symbolism. . . . The writing is smooth and highly efficient, a poet's writing, and the translation well done.

FOR THE RECORD

The Portable Maupassant, selected by Lewis Galantiere. (Macmillans, $2.50) The choice of the novel is **A Woman's Life,** together with twenty-three stories and the Bashkirtseff correspondence.

The Portable Joyce, introduction and notes by Harry Levin. (Macmillans, $2.50) Four of Joyce's six books complete together with selected passages from Ulysses and Finnegan's Wake.

Anna Zenger, by Kent Cooper. (Oxford, $4.25) The head of the Associated Press writes a novelized biography to bring recognition to "the first woman newspaper editor and publisher in the world and one of the unsung heroines of America's history."

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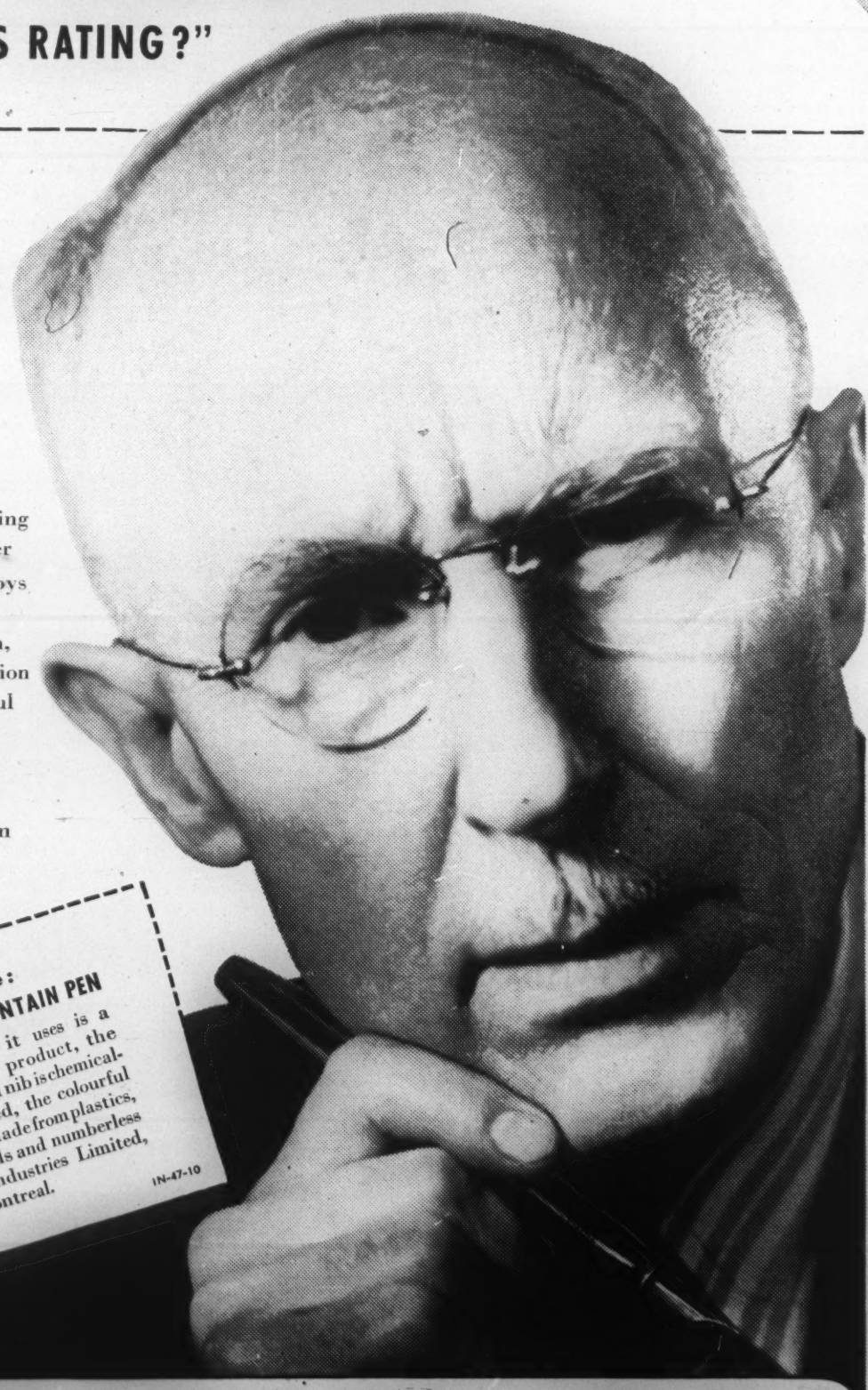

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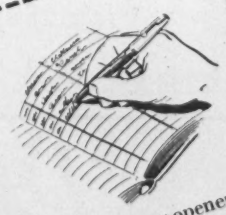

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Prom Variety Given in Song and Dance

By JOHN H. YOCOM

AT LAST week's Prom the guest soloist was six-foot James Pease, bass-baritone, who is well known in Toronto for his many fine performances there. Following war duty as a Flying Fortress pilot James Pease resumed a career already well-established by pre-service concert, opera and radio performances. He sang three arias (Plunkett's Aria from Flotow's "Martha", Handel's "Hear Me, Ye Wind and Waves" and "Mephistopheles' Serenade" by Gounod), Tschaikowsky's "Pilgrim's Song," Lara's "Granada," and as an encore, a love song from "Carousel." Mr. Pease's assets are a handsome appearance, a clean-cut technique in diction, an easy capacity for big vocal volumes, a masculine élan in presentation, and a tonal roundness and robustness that always make for good bass-baritone listening. However, there was a liability, apparent at least in Varsity Arena, in the louder volumes and in the higher register—his intonation tended to flatten. Perhaps efforts to overcome orchestral loudness were responsible for the odd pitch-slips.

Joseph Wagner, recently appointed permanent conductor of the Duluth Orchestra and replacing Tauno Hannikainen who has become associate conductor of the Chicago Symphony, was guest baton-wielder at last week's Prom. The orchestral program was interestingly varied—a march by Chabrier, a movement from Howard Hanson's Nordic Symphony (a bit like Grieg; a bit like Delius), Arthur Benjamin's "Overture to an Italian Comedy," excerpts from "The Meistersingers." Mr. Wagner worked hard for effects, especially those concerned with rhythm and accent, and got a few from the orchestra, but to many demands the players were unresponsive or confused. For instance, the mystical, tenuous atmosphere in Hanson's Nordic Symphony was missed completely by the hard-hitting strings and woodwinds, who worked through it as in a routine encore at the end of a tough Pop concert. The "Meistersingers" group was a slap-happy bit of business with which the players should never consider themselves too familiar to take care. But the evening's prize banality came in the playing of Joseph Wagner's own "Radio City Snapshots," a noisily impressionistic suite in miniature which purported to be a "short tour for very busy people." Sample items: Just Looking Around, Roundtrip to the Rainbow Room. Many Prom listeners, we think, might have found themselves too busy to take even those snapshots.

Andre Kostelanetz, who recently returned from Europe, will conduct the Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra at the Prom on Sept. 18, Varsity Arena.

Scotch and So-da-lightful

The Philharmonic Orchestra played secondary roles at the previous week's Prom; first, in accompanying Spanish Dancers Ana Ricarda and Federico Rey; second, in Liszt's Concerto No. 2 with Pianist-Composer Frederick Loewe. Both Ricarda and Rey are skilled interpreters of Spanish dance genre in various forms but whereas Rey was able to inject a note of humor to relieve some of the monotony, Ricarda's work should have had more contrast in basic ideas even if, as a result, some of the routines would have been deprived of their continuous slickness. Pianist Loewe did a flashy job with a flashy concerto but won the audience more handily with his "Brigadoon Rhapsody", based on tunes he had composed for the Broadway hit which Winchell describes as "tops in toon—Scotch and so-da-lightful". His orchestral sketches, "Spider and the Fly" and "Mosquito", were inconsequential, buzzing novelties.

Reginald Stewart will bring his Baltimore Orchestra to Massey Hall on Nov. 20.

London's Civic Symphony has won thousands of new friends during the summer concert series, two more of which took place Sunday, Aug. 24, in Springbank Park in the afternoon and Victoria Park in the evening. The series is sponsored by the City Council and the Band and Orchestra Association. That Londoners want more symphony concerts is proven by the deluge of mail and telephone calls received by Conductor Bruce Warmington Sharpe following each performance. Four more sponsored out-of-door concerts will be played in September besides the regular series sponsored by the Young Men's Club in London and in other Western Ontario cities.

Bruce Sharpe, a 30-year-old Canadian violinist who was heard with the T.S.O. under Sir Ernest MacMillan's baton two years ago in the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto, secured the civic charter for the symphony in 1938. Since that time he has worked unceasingly toward the goal that he has now attained.

The Canadian Concert Series next season at Massey Hall is as follows; Sept. 29 — Coloratura soprano, Lily Pons; Dec. 1—Montreal's Women's Symphony, conducted by Ethel Stark; January 26—Pianist Malcuzynski, the celebrated Chopin exponent; March 1—Tenor Richard Tauber.

Beginning Oct. 6 the Philadelphia La Scala Opera Company will present six performances in Massey Hall, Toronto. Among the stars will be Richard Bonelli, baritone, singing in Puccini's "Madame Butterfly".

THE THEATRE

British, U.S. Actors Eye New Society

AFTER a successful first season last year, Toronto's New Play Society is presenting during 1947-48 two more series of six plays each. The Toronto group in its short existence has achieved national recognition as the foremost theatre of its kind in English-speaking Canada. Said the Montreal *Standard*: "The New Play Society has proved right in the heart of Toronto that not only are Canadian actors and directors capable of professional productions on their home grounds, but . . . that the Canadian public is only too willing to support such ventures when they come up to professional standards."

Recognition has come too from the U.S. and Britain where several magazine articles on the Society have appeared. Canadians will be amused to hear that as a result of these articles the New Play Society has received applications from British and American actors anxious to come to Canada—a reversal of the heretofore all-too-familiar drift.

This season the Society hopes to appeal to an even wider circle of theatregoers. For instance, plans are being made to give Toronto aud-

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iences an opportunity of seeing the work of other outstanding Canadian groups. In November, the Montreal Repertory Theatre will be appearing as guests in the regular New Play Society season, and after Christmas it is hoped to present the London Little Theatre as well as a return engagement of Montreal's inimitable "Les Compagnons."

The plays will once again be presented twice monthly on Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings with special matinees of plays of particular interest to students and young people.

Here is the play schedule: Sept. 25, 26, 27—"What Every Woman Knows" (Barrie); Oct. 9, 10, 11—"Macbeth"; Oct. 23, 24, 25—"Charley's Aunt" (Brandon Thomas); Nov. 13, 14, 15—"Juno and the Paycock" (Sean O'Casey); Nov. 27, 28, 29—"Amphitryon 38" (Jean Giradoux); Dec. 11, 12, 13—"The Coventry Christmas Play" with music and chorus.

Seven-year-old Elaine Keillor of Wallacetown, Ont., who this year won her third silver medal from the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto—for highest standing in Ontario for Grade VI Piano. Her mark for practical work Grade VIII was 91, which was also highest in province.

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THE FILM PARADE

The Current Screen Trend Towards Brutality, Violence and Sadism

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THERE must be a public for violent exhibitions or there wouldn't be those wrestling matches in the Arena and there wouldn't be pictures like Mark Hellinger's "Brute Force." On the whole, however, there is more honest showmanship in an Arena wrestling match than in the current Mark Hellinger production. Everyone, including the wrestling promoters, acknowledges by this time that the Arena demonstrations are about fifty per cent brutality and fifty per cent open comicality. Unfortunately, there is no acknowledged comicality in "Brute Force" which matches Hume Cronyn against Man Mountain Burt Lancaster, and doesn't leave off the twisting, heaving and gouging until both the contestants are corpses.

"Brute Force" is obviously an attempt to duplicate the success of Mark Hellinger's film version of "The Killers". The latter picture, however, had the coiled tension of Hemingway's original short story to start it off and keep it going. "Brute Force" has merely assembled a number of stock situations and characters from familiar Big House melodrama, stepped up the brutality, and then left it to the popular appetite for sadism and violence to do the rest.

Burt Lancaster is cast as a particularly unruly inmate, and Hume Cronyn is a head guard, with a cultivated manner, a velveteen voice and a whim for playing Wagner recordings while torturing his victims. Since Hume Cronyn is one of the screen's most expert character-actors, he is able to give a frightening quality at moments to his synthetic little monster. Burt Lancaster, an actor of rough heroic proportions who looks a little like a Marxian representation of Labor, is less interesting to watch. Apart from some spurts of violent action he does little that a piece of sculpture couldn't do quite as effectively.

Subordinated Music

There seems to be two unbreakable rules governing the screen-treatment of musical genius. One is that no musical genius ever lived a life that his screen-biographer couldn't have written a lot better. The other is that movie-audiences are invariably more interested in watching the reactions of screen audiences of a performer than in watching the performer himself. Both rules are faithfully followed in "The Magic Bow" screen version of the life of Nicola Paganini.

The film imposes a neat romantic pattern on the life of Paganini, whose actual relationships were governed by the highly unconventional rules of his own egocentricity. This is relatively unimportant, since it doesn't matter much to the average moviegoer which noble lady abandoned, or was abandoned by, her man of genius, over a century ago. The second rule, which insists that no audience can be expected to concentrate on a performance for more than two minutes at a time, is the really annoying one. Early in "The Magic Bow" the musician is shown performing the famous Paganini trick of playing a complete and intricate composition on one string. The camera doesn't linger very long over Paganini however. It wanders off to pick out the faces in the audience and the music retreats as the sound-track picks up the whispering, card-shuffling, sneezings and finally snorings of probably the rudest audience a great man ever had to face.

His second recital is interrupted by the arrival of Napoleon and his army, but long before the militia puts in its appearance the camera is officially busy everywhere except on the platform. A fussy and tedious opera house manager gets far more attention than the musician, a diversion which can be extremely exasperating to people who have come to watch Paganini (played by Stewart Granger) perform on his violin (played off-screen by Yehudi Menuhin). Almost everywhere in "The Magic Bow" the music is subordinated to a contrived and rather foolish plot, and this is a pity, since it is very fine music, superbly played by a great violinist.

Lay Version

"Welcome Stranger" makes no attempt whatever to disguise the fact that it is the lay version of the clerical "Going My Way". In fact, it follows the original model so openly that the result is disarming rather than annoying. Barry Fitzgerald and Bing Crosby are medical men here but their relationship remains unaltered. Since "Welcome Stranger" is content to parallel the original story without attempting to surpass it, it manages to be pleasantly entertaining in a familiar way. On the whole there seems to be no reason why the two stars shouldn't continue variations on a single theme indefinitely. There are always people to write new songs for Bing Crosby and if any new acting tricks are required Barry Fitzgerald can think them up for himself.

SWIFT REVIEW

GONE WITH THE WIND. Revival (unabridged) of the original four-hour wonder. With Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. The Dickens' novel transferred to the screen by David Lean, and handled with fine imagination and fidelity. With Valerie Hobson, John Mills.

MIRACLE OF 34TH ST. An out-of-season but diverting comedy about Santa Claus and the commercial advantages of the Christmas Spirit. With Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Hara, John Payne.

THE HUCKSTERS. Screen version of Frederic Wakeman's noisy exposé of commercial radio and its sponsors. Entertaining, though hardly more subtle than the material it satirizes. With Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr.

• •

JEANNE PENGELLY, brilliant Canadian soprano, will give her annual recital at Eaton Auditorium, Toronto, Saturday evening, Oct. 4, assisted by David Ouchterlony, organist.

The new costume look, interpreted in a double-breasted box-jacket suit, with softly curved shoulder contours. Rounded collar and patch pockets are of natural Canadian beaver.

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RECORD REVIEW

Fifth Symphony of Prokofieff Interpreted by Koussevitzky

By JOHN L. WATSON

IT IS an interesting, though profitless, exercise to speculate upon the permanency, or transience, of contemporary music. What will the critics of the year 2047 have to say about our present crop of composers? Who, if any, will be considered the Great Musicians of the twentieth century and how will their music stack up against that of the nineteenth century?

Most of the pre-World War I music was a mere hangover from the last century; many of the most promising composers who matured in that period have already written themselves out; and no one knows how many more had their voices forever stilled in one or other of the two global blood baths.

Even assuming that the human race will be permitted to continue its existence above ground for another hundred years, it would be a cocksure critic indeed who would venture to state authoritatively which of our contemporary musical architects will be revered a century from now and which will be forgotten. Most of them—the ones who really matter—are explorers navigating in uncharted waters and assuredly a good many of them will be shipwrecked on the shoals of their own eccentricity before they ever sight the promised land.

In such an age as this it is an exciting experience to come upon a composer who, after years of honest experimentation, gives evidence of having achieved a synthesis of all the conflicting elements of his genius. There is more than one such composer writing today and chief among them is Serge Prokofieff whose Fifth Symphony has just been recorded by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony (Victor DM1095). I think this noble work is by far the finest Prokofieff yet and I suspect it may herald the approach of twentieth century musical maturity. Concerning the Symphony the composer himself has said, "I regard the Fifth Symphony as the culmination of a large period of my creative life. I conceive of it as a symphony on the greatness of the human spirit." I think the greatness of the Symphony lies in this breadth of conception. It is greater than its predecessors in the same way that the human spirit is greater than the Russian spirit or the Marxist spirit. It has the grandeur of "Alexander Nevsky" without its theatricalism, the charm of "Peter and the Wolf" without its self-conscious coyness, the structure of the Piano Sonatas without their deadly mechanism. There is something in it of Beethoven cast in a twentieth century mold.

Authoritative Interpreter

Koussevitzky is the authoritative interpreter of the Fifth Symphony; it was he who first performed it in America in November 1945. To him and his magnificent orchestra goes most of the credit for this inspired recording.

I am inclined to think that even the most pious Lutheran would find Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony little more than a mildly inspiring musical experience! Perhaps the title is unfortunate—though it is Mendelssohn's own and it is certainly apt. It is unlikely that the composer, one of the few truly happy Romantics, was a profoundly religious man; at any rate, he was certainly not the man to epitomize in music the most significant movement in the history of Western Christianity.

The Symphony No. 5 in D Minor was composed in 1830 and was intended to commemorate the tercentenary of the framing of the Augsburg Confession. First performed in Berlin in 1832, it was coldly received. In the intervening century it has steadily gained in popularity but has always run a poor third to the more easily assimilable "Scotch" and "Italian" Symphonies. The "Reformation" is interesting chiefly because it employs two themes which are thoroughly familiar to Protestant church-goers: the so-called Dresden Amen and the sixteenth century hymn tune to which are sung the words of Luther's majestic "Ein' Feste Burg"—"A Mighty Fortress is Our God". (The Dresden Amen was used by Wagner with poignant effect as the Grail motif in the opera "Parsifal".)

The music is honest and forthright and brilliantly scored but rarely, if ever, great or impassioned. However, it is given the benefit of every doubt by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic in the new Victor album DM-1104. Sir Thomas is a great conductor and he records well. I suspect you may find that his reading of the Second Movement, the charming and thoroughly Mendelssohnian Scherzo, is alone worth the price of the album.

"Rite of Spring"

In contrast (and what a contrast!) to the solemn and slightly stodgy Mendelssohn Symphony we have a new recording (Victor DM-1052) of Igor Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" (The Rite of Spring), which also concerns itself with a religious festival—of a rather more primitive and boisterous kind.

Just 83 years after a Parisian conductor turned down the "Reformation" Symphony as "too academic, too fugato, and too unmelodious", another Parisian conductor was almost driven from his podium by the shocked and uncomprehending audience who had come to hear him conduct the first performance of "Le Sacre du Printemps". The year was 1913 and the conductor was Pierre Monteux, then musical director of the Champs-Elysées Theatre and now leader of the San Francisco Symphony.

Presumably it is now possible for M. Monteux to conduct "Le Sacre" in comparative safety, and it must be a source of considerable satisfaction to him to know that his latest performance will be listened to, and probably enjoyed, in any number of good middle-class homes from Chattanooga to Calgary.

This is the best recording of the "Rite of Spring" I have ever heard. The playing is brilliant and dynamic and savage in attack. The woodwind section, of which so much is demanded in this incredibly difficult work, performs superbly.

I suppose there are as many reactions to this strange music as there are listeners—reactions which range from unqualified enthusiasm to horror and bewilderment. But whatever your reactions, you would do well to remember that this is in many ways the most significant musical creation of the twentieth century. It pointed the way to a new world of harmonics, a new concept of orchestration and, most important of all, a new freedom of musical metre.

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NEW!
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"Sentimental Journey" is the album title. The contents include the sides that made Les Brown and his orchestra famous: Sentimental Journey; Twilight Time; Bizet Has His Day; A Good Man Is Hard To Find; Mexican Hat Dance; Leap Frog; Out of Nowhere; Daybreak Serenade.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Paris -- "The Short Skirt Is Dead! -- Long Live the Long Skirt!"

By GRACE GARNER

Paris.

THE world première of the most important Paris fashions — the Autumn Collections — takes place in August. From the United States, Argentina and Australia, Britain, Belgium and Brazil, Canada, Denmark, Italy, Switzerland and South Africa, the buyers, stylists and fashion correspondents arrive by plane and ship and "*Golden Arrow.*" For many of them attendance at this most interesting fashion presentation since the war is their first visit since 1939.

In an uncertain world there is one stable feature—women's interest in clothes, and particularly new clothes. Fashion is ripe for change. The fashion world is on the *qui vive* for the crystallization of those trends which have been evident since the first sketches and despatches were flown and radioed from liberated Paris to the free capitals of the world. Today the evolution is complete. The silhouette has changed. There is a new mode, and here is an account of the week that marks a new era in fashion.

Haute Couture Red Tape

One's first morning is spent getting accredited at the *Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne*, where you receive an identity card, complete with your photograph stamped and signed by the *Syndicale* —your passport to the Collections. You are also given a mimeographed schedule of the Press Showings of the couturiers—four openings a day—at ten in the morning, three and five in the afternoon, nine o'clock in the evening. Formalities completed, the next step is to call at the salons of the couturiers from whom you wish an invitation. Bettie Cameron Macpherson (the artist who did the sketches on page 3) and I set off for the *Champs Elysées*.

Despite the sultry heat the air is like champagne, for this is Paris—and Collection Week in Paris! You feel the excitement, you sense the nervous tension and frenzied activity in the *ateliers*, you almost have stage-fright yourself! With true Parisian subtlety of detail, the chestnuts on the *Grands Boulevards* are already bronze and autumnal to prepare your eye for the "*Collections Automne-Hiver, 1947-48.*"

Famished, we hurry to our hotel for lunch. We have cold chicken, lettuce salad, and chip potatoes, a piece of bread—one course, one plate—370 francs (about $3.50). Awfully expensive but awfully good! A quick freshen-up and we are off to our first collection.

Patrician Molyneux

Two-thirty, and we are in Molyneux's silver and gray foyer. We have come early because Molyneux, the patrician arbiter of what the smart woman will wear, is always well attended. We find two front-row seats at the top of the staircase where we can watch the arrival of famous names in the fashion world. We wave to Miss Kathleen of Molyneux's London salon who is here for the opening Show, and we hail our colleagues from London. Bettie recognizes Parisiennes and Americans she hasn't seen since before the war. I see faces I used to see at fashion shows in New York. Mrs. Carmel Snow, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, is accompanied by Doris Duke Cromwell. The Paris editor of *Vogue* arrives with artist Eric. Artist Bérard hurries to his reserved seat. There is a babble of "American" all around us.

The name on everyone's lips is Dior, the young designer whose Spring collection was the fashion news of Paris, and whose resurrection of the wasp-waisted, padded hip fashions of pre-World War 1 caused violent pros and cons on both sides of the Atlantic. New York speculated with London whether Dior would hold the spotlight or whether his skyrocket success would be as quickly extinct as a fireworks sparkler. Would Dior's influence be strong enough to mould the silhouette to his specifications or would he be ignored, and he, himself, abandon his hourglass figure?

A mannequin appears and above the din we hear, "*Quatre-vingt seize. Numbaire ninetee-seex.*" There is a sudden hush. You could hear a pin drop. Eyes narrow to take in every detail. Faces assume the expression of concentrated absorption they are to wear for a week, later overcast with the pallor of fatigue and the strain of studying five hundred dresses a day. Molyneux has led off with a ski-suit in clergyman's gray worsted, the loose, short jacket lined with emerald green plush which turns back to form revers and cuffs, and lines matching mittens.

Twelve From The Floor

The first suit appears. Look at the skirt—12 inches from the floor, very full, with unpressed box pleats springing out over a padded hip, from a minuscule waist! The shoulders? Softly rounded by the cut of the dolman sleeve. The fabric? Beautiful black velour; the blouse of striped satin, black and golden honey, in one quarter inch stripes. (We are to see this striped satin in almost every collection). The hat is a conical draped turban of honey colored grosgrain, with a little circular black-dotted veil falling from the peak of the crown.

Molyneux's first coat is significant. It is a wrap-around model of black velour, with shawl collar and deep cuffs of phantom beaver. The mannequin holds the coat around her in the manner of the tube coat, *circa* 1922, so that it is narrow at the hem (12 inches from the floor). Molyneux puts a simple band of beaver four inches wide around her up-swept curls. The silhouette now narrows from shoulders to tip of head, from shoulders down to hips and ankles. This is *Le Sifflet* (Whistle) silhouette.

The two evening silhouettes are illustrated by a very lovely formal gown of palest blue satin (termed, by its manufacturer whom we met at a subsequent collection, one of the "Nacre" mother of pearl pastels). The bodice was strapless, a tightly fitted basque, and the skirt was very full over padded hips, with an overdrape of satin with a deep hem, as though a large handkerchief had been draped over the skirt, the four corners pointing to the hem. A dinner dress of very fine black wool, was a slim sheath, with a draped apron in the front of the skirt caught in a bustle drape at the back, the square decollete finished by a spray of four English garden roses, from palest pink to Dorothy Perkins red.

Pleats were a remarkable feature of the collection. From box pleats one inch wide to four inches wide, in the skirt of a tweed suit to unpressed box pleats in a velvet cocktail suit, and fine accordion pleats in net and jersey.

For pleasing color combinations, charm, and an individual interpretation of the new feeling in clothes, Marcel Rochas' was one of the most attractive collections.

Secret Of Wasp Waist

Rochas comes out plainly, "*La jupe courte est morte! Vive la jupe longue!*" And his skirts are long, and full. His daytime length is 10-12 inches from the floor, afternoon and short dinner dresses 8 inches from the floor. But he achieves his fullness by pleating his skirts all the way 'round, which gives ease in walking and a slight bell silhouette in motion. And his is the one house we saw which did *not* use hip drapery. His waists are as tiny as anyone's and, in fact, he opened his collection by showing the little wasp-waisted corset, his "*Guepière*," which launched the whole wasp-waisted silhouette, the foundation of every garment. Marcel Rochas makes his torsos a little longer than some houses, continuing the corsetted line to beneath the bust and top of the hipbone. He showed "*Guepière*" sweaters on this very line with his tweed suits, the shaping achieved by changing the size of needles to hug the ribs, nip the waist and round the hips.

Marcel Rochas' dresses for the under-twenties were dream-boat! One of silver-gray corded velvet on faille (a fabric used by every house but never prettier than in this delicate gray tone) had white *broderie Anglaise* collar, cuffs and pinafore bib like the illustration of fashions in "Little Women." Another ballet-length velvet dress had a stiff petticoat of starched linen bordered with coarse white embroidery, just showing beneath the hem, the same embroidery making a high collar and below-the-elbow cuffs. A tight black velveteen basque with *broderie Anglaise* touches was worn over a tartan "kilt" in the new padded hip line!

A deep pansy purple was favored by Rochas, in combination with pale pansy yellow in a satin evening dress worn over a wool cape of the same purple tone. He used this purple on a gray jersey dress, in clever horizontal inserts on the sleeveless jerkin top. This two-color theme was popular throughout his collection and was carried out by Maude et Nano in the hats designed for each of his ensembles. A beret with contrasting under-side which is stiffened in front to frame the face is new in silhouette and color possibilities.

We visited Madame Maude at her salon later in the week and saw this versatile beret in interesting combinations of color and fabric—velvet and felt, velour (*feutre taupe*) and felt. Madame Maude had had Canadian buyers in the day before I called and it is possible you will see this beret in the autumn fashion shows.

No time for lunch—a rest and freshen-up instead. Bettie and I arrive betimes at Christian Dior's and choose seats in a corner where we can stand if necessary. We are soon on our feet, because the little salons are jammed to capacity. We are

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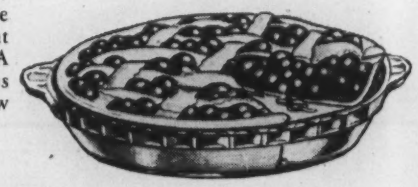

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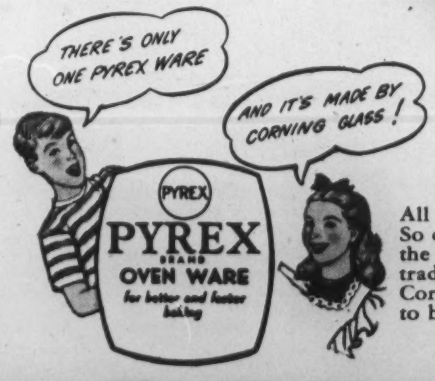

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thoughtfully provided with the most entrancing little fans, of shiny black paper, with *Christian Dior* blazened in gold across the fan. We think this is a pretty cute piece of publicity and a nice play on words (if one is mad about his clothes). We unreservedly wave his name in the stifling air, but heat, discomfort, and the pangs of hunger are forgotten the moment the first mannequin appears until *the doors are unlocked* and we are permitted to leave!

Dior's collection is for the sophisticate, the woman of thirty of assured taste and position who can afford to be daring. And we mean afford! It is designed for the woman who lives in luxury, who moves in a smart milieu, and whose credo is "No Clutter!"

Dior's line is the high-busted, wasp-waisted, rounded hip figure tapering to the small neat head (his mannequins wear their hair swept to one side with a cluster of sculptured curls caught with a tortoiseshell barrette) and the small neat foot encased in his hand-sewn opera pumps (his stockings are the new dark nylon shades). The essence of this line is a day dress of green-gray wool, with godet fullness over the bust, nipped in to nothing at the waist, rounding over the hip and tummy in pockets which exaggerate this silhouette in profile. The skirt tapers to a narrow tube about 10 inches from the floor and is slit up the front and finished with covered buttons.

The hat is a beret of matching velour, draped and moulded to be worn right on the side of the head, with a tiny slit over the ear! A long umbrella, tightly furled, like an opera stick, is carried under the arm. Three strands of smokey-green quartz, square-cut stones mounted like Chanel jewellery of the 'thirties and tied at the back with black velvet ribbon as the Duchess of Kent tied her pearls, fill in the rather low V of the neckline.

Dior's Show-Stopper

A typical suit is of fine, silky black broadcloth, the jacket short with a flaring peplum, deep dolman sleeves almost to the very nipped waist, tight straight skirt narrowing to a slit in centre front or back, or very full skirt, with unpressed box pleats over padded hips.

A typical coat is the dolman sleeve *Sifflet* coat. One of thickly piled wool the color of red fox was lined with vertical skins of red fox. But the coat which stopped the show was a black velour town coat with a full length scarf down the front closing of shot green and black taffeta, the belt of black patent leather cinching in the waist. Large fur muffs, in contrast to Molyneux's small round ones, were shown with many of the coats.

For afternoon a black wool dress, "Feathers," had a peplum of guinea-fowl feathers, and matching toque. This won applause but Bérard leapt to his feet to applaud a dress of burnished copper satin, with very full box pleated skirt, godets of pleats over each breast, a tailored black patent leather belt. Surprising touch was Dior's almost ubiquitous leather belts on day and evening dresses. These belts are either a mere half-inch width or shaped to curve into the waistline at the back, narrowing to nothing in front, and always fastened with a simple tailored buckle.

The quantity of material used in some of Dior's models is incredible. His model "Diorahma", for example, has thirty yards in the skirt alone. Another model of black net over green net, accordion pleated from shoulder to hem, has over forty yards.

Satin is Dior's favorite evening fabric, particularly in his new short evening dresses in brilliant colors—*rouge satan*, almost American Beauty, the zinnia colors, creme de menthe green, bright navy. Often these dresses are worn under a coat with lining to match the dress. Usually they are strapless, with horizontal draping moulding the bust, fullness of the straight-in-front skirt swept to the back, and they are 10 inches from the ground. On one unforgettable dinner dress, the very low off the shoulder decollete of an otherwise plain black dress was bordered with sables!

Perhaps the most interesting feature of Gres' unique collection were her hooded capes and very loose swinging coats which were almost capes. She makes these of wonderful reversible wools in deep pile textures—frieze, teddy bear cloth, blanket cloth, often plain on one side with a plaid reverse or two-color reversible combinations. Wool is the feature of Gres' entire collection. There were wool jerseys so fine they had the sheen and handle of silk—ideal for the miracle of draping and fine pleating she achieves in moulding the silhouette to a nipped waist and full skirt. Pure silk taffeta made some lovely dresses, one in a theme used in her collection was inspired by a nun's habit, with the high collar and bib of white organdy. Gray in all tones, of the metal grays from platinum to gunmetal that is almost black, the "sugar" browns, black and dark greens were her colors.

1910 Again

Jacques Fath's collection is inspired by the period before World War I, when women wore long skirts tapering to just above the ankle, and when no hat was a hat without a bird's wing or feather mount! Actually, the hats are charming, and have a very new front-to-back silhouette. They are often perched well over the brow in front and are tied on by veiling, neatly tucked in at the back, not falling in bows and loose ends.

In the very spirit of the period was a black broadcloth suit with very long, tight skirt (8 inches from the floor), with two rows of black velvet inserted horizontally on the rounded hip of the jacket, black velvet collar and buttons, worn with a little black hat poised forward on her brow with three little white wings perched on the crown.

Ski-suits and overcoats by Pierre Balmain of windproof gabardine lined with lambskin, had style notes for Canadians. Balmain used the tight-curl lamb, and dyed it in lovely colors to make a pumpkin yellow loose jacket to be worn over fawn corduroy ski-pants. He made a knee length coat of beige lambskin, trimmed with dark red.

For daytime, Balmain's models follow the new silhouettes. He showed a romantic hat with rolled-up-at-the-sides brim, worn over a jersey turban. He calls this silhouette his "*Contre-vent*", and it is emphatically front-to-back in line. He also showed "Mary Janes" in black and bronze kid, with high heels and squared-off toes, the ankle-straps buttoning with old-fashioned shoe buttons of their childish prototypes.

Balmain's favorite evening silhouette, the strapless basque with very full skirt springing out over the hips, was given new detail by swinging the fullness to the back and pointing the basque in front. He used wonderful slipper satin and striped satin in the nacre pastel tones. Sugar-almond pink, pale lime green, honey, the Victorian combination of brown and black, and gray were his evening colors.

A beautiful collection, Lelong's—the trends interpreted with sure instinct and perfect taste. Lelong describes his "*Ligne—1948*" as "*Figure de Proue*"—the figurehead on the prow of a ship, with the wind blowing her dress close to her body, revealing her bust, waist and hips and pushing all fullness to the back. His day and evening dresses follow this line, the exquisitely fine woollens, jerseys and facecloth (broadcloth) lending themselves to intricate draping and seaming.

Lelong's coats are of special interest to Canadian women, because his collars are high about the throat and ears, with deep cuffs forming muffs, and because he uses fox, wolf, Alaska sable (skunk), raccoon, muskrat, seal and stone marten as well as the more precious mink and beaver. He uses these furs on his "*Sifflet*" coats and on a princess coat—very tight basque, very full rippling skirt, usually bordered with fur à la Russian Princess—pre-1917. Lelong also borders the peplum of cocktail suits with fox, to match the tight high necked collar and cuffs of fox. His town coat fabrics are velour, broadcloth and the nappy woollens.

Lelong's colors are black, the new "sugar browns"—think of honey, butterscotch, toffee, caramel—the smoke grays, from cigarette to funnel!

The Padre's Hat

A new hat at Schiaparelli—a version of the padre's hat, with brim rolled up a little more sharply at the side, worn straight on the head, but with a decided front-to-back movement. Nice in long-haired beaver felt. She also had a little "bucket" bonnet which was young and attractive. Schiaparelli likes *Le Sifflet* silhouette, particularly in shorter coats which come just under the curve of the hip, and she accentuates this by cutting the line in sharply here. On her full-length coats the hem tapers in suddenly in sharp points.

Schiaparelli has abandoned her "Shocking" pinks for the new Paris pink, a mauve pink just the color of sugar almonds, which is the newest accessory color with black, even newer than the "sugar" browns with black. We liked her "aprons" of bold plaid taffeta, and the way she pulled her scarfs through a huge gold buckle at the base of the throat.

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As Lanvin states in his release to the press, "These five hundred dresses that one sees each day are the result of weeks of anxious work and study and trial and error. There is not a new dress in Paris which has not been tried ten times, which hasn't its own personality. . . It is a timely reminder in an age where quality tends to disappear, in a world where the preservation of beauty becomes an anachronism. Certainly, Paris dresses are expensive, because they are made of beautiful materials, because they represent long hours of work, because they cannot be cut out by electric shears, mounted on an assembly line, because they are the result of trial, study and effort."

It is not possible or practical to give detailed descriptions of those "five hundred dresses a day," but we have tried to report on the silhouette, colors, fabrics, accessories and, for lack of a better word, the "atmosphere" of the latest Collections. Not in the role of arbiter but of delineator we have tried to give you a picture of this crisis in fashion. We believe that you will like the new clothes and that six months from now you will be chagrined at your present temerity, or prejudice, in accepting a long-overdue change in fashion.

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CALLOWAY MARSTON

THE death occurred in Montreal on Saturday of an old-time member of the staff of SATURDAY NIGHT whose personality and writing will be recalled by many of our older readers. This was Constance Richardson, later Mrs. W. Richmond Smith, who was also for many years on the staff of the Montreal *Star* and was one of the best known journalists in the country. She had been living for some years in retirement, but was still an occasional contributor to this and other magazines, usually under the pen name of Calloway Marston.

JOAN RIGBY

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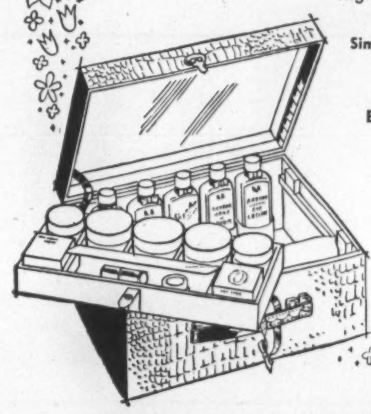

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THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Is Economic Education of Women a Way to More Stable Economy?

By LILLIAN D. MILLAR

TWO aims of the new national consumer organization, now being organized to carry on a work similar to that of the Consumer Branch of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, present far-reaching possibilities. One is to provide the means for the economic education for women.

So far consumers and business and governments have been so concerned with their own immediate problems that they have failed to realize fully how inextricably their fortunes are interwoven. Consumers need to have a clearer understanding not only of their own personal needs but also of all the outside factors which may affect them.

The economic education of women starts with the family budget, but it is difficult to budget successfully unless you know how much money you have to spend. Yet a large percentage of Canadian families do not know how much they will have to spend in a year for they have not a steady income. Latest census figures showed that the average Canadian was employed only about 40 weeks out of the 52. For nearly 12 weeks in the year he had no income except what he got from unemployment insurance. This uncertain and fluctuating income is a major cause of family money troubles and is behind much of the labor unrest which further interrupts the family income and hobbles business. In their need for a larger annual income, workers demand higher wage rates. But to receive pay for 40 weeks' work which is sufficient to keep them for 52 weeks is not the answer to their problem, for the principle is unsound from the standpoint of both the family and of business.

Let us look at it from the viewpoint of the family. John and Mary Brown and their three children are a typical Canadian family. John works in the plant of the Blank Shoe Company and he earns $40 a week. As he averages 40 weeks' work in the year, his annual income is $1,600. When this amount is spread over the full 52 weeks, the Browns have an average income of about $30.75 a week. To budget their finances successfully they should base their expenditures on this $30.75. Not only is $30.75 insufficient to cover their needs, but the temptation is too great to spend money as it is received. So the Browns set their living standard on the $40 they actually get.

All goes well until John is laid off. When John's wages stop they receive unemployment insurance. But this barely covers food costs. The rent goes behind. They have no money for clothes, nothing for recreation or for all their other needs. John prowls around the house and becomes more and more dissatisfied and irritable. Finally Mary grows desperate and starts to nag. "We must have more money," she reiterates. "When the plant opens you'll have to demand a raise."

More Money The Solution?

Now would an increase in John's wages solve the Browns' money troubles? Suppose that John and the other employees of the Blank Shoe Company demand and get an increase in wage rates sufficient to maintain their income during the 12 weeks the plant is closed. This is a 30 per cent increase and John will now receive $2,080 for the 40 weeks he works, or at the rate of $52 a week. Will the Browns continue to base their expenditures on $40 a week, their average income for the full 52 weeks? Anyone who knows human nature will tell you that a typical family like the Browns will find plenty of new things they want and they will soon raise their living standards to the level of the $52 a week which they receive. Then when John is laid off, once more they are likely to be as badly off as they were before.

Suppose that instead of demanding a 30 per cent increase, the employees of the Blank Shoe Company agree to work for their existing wage rate provided that the company will reorganize its business or add an extra line so that it can provide steady work for the whole year, with two weeks' vacation with pay. In this event John will earn $2,080 in the year. The Browns will have a steady income of $40 a week and Mary can set their living standards and plan her family budget to fit their income.

More work rather than higher wage rates is the fundamental need of the Brown family for in the final analysis their financial position will be much more secure and they will be more contented and happy if John earns $40 a week for 52 weeks than if he earns $52 a week for 40 weeks.

Now let us see how these changes in John's pay would affect the Blank Shoe Company. The output of the firm for the 40 weeks it operates is valued at $5,000,000. Based on the experience of all boot and shoe firms in Canada, $2,800,000 of this would be needed for the materials used, $1,500,000 would go for salaries and wages and $700,000 would be left for all other expenses and for profits.

If John and the other employees demand and get an increase in wage rates to maintain their income during the 12 weeks the plant is closed, the total payroll will go up 30 per cent to $1,950,000. With the $2,800,000 needed for materials there will be only $250,000 of the $5,000,000 income left for all other expenses and for profits. This amount does not nearly cover actual expenses and if it is to stay in business the Blank Shoe Company will be forced to increase the price of its products. As a consequence the living expenses of the Browns and other families will go up because they will pay more for boots and shoes. With such increases in living costs workers demand further wage increases and thus we get the unending inflationary spiral.

Now suppose that instead of giving a 30 per cent increase in wage rates the Blank Shoe Company reorganizes its business and provides steady work for the full year. With the two weeks off for holidays, employees will work for 50 weeks instead of 40. In the extra ten weeks they will be able to turn out 25 per cent more goods and the value of annual output will be $6,250,000 instead of $5,000,000. Cost of materials will go up 25 per cent to $3,500,000. The payroll for 52 weeks will be $1,950,000 and there will be $800,000 left for overhead expenses and for profits as compared with $700,000 when the plant operated for 40 weeks.

As many overhead expenses will not increase materially because the plant is open for the extra weeks, the profits of the company will likely be somewhat higher and its prospects will be much brighter for they will have more contented and therefore more efficient employees. Because the extra outlay for wages was balanced by increased production, relative costs did not go up and the Blank Shoe Company will not have to increase the price of its products and living costs will not rise.

Prosperity And Production

Now that the Browns have a steady income, can John ever get a raise in wages? If the employees of the Blank Shoe Company demand a 10 per cent wage increase, the company's payroll would go up $195,000 in the year. This would wipe out most of the profits. As a result the financial position of the company would be weaker and the jobs of the employees would be less secure. But suppose that the employees and the company work together to increase efficiency and to discover better methods and during the year they turn out 10 per cent more shoes. The income of the company would jump from $6,250,000 to $6,875,000. After materials were bought there would be sufficient to raise wages 10 per cent and still have $880,000 left for overhead expenses and profits as compared with $800,000 the previous year.

It will be seen that the prosperity of both employees and company is in relation to what they produce. When the output of the company was $5,000,000, John earned $1,600 in a year. When the plant operated for the full year production went up to $6,250,000 and the company could afford to pay $2,080 to John. With increased efficiency, production again went up 10 per cent to $6,875,000 and John's pay rose to $2,288, an increase of $688 over what he earned for 40 weeks' work. As production went up the amount left for other expenses and for profits of the company advanced from $700,000 to $800,000 to $880,000.

If as the result of the educational program of the new consumer organization, a large group of women get a deeper understanding of their fundamental income needs and of the outside factors which affect them, this knowledge will be passed on to their husbands. Then perhaps the interest of workers may shift from the present uneconomic one of "more pay for less work" to the sounder one of "more work at a just wage based on ability to produce".

Of course the study of the family income is only preliminary to a detailed study of every item of expenditure in the family budget. Here too women should have not only a clear understanding of their specific practical needs but also a broad picture of all the outside factors which are involved in providing these needs. The new consumer organization is taking the first step to give to women a wider knowledge of financial matters and to bring closer cooperation and better understanding between consumers and both business and governments. If these aims are realized, not only will the finances of the family be more stable, but the whole economy of the nation will be strengthened.

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As I Was Saying, the Last Time I Stopped Off in Afghanistan --

By MONA BARRY

"YOU must have travelled a great deal," said a nice man to me the other day. "Oh, I don't know," I replied modestly, only just refraining in my gratification from saying "Aw shucks," and little thinking that, in those few words, he was giving me a Complimentary Ticket to Social Success.

"Over here they like to think you've travelled," I thought with surprise, "they're interested." Now at home in England, if you say you're just back from Afghanistan they say, "Good. You're just in time to help us dig the asparagus bed," or something equally repulsive. The more I thought about it the more travelled I felt. Like Monsieur Jourdain, who had been speaking prose for years without knowing it, I realized that all this time I had been moving among men (I like men better than women, really,) with my light hidden under a bustle, to use a playful metaphor.

"Like Rosita Forbes," I mused, "or Alexandra David Neel, or any of those people. Why, now I come to think of it, there's hardly any country I don't know about, unless you want to run to Arctic stuff — and even then I've been to Newfoundland by accident." Yes, the more I considered it the more astounded I was to think that I had had to fly all those thousands of miles here to have someone recognize me for what I really am.

Of course a prophet has no honor in his own country, and my relations are quite surprised at the result. They simply stared when I said at breakfast, "This is not like the coffee one used to get in Germany before the War. Or even the coffee one gets in Switzerland today," I went on. "However, it's better than the coffee one would get in France, if one could get there." It stunned them, I could see, and the beautiful thing was that my remark was absolutely, completely, and irrefutably true.

About The Others

"There was nothing wrong with our coffee yesterday," they said, entirely missing the point, of course. I just walked out of the room in a travelled sort of way. "When I was in Japan I took my own percolator," I said, putting my head round the door again. You should have seen their faces.

Every moment since then I have been growing happier and more interested in myself. What a boundless source of conversation has been tapped! From being mute and pink at least halfway through every social gathering I could now practically hire myself out to make dull parties go. They have to go sooner or later anyway. "Now, what country do you come from?" I could ask my partner, if it were not only too apparent in any case. When he admitted it I would tell him all about the others.

I almost think, if I may be allowed to say so, that I am in a fair way to becoming a *raconteuse*. I used to imagine that this was a kind of fur coat, but now I know better.

To those who wish to emulate my success I should say that the best plan is to skim the headlines of your morning paper — tedious, I admit, but necessary. If you see a place mentioned more than three times take it as your subject for the day. This gives you an air of being not only travelled but up to the minute.

For real conviction, however, you must have been to the country in question. It is not enough to say "About this trouble in Palestine — I was going to call in at Jerusalem on my way out to the Far East — " and then to pass on to what you remember of H. V. Morton's book on the subject. If you have never been to Palestine, ignore it. There is always someone in the paper trying to emigrate to Africa. Tell your friends about the time you had your hair shampooed and *mis en plis* while the ship waited at Oran, and the swarthy face of the man who did it.

Yes — China, Japan, India, the Straits Settlements, Egypt, Africa, Manilla, Suisse, France—ah, la belle Marseilles—how the dear old days come back to me. And don't forget New York. It's a funny thing, but that seems to impress them most.

Should there be a complete dearth of other interesting place names in the Press there is one which will never fail you. There is sure to be Russia. It may well be your best subject because, on hearing it, people are apt to become speechless, thus leaving a useful conversational vacuum into which you hurry. I am even thinking of relaxing my rule of residence in view of the topicality of the allusion.

"I once actually knew a Russian," I shall say impressively. "He was a delightful Cossack, and he taught me riding. 'This can to be like Russia, and we can to be like travellers on the steppe,' he used to say, so you see I was a traveller even in those days. His English was even better than my Russian. They are great linguists."

It was in the long hours during which our ponies paced the dusty roads of China, or broke into a fast trot between the fields of kaoliang, scowliang on either side, that I learned to know and love this strange wild country so well. One day he told me how he and his father had been in a deep forest, hunting, when they became separated. Suddenly he saw, charging down upon him, a wild boar.

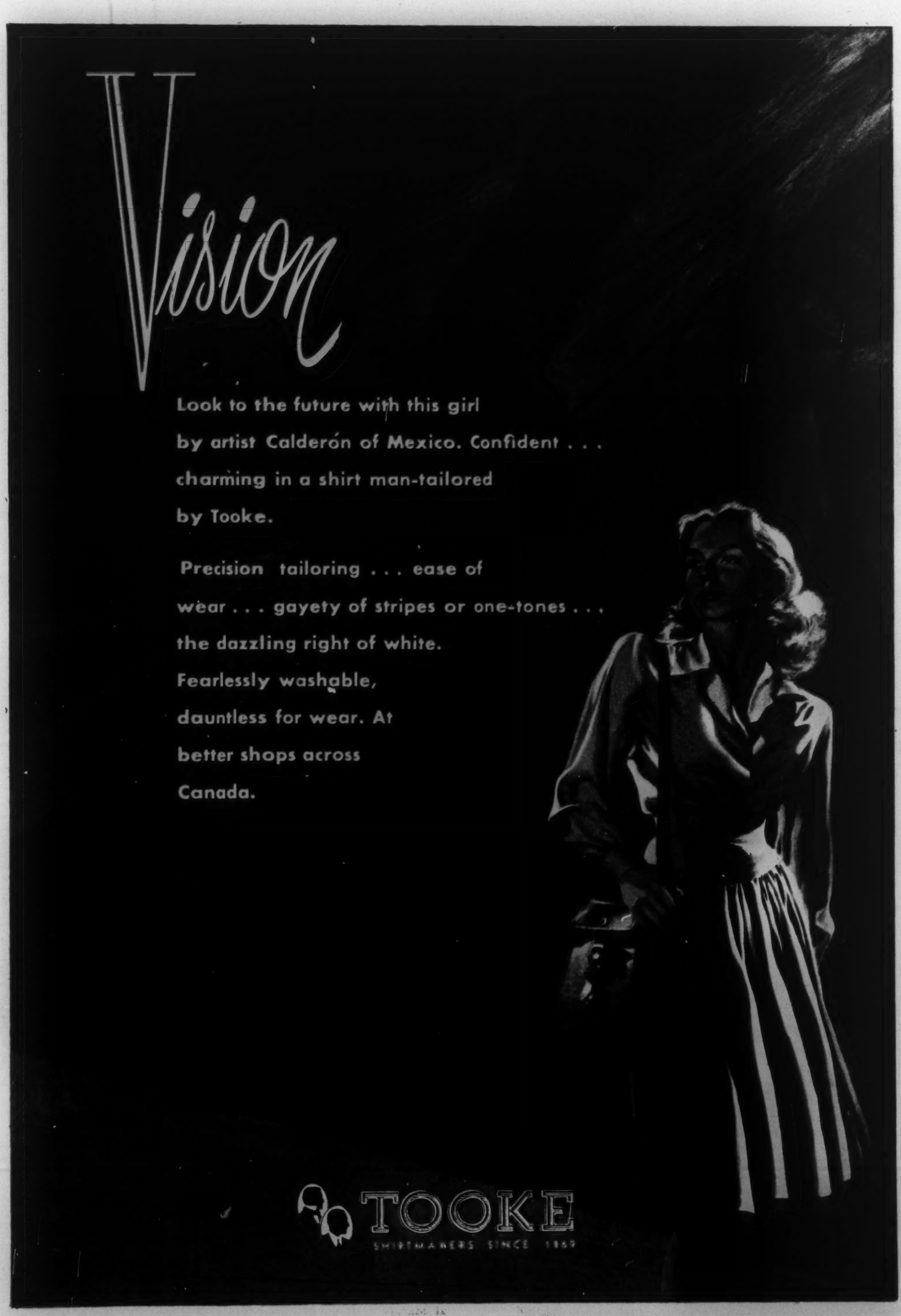
"Small, but very fierce," I explained to my relations, on whom I was practising.

"Who?" they said, rather stupidly I thought.

"The boar, of course. Well, he told me he raised his gun and fired, and nothing happened. The boar just went on charging. He heard his father shout — there was no time to get up a tree—" I stopped, with a look of horror.

"Go on...what happened?" My relations were tense at last. Every *raconteuse* has her awkward moments. Truth struggled with artistic impulse, and truth won.

"I honestly can't remember," I said. "I think he was killed."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CONCERNING FOOD

In Praise of September Days and the Glory of the Pickle

By JANET MARCH

IF IT is really the sun's complexion which is giving the world its rather unusual doses of weather I wish they would jet propel a skin specialist up there and fix up the poor thing's acne. Talking about the weather is tedious, and yet when the snow banks tower or the perspiration pours off you the thing is of such importance you find yourself murmuring clichés about twenty times a day. Just what kind of autumn we'll have is anyone's guess, but we all hope for one full of brisk bright days when you can see for miles, if you are fortunate enough not to have your line of vision stopped by the house across the way.

Canadian autumn, when it runs true to form, is the finest season of the year. The only thing wrong with it is that you are always afraid that it is not going to last long enough. So we treasure those clear slightly windy days with hot sun and cool nights, those delicious smells of cooking pickles, those miraculous roses just as fine as the June ones, and lastly, after the first frosts, those leaf bonfires which dirty up the neighbors' windows, but give such pleasure to all the young fry on the street. We used to bury potatoes in the hot ashes, then with shrill cries of delight dig them out long before they were done and gnaw through a blackened skin to an almost raw interior. They tasted like ambrosia should.

The thing to do with autumn is to enjoy each day as it comes and keep the mind a blank about coal bins, double-windows, insulation and all the other curses of a Canadian winter. Just quote the popular John Donne to yourself and take it easy sitting in the sun.

"No Spring nor Summer beauty
hath such grace
As I have seen in one Autumnal
face."

Well, let's hope we get a fine one, but whether or not the weather is good it already seems certain that there will be loads of fruit and vegetables to pickle and bottle in all the time you can spare from the outdoors. After a couple of years with very poor or actually non-existent crops the apple trees, even in tired old orchards, are bending low with their crop this year. Deep apple pie surely won't be the expensive luxury it has become in recent years. Most people find themselves with a little more sugar this year so that they can make some home-made pickles.

Tomato Chutney

30 ripe tomatoes
8 sour apples
10 medium onions
3 red peppers
3 green peppers
1 pound of sugar
1 tablespoon of salt
1 pint of vinegar

Peel and chop the ripe tomatoes, and the apples. Chop up the onions and take the seeds out of the peppers and chop them. Then add the sugar, salt and vinegar. Boil it all for two hours and bottle.

Pickles made with a lot of peppers go particularly well with meat balls, and with the price of meat where it is it looks as if we would all be eating quite a lot of meat balls this winter.

Pepper Sauce

12 green peppers
12 red peppers
12 large onions
2 cups of brown sugar
2 cups of vinegar
4 teaspoons of salt
4 teaspoons of English mustard

Take the seeds out of the peppers and slice the onions, then either chop them fairly finely or run them through the meat grinder. Then add the sugar, salt, vinegar and mustard and put on to cook. Boil about twenty to twenty-five minutes and bottle.

Plain Cake

¾ cup of sugar
½ cup of shortening
1 teaspoon of salt
2/3 cup of milk
2 cups of sifted cake flour
4 teaspoons of baking powder
1/3 cup of milk
2 eggs
1 teaspoon of vanilla

Put the flour, the 2/3 cup of milk, the salt, shortening, and sugar in a bowl and stir them hard until they form a smooth mixture. Then add the baking powder and stir again, then the eggs, vanilla and the 1/3 cup of milk and beat till the batter is smooth. Pour into a greased square pan lined with wax paper and cook in a 350 oven for about half an hour. This cake has one great advantage for you only dirty one bowl, a measuring spoon and a measuring cup instead of the usual litter of utensils which cake making produces.

Butterscotch Icing

1 tablespoon of butter
¼ cup of cream or top of the bottle
1 cup of brown sugar
A pinch of salt
½ teaspoon of vanilla.

Melt the butter and add the cream and the brown sugar and heat gently. If you heat it too fast this icing sometimes curdles. Cook bubbling until a drop of it forms a soft ball in cold water. This takes usually from five to ten minutes. Take off the heat and beat until it thickens. Spread on the cake.

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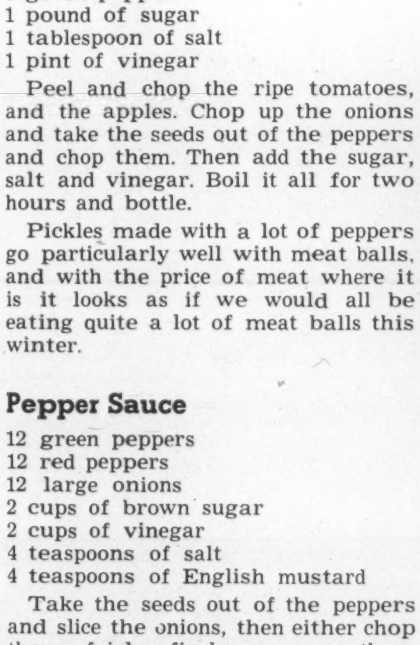

Violetta De Freitas, lyric soprano, takes a leading role in the Philadelphia La Scala Opera Company's presentation of "Madame Butterfly" at Massey Hall on Monday, Oct. 6.

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Summer Theatre at Ogunquit, Me. Has Miss Judith Evelyn as a Star

By LEONORA McNEILLY

JUDITH EVELYN to star in "Joan of Lorraine" at the Ogunquit, Maine, Theatre we read on the billboard! We were all agog. That the influence of our own Hart House Theatre where she had trained had penetrated to this most beautiful of all New England villages, thrilled us. It recalled our association with her at Hart House until the beginning of World War II when Dame Fortune whisked her off to England where via "Gas Light" she climbed the first rung of the ladder of success. But remembering the Americans' propensity for recognizing and boosting latent talent (in contrast to our own conservative, slow-to-move Canada) she doubled back to New York in what was intended as a non-stop flight but for her unexpected immersion in the Atlantic when the Athenia was sunk.

Here again, she came to the top, one of several survivors from the torpedoed ship, lugging with her those whom she had heroically rescued.

Now, she is acclaimed "the greatest new star on the Broadway scene for many years," New Yorkers having cheered her up the remaining rungs of the ladder of fame.

Transition

"Joan of Lorraine" in which she starred with Richard Widmark has "attracted nation-wide attention," one reviewer reporting: "Miss Evelyn stood out a tower of magnificence in a cast of absolute brilliance." In this play within a play, the rehearsals, frequent pauses for new lines, new interpretations, somewhat destroyed the sense of illusion, but only until the star appeared. Then the audience sat spellbound, tense, particularly during her emotional scenes, and there were many.

Miss Evelyn's transition from the role of a little immature girl on the stage, to the mature young woman whom we met in her dressing-room ten minutes later was almost unbelievable.

We would never have succeeded in reaching her, struggling as we were through the milling crowd of autograph-seekers surging through the corridors to her dressing-room, had not a shout gone up: "Someone from Toronto to see you." "Wait till I get my make-up off," she called. Two minutes later the metamorphosis was complete. There stood before us a mature young woman, charming, elated.

She recalled her life at Hart House Theatre, her training under Nancy Pyper, the Playwrights' Studio Group missing by a nose her "starring" in one of their amateur productions at Hart House when she left for England. She threw up her hands in protest at the suggestion that she was "going places." "No, no!" she cried. "I'm only on the first rung of the ladder."

But that was not our only surprise. Ogunquit is full of surprises, a continuous performance, in fact.

Mrs. F.D.R.

For example, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's arrival created a furore. She came to see her daughter-in-law, Faye Emerson (Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt) starring with Stephen Courtleigh in "State of the Union," the 1946 Pulitzer Prize comedy. The play was held for half an hour awaiting the arrival of the former First Lady of the Land. She finally appeared, hatless, and in a smart white sports' suit. Her party, including her son, Elliott, and two grandchildren, were seated front, centre, there being no box seats.

Miss Emerson having already starred in more than 30 motion pictures and on the stage in Lynn Riggs' "Russet Mantle," J. B. Priestley's "Dangerous Corner," George Oppenheimer's "Here Today" and "Taming of the Shrew," gave a good account of herself. The acting was perfect, her gowns dramatic, almost stealing the show for the stylists who stood around goggle-eyed, making notes.

During intermission, while flashlights highlighted the occasion, heads ducked, necks craned for a close-up. Autograph-seekers elbowed one another, one from her point of vantage, behind "Eleanor," posing the question of an autograph.

Mrs. Roosevelt smiled, turned on her inexhaustible fund of charm. "You see, if I were to give it to you, I would have to do the same for others. It would interrupt schedule," she said with her usual good judgment and fairness, the lovely smile, the gracious manner absorbing the disappointment.

Another unexpected pleasure was Zazu Pitts with whom Torontonians are familiar, the Heliconian Club having entertained her at luncheon not so long ago. She appeared with Frank Wilcox in "The Late Christopher Bean." With her famous dramatic hands augmenting her sympathetic comedy portrayal which for years has delighted world-wide audiences, she brought the performance to a delightful and successful finale.

Ogunquit's theatres — two moving picture and one legitimate theatre, present plays of the highest order—and the highest prices, $2.40 and $3.00 for stage plays and $1.80 for such screen plays as "Henry V" comparing fairly well with Toronto. But they have to make hay while the sun shines. It ceases to shine when the summer residents flit sometime around Labor Day.

• •

CONSIDERATIONS SUR LA VIE

LA VIE *est* queer:
Un peu de spite,
Un peu de cheer,
Et puis, good night!

La vie est quaint:
Un peu de song,
Un pue de plaint,
Et puis, so long!

J. E. P.

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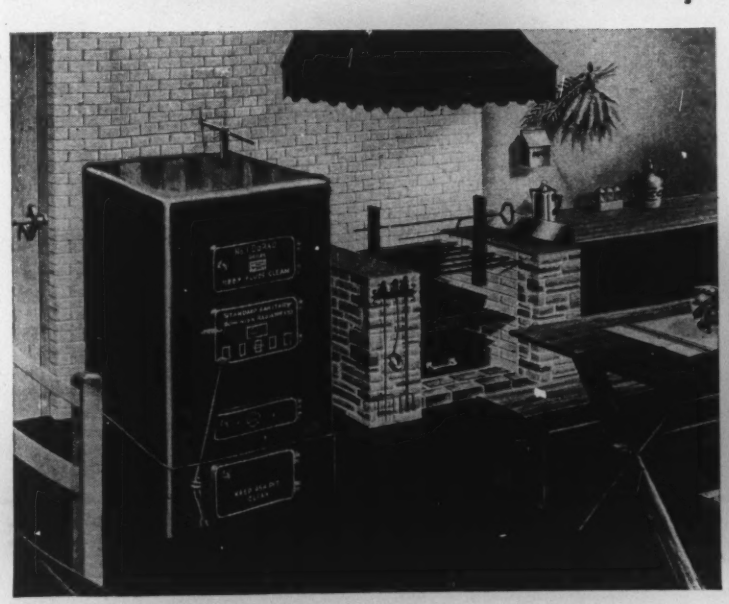

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THE OTHER PAGE

Gallant Lady's New Man

By J. E. MIDDLETON

FROM time to time I have mentioned Cecilia Faraday and her pasture-farm. To refresh your memory, she changed careers. From being a concert soprano of high merit, and a Church soloist in Ottawa, she said "I will" and "I do" in company with a stock-farmer. After his too early death she determined to carry on the farm with hired help and has done so for a quarter-century and more. She accepts cattle for the grass-season; she has a good herd of her own. She has bred prize sheep. She maintains a multitude of chickens. Even in the dead of winter she has reaped 110 dozen eggs within ten days.

She has suffered—and rejoiced—under the ministration of hired men, mostly human curiosities. Among these Peavey the Permanent takes high rank. His rheumatism comes on whenever a job of real work impends. Last winter he couldn't shovel snow. Never has his rheumatism been worse than when the drifts mounted to the lintel of the barn and completely blocked the driveway.

Cecilia, in pants, puttees and overalls, plied the shovel all one morning and made less than a hundred feet of progress, the wind still blowing hard from the north-west as it had been doing for a week.

"This will never do!" she said, and telephoned to town for a man—if such a strange creature might be available. The town knows Cecilia and loves her, so the Doctor, the clergyman, the blacksmith and the postmaster formed a committee-in-aid. They rooted-out Jerry Cox who had just spent convivially the last of his baby-bonus-for-three. He and his family had no fuel, no food and mighty little clothing, and the consensus of the committee was that a spot of work was indicated.

Over the fields came Jerry (followed by a dog almost as lean) and when Cecilia saw him she imitated St. Paul; she thanked God and took courage. For she knew that Jerry would work and like it. All others in the community held a contrary opinion. They counted him as a plain no-good, at forty. Cecilia knew better. "Sometimes," she confided to me, "A good man has a fool for a wife; just gives up and hikes for the nearest beverage-room. But put a steak into him, with trimmings, send a basket of groceries to the family and call him Mister. The result will astonish you. My driveway was clear when the egg-truck came along, two days late. Jerry stayed.

"So did the dog. Like him, she had a family, not doing too well. But I fed her up and every night she would go back to town to see the children; two miles or thereabouts. One morning when I opened the door she was in a corner of the veranda, with four pups; all regarding me with enthusiasm, and naturally expecting me to be equally rejoiced.

"I wasn't particularly pleased, but I remembered that everyone must respect a good mother. Talk about 'Courage of Lassie'. A mother that would trot sixteen miles through a wintry night—four miles for each pup—in the hope of bettering their condition deserved encouragement. I put the family down in the warm basement, and at this minute—the sun being bright and warm—the mother has her troop out in the yard teaching them how to behave like doggy ladies and gentlemen in a curious and exciting world.

"I hope Jerry's wife is following her example, though I have doubts. So long as Jerry is 'shut of her' he works and is at peace. He even has shamed Peavey into doing a little extra. So, for me, the Spring is opening up nicely. I have a thousand eggs in the incubator and Peavey hasn't let the lamps out once. The men in town have thawed-out the weigh-scale which was frozen solid for two months, and I have been able to weigh and get rid of nine heavy steers.

"Meanwhile the Welfare people have been out to have a look at Jerry's family. A well-fed officer in a warm car, a Buick, ordered that two of the children should go to school at once. The order was obeyed, the boy wearing a pair of his mother's shoes. Now he won't go back, and I don't blame him.

"To my mind we are over-afflicted with Welfare people. A white-clad angel comes out in summer and inspects us, with no noticeable effect. I won't say that the officials do harm, but I'm dead sure they don't do any good. But Government is a holy thing, not to be discussed.

"May I make one suggestion? There is a baby-bonus now, why not a pup-bonus? I'm sure the parents of the pups wouldn't spend the cheque for booze."

THE BURNT WOOD

I STOOD on the fringe of the desolate wood and listened
For something living, a soft footfall, the sound
Of a bee above the barren drift of ashes,
The cold trickle of water underground.

Nothing moved in the burnt wood, or breathed or sang,
Or beckoned with white fragile bloom, no creature fed
In secret stands of hemlock, nothing watched
With brilliant eyes from the fern, bounded and fled.

The brief bright summer now passed on, the rain
Fell through the open ruin to the acrid earth,
But the burning had gone deeper than the rain,
There was neither quickening nor joy of birth.

There was nothing to mark the seasons, nothing changed
But the slant of shadows, day drawing into night,
Skies full of clouds, and on the immense horizon
The swirl of sea birds in autumn flight.

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FABRICS

The Manitou Listens

By MARY WEEKES

VITALINE put the dishes away in the cupboard, turned to black-lead the stove, then paused. She had forgotten to throw the dish-water on Maida's lilac bush. Maida, like all white women, was foolish, thinking that soapy water would induce their Great Spirit to make a bush flourish!

Old Me-ta-kue, the Medicine woman of the Cree tribe, had better ways. Always, when she wanted favors from the Manitou, such as a crop of wild fruit—choke cherries, black currants, or high-bush cranberries, she placed a bit of red willow bark, a few dried berries from previous summers, or other suitable offering, on the bushes at blossom time and, in August she was rewarded with fruit. It hung thick and luscious.

Maida was out on the lake now, casting for perch. She wouldn't know that the soap medicine hadn't been put on the lilac bush, which was a poor weakly thing anyway. But Vitaline loved her mistress. She wiped the stove-black off her hands, mixed a pan of soapy water, using the dark laundry soap, and carried it out and poured it round the roots of the lilac bush.

Now, if Maida would make a suds with the pink or lavender colored soap, which she had in the cottage, who knew?—The Manitou might bring forth blossoms on the lilac. Often, she had asked Maida if she could try Indian charms on the bush, but Maida had laughed and said, "Vitaline, I thought you had forgotten the old Indian ways at the Mission school." Just as if there were a difference between the Indian's God and the White Man's God!

An Indian received favors from his Manitou by placing offerings—tobacco, carved pipes, beads or other things that he valued on trees or hung them on his tepee for the use of the Great One. A white man built a great house for his God and entertained him with music and songs.

Maida was a good woman, as Vitaline well knew. She had watched her grow up, having worked long in the family. Maida sang songs to her Manitou. She was good to her Medicine Man, the Minister. Yet, her God had not accepted the offering of soapy water. He had not set the lilac bush flowering. Vitaline lifted the branches of the bush. Not a sign of a bud and—the season was getting late.

One day, soon after this, Maida came upon Vitaline watering the lilac bush. "I wish you'd try a suds of that new laundry soap, Vitaline," she said. "If there are grubs at the roots it will kill them. I am so hoping to have lilacs this year."

"You will get blossoms, Miss Maida, don't worry. Every day, I ask the Manitou who is part of our great earth to make this bush blossom," said Vitaline, smiling radiantly.

"Vitaline, I do wish you would remember your christian teaching," said Maida, sternly.

"My Indian Manitou is a kind Manitou, Miss Maida," said Vitaline firmly, "believe me, I know, Miss Maida."

Vitaline had always watered the lilac bush faithfully, but her new interest in it now was astonishing. She fussed about it, picking off the dead leaves, examining the branches, stirring the earth at its roots. Maida felt touched by the devotion of good, faithful Vitaline.

The days passed. Then, one morning, Vitaline came into Maida's room. "The lilac's in bud, Miss Maida. My Manitou has listened," she said.

Maida went out to examine the bush. Yes, there were the buds! Soapy water was truly a good tonic for shrubs. A blue butterfly was fluttering about the lower branches and Maida caught at it. Her fingers closed round something round and hard. She lifted the branches. There were several little bags hanging from them. She unfastened one and opened it. It was filled with small pieces of pink, green, and lavender colored soap.

SENSE AND SCIENCE

MEN of the Microscope, who wag your beans
And see the hearse in every sneeze and hiccup:
Your warnings are in all the magazines
I pick up.

Bosh! Humbug! Nonsense! Rubbish! Tripe! What's more,
Methusaleh, Canute, the Queen of Sheba, —
Were they afraid of any microbe or *Amoeba?*

Rossini, Rubens, Richelieu, Rousseau,
Napoleon, Nestor, Nicodemus, Noah,
How they'd have laughed to hear you prate of *pro-tozoa!*

Begone, bacteriologists, who won't
Be happy till we hold the moveless lily!
My answer to your dark alarms is, "Don't
Bacilli!"

J. E. PARSONS.

• •

PIGMENT

SINCE Jezebel worshipped Astarte
When she went to a party
Her lipstick was thick as a little red poultice, and so
When they formed up their row
Of the tribe of Benjamin were sealed ten thousand,
Of the tribe of Naphtali were sealed ten thousand,
Of the tribe of Dan were sealed ten thousand,
And thus to the end. Oh, Astarte
Left her mark on that party!
To-day, on a very small scale,
By comparison pale,
In a manner restrained,
We still worship Astarte unfeigned,
Unpained,
And the hallmarks and brands
On cheeks, hankies and hands,
Still are stained.
I love kissing with all of my heart,
In spite of all strictures,
But, just as a matter of art,
Astarte,
Oh, why transfer pictures?

DAVID BROCK

• •

NEW COMET

A MAN in Prague, or thereabouts,
Astronomized o'nights;
Made certain of the whereabouts
Of all celestial lights.
And, of a sudden, while he stared
Seeking to learn some more,
An unexpected comet flared
Where none had been before.

A Harvard man in Africa,
(Bloemfontein his address)
The selfsame shining stranger saw
With mounting cheerfulness.
"My comet!" firmly he declared,
But shattered was his plan
Since the discovery was shared
By the Czechoslavic man.

The pundits astronomical
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Sterling Still Solid in Non-Dollar Areas

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The lengths to which the Dominions have indicated recently they are prepared to go in developing their trade with Britain show they see a real future in such a course. Assisted by Empire Preference Britain believes she can strengthen ties with Dominions and Colonies and, on such a basis, increase trading with countries outside the dollar area. Sterling is still solid enough, says Mr. Marston, to act as the exchange for non-dollar areas. Its nonconvertibility relates only to dollars.

It would be absurd, however, to assume that trade with the dollar countries would have to cease completely. Dollars obtained by various countries from imports by the U.S. will be sufficient for minimum imports by them from the States.

London.

THE rallying of the Empire countries to Britain in her hour of need has a deeper significance than the sentiment of comradeship which it expresses, greatly as that sentiment is valued in Britain. It opens up possibilities of realignment of world trade as fundamental as that which the war forced upon the major trading nations, but carried out not in years but in months.

With Europe and the East embroiled in the conflict, it was to the United States and the countries within the dollar orbit that the Allies had to turn for their supplies. From North America they got those supplies without stint, while in South America the reaction was not so uniformly sympathetic.

After the war, contrary to all reasonable expectations, dependence on the Western Hemisphere actually increased. But Lease-Lend was abruptly ended, and U.N.R.R.A. followed soon after, long before the job of either was completed. Then came the dollar loans to Britain, of which the major portion was exhausted far too quickly. Then the dollar crisis.

The question for the British Government was whether to go cap in hand to the U.S. with an entreaty for more assistance on any terms that the Americans liked to name or to assert the nation's independence and fight to regain equilibrium without more dollar injections. It is too early to say positively that the latter course has been adopted, but it can certainly be said that the Empire's response has made such a course immeasurably easier.

The lengths to which the Dominions are prepared to go in developing their trade with Britain suggests that they see a real future in such trade. Not only Australia and New Zealand, with their plans to divert much more of their energies to supplying Britain (and at reasonable prices), and South Africa, with her credit plans, but even Canada, closely linked as she is with the U.S., and India, after all the ill-feeling that was until recently directed towards Britain, are treating as a serious proposition the idea of aligning themselves more closely with Britain until true multilateral trading is again possible.

It is ironical that the abandonment of free convertibility of sterling which has been the signal for these moves should have occurred just when, after months of wrangling, the delegates to the International Trade Conference at Geneva had evolved a new draft Trade Charter designed to make multilateralism a reality.

The Original Draft

The original draft, for which the U.S. was primarily responsible, was so obviously out of keeping with the times that some major amendments had to be made to it, and some of the treasured principles of U.S. trade policy have suffered rather severely in the process. Notably, the principle of Empire Preference, which the Americans regard as a serious obstacle to their own advancement, has been preserved—it could hardly be otherwise, in view of the Americans' refusal to make tariff concessions which really meant anything.

With the help of Empire Preference (and also, necessarily, with modifications in the "non-discrimination" clause of the Washington Agreement), Britain believes that she can strengthen the ties with the Dominions and Colonies, and on the basis of Empire trade broaden relations with all countries outside the dollar area. This policy means some-

(*Continued on Next Page*)

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

How Far Will Prices Rise?

By P. M. RICHARDS

WE ARE now somewhere in the later stages of an inflationary boom, and the big question, price-wise, is how far it will go before the break comes. It could be quite a distance; the final flurries in past booms have often been very sharp. Right now business activity is high, employment is high, and prices are high. The first two are probably about as high as they can go in the current cycle, but prices are still rising and the up-pressure is increasing rather markedly.

The big inflation factor is that the rise in public purchasing power continues to outrun the physical production of goods. This trend has become more marked lately. While industrial production is everywhere continuing at the highest levels permitted by material and labor and transportation shortages, the over-all rate of production has slowed down somewhat, while the rise of consumer spending power has speeded up, as the result of new wage increases in recent months and high agricultural prices. Thus there are constantly more dollars competing for a limited supply of goods.

Figures show that U.S. industrial goods production fell from 189 per cent of the 1935-39 average in the first quarter of 1947 to 185 per cent in the second quarter. Durable goods output (including such items as industrial machinery and automobiles) fell from 223 to 219 per cent; non-durables (clothing, food, gasoline, etc.) from 176 to 170 per cent. Volume fell while dollar value rose. Though small, these declines may be significant of trouble to come; we need more goods to absorb all the money being created.

Fear Still Higher Prices

One odd result of the accelerated climb in prices is that there is less business fear, at least at present, of "buyers' strikes." It is true that more and more prospective buyers are being priced out of the current market by rising prices, but on the other hand there are many with cash in hand who are rushing to buy now in anticipation that future prices will be higher still. This, incidentally, is characteristic of the end-stages of inflation. Sooner or later something occurs to break the existing price levels of one or two commodities, and suddenly prices are tumbling all along the line, and the down trend is then accelerated by buyers standing back to wait for further decreases.

In the present case there are few concrete signs of a price break, although there are indications of weakness in rubber and sugar and vegetable oils. However, it's worth noting that today's wholesale prices have been exceeded only three times in history — in 1814, after the war of 1812; in 1865, after the U.S. Civil War, and in 1920, after the First Great War. Each time prices broke sharply within twelve months after the peak.

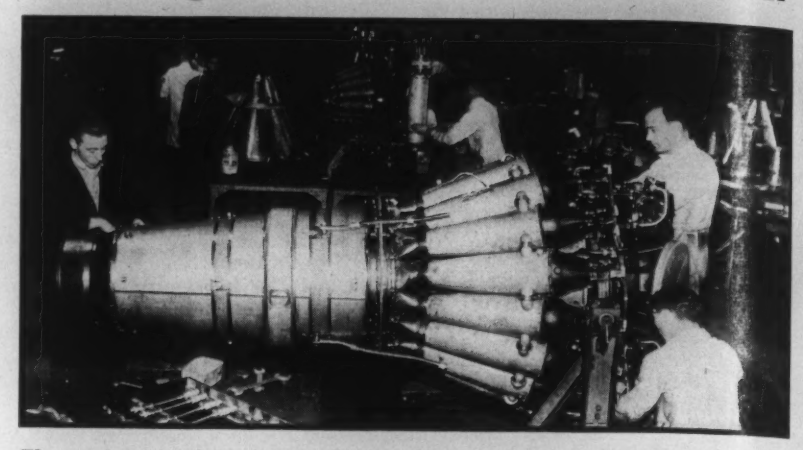
More Goods for Home Use?

Complicating the inflation possibilities, as well as the whole business prospect, is the uncertain outlook for the export trade due to the world financial crisis. If Canada is compelled to reduce sharply her volume of exports because of the lack of means of payment by would-be buyers, one result, presumably, would be a larger supply of goods for home consumption. Though a very large portion of our exports consists of goods which are surplus to our own requirements, this larger domestic supply would tend to lessen the pressure of purchasing power on the price level. Furthermore we would have a lot less purchasing power, since loss of our export trade would mean a catastrophic reduction in our volume of employment and national income and hence in our national standard of living. Our own inability to buy would tend to bring down prices. However, without exports we would be so broke that prices at any level would not concern us much.

Hand-in-hand with the possibility of a sharp cut in exports to Europe (Britain is already reducing her buying from us), there is the indicated necessity of sharply curtailing our own imports from the United States, in line with our serious shortage of U.S. dollars. Though we may expect to see credits arranged that will ease this world-wide crisis, the fact remains that Britain and Europe will not be on their feet economically until such time as they are able to pay for their needed imports with their own exports. That time is inevitably distant. Until it is reached, Canada's own economic position, so largely dependent on export trade, cannot be other than hazardous.

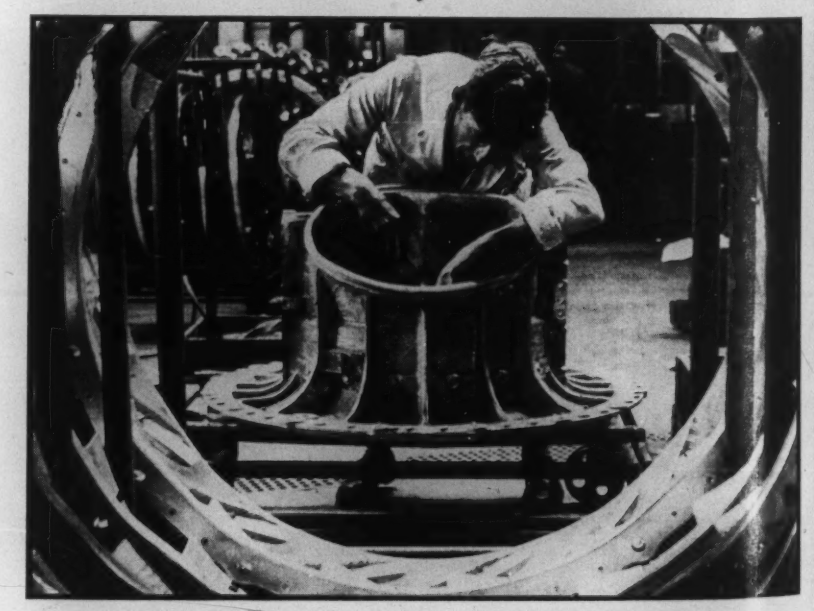
Adding to the inflation menace, and threatening our whole trading position, is the extent to which production costs are being raised by wage increases. Wage rates which can be carried with the present price level and business volume may be insupportable if prices and business activity fall sharply. As already indicated, no such fall seems close at hand. But booms usually end suddenly.

Jet Engines Under Construction



These pictures show jet engines under construction at a British aircraft factory: (1) 3,000 lb. static thrust Goblin Mark II engine with 16 straight-through combustion chambers converging in front of the turbine disc whose duty is to extract enough power from gases to drive single-sided

compressor; residual energy passes out through exhaust cone in the form



of exhaust gases and it is the reaction obtained from this jet which pro-

pels the aircraft; (2) stator ring assembly; (3) work on the bifurcated air intake through which air passes straight on to the single-sided impeller (4).

(Continued from Page 42)

thing more than merely surmounting Britain's immediate crisis. It means providing an area—a gradually expanding area—of trading among all those countries whose recovery or development is held up for want of dollars.

Recent events have not weakened but basically strengthened sterling, for the life-blood is no longer draining out of it. The currency, backed still by £600 million of gold, is quite sound enough to act as the medium of exchange for the non-dollar area of the world. The repeal of the convertibility provisions, it must always be remembered, related only to dollars; over much of the world sterling is still a convertible currency, and in terms of many others it is a hard currency.

So much for the principle. How would consolidation of the non-dollar countries work out in practice? It is futile to try to persuade ourselves that we can easily dispense with U.S. commodities and manufactures. On the other hand, it may well be argued that they are not so indispensable as has hitherto been assumed.

One Way

Britain's own plan to expand agricultural production by £100 million over four years, for instance, shows one way in which dependence on U.S. supplies can be lightened over a period. The countries of the Empire, and those of the European Continent and eastwards, which could doubtless be attracted to some extent towards a forceful sterling bloc, have plentiful resources of food, of most minerals, and of manufacturing capacity.

To develop these resources to the necessary degree along the necessary lines would be a matter of some years, but important changes in the direction of trade could undoubtedly be made quickly. The East European countries, whose assertion of independence from the dollar is being watched with interest, have shown already that improvization can achieve much that, on paper, might seem nearly impossible.

It would be absurd, of course, to argue on the extreme assumption that trade with the dollar countries would have to cease. Scarce as dollars are, and inadequate as is the replenishment of the world supply by the natural process of importing by the United States, some dollars are being fed into the coffers of many countries, and they will be sufficient to meet the bare minimum of imports from the U.S.

Furthermore, vague and indeterminate as the Marshall Plan has become, and questionable even the desirability of acceding to it if there are many conditions attached (it is reported, for instance, that Britain will not be allowed into the Marshall Plan at all unless she can satisfy the U.S. on certain matters which are regarded as being properly domestic affairs), there is no doubt that the more effectively non-dollar countries take action to do without dollar imports the more willingly the United States will come forward with an offer which will make the surplus of U.S. output available to the world on loan, and on terms which self-respecting countries can accept.

It may be that that surplus over U.S. internal consumption will before long weigh so heavily on her economy that something has to be done to revive world trade, which has already entered a restrictive phase. Most American industrialists have no illusions about the effect of the withering of export demand. And no liberally-minded person who at present advocates an active development of trade within the sterling area would view with any feeling but satisfaction the liquidation of any such limited economy in favor of a truly multilateral exchange among all the countries of the world.

But we have to plan for the next few years, not for future decades. The crisis, not for Britain only, but for many countries, is here now, and it demands bold action.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Attitude of Government on Gold of Grave Concern to Industry

By JOHN M. GRANT

A YEAR ago, in the annual report of Lake Shore Mines, A. L. Blomfield, president, had some appropriate comments to make on the critical position of the gold mining industry, which had just passed through six years of war, "with," as he states, "considerable scars, but no loss of morale." At that time a post-war revival was doing miles of development drilling and pre-war projects were actively reviving in spite of dangerously rising costs. Bringing the situation up to date in the report for the year ended June 30, 1947, Mr. Blomfield does not mince words as to the disturbed outlook for the industry and points out that the Dominion Government's decision to equalize exchange and use gold produced to help maintain that equality without any compensating "*quid pro quo*" to the mines stopped the forward development of the industry almost overnight. "The sop passed to the mines later," he adds "took up only a small fraction of the loss of the price of gold, and its method moreover established the principle that success meant supertax; that is, the Government was going to take the cream out of the game."

•

The gold industry is sensitive, easily killed, and the older the territory the easier it is to kill, according to Mr. Blomfield, who speaks with authority from his world-wide experience with the industry. "Our old gold territory is supporting a large population, well-housed and established, and long before the old mines play out," he states, "the towns will start to lose population sufficient to change them from top prosperity to second-class risks, and this many years before it is really due." It means nothing that as yet no wholesale reduction in output and closing of mines has resulted from the narrowing of mineable ore in order to keep going, he points out, and stresses "that this will come in a hurry is all too apparent to those of us who are familiar with mining conditions."

•

The president of Lake Shore Mines made it plain a year ago that mine officials had clearly placed the picture of the critical situation in the gold mining industry before the Government, but without apparent results. In the current report, he tells shareholders that from now on, there must be grave concern as to what effect an uncomprehending attitude on the part of the Governmental authorities will have on the industry, and pioneers will look for other more attractive fields in which to venture. Mr. Blomfield also points out that we miners have failed to educate the public or their elected representatives and a Dominion Government apparently unwilling to learn. Our own elected members who should be doing this in parliament seem to prefer to be good party men rather than to fight for voters who elected them.

•

The present position of the gold mines has already caused a depression in the mining communities, according to Mr. Blomfield, and has seriously affected railroad and municipal revenues, the value of employees' homes and business in general, the effect of which must necessarily be felt outside the mining areas, "all because we are not pulling together and our Dominion Government will not understand the position." Mr. Blomfield states it is not a question of have or have not, and adds that most people probably think that someone else is losing some gold mines, but what is really being lost is the ability to keep the nation fully employed at a high standard of living. The Lake Shore head goes on to add that time is pressing and un-

(Continued on Page 47)

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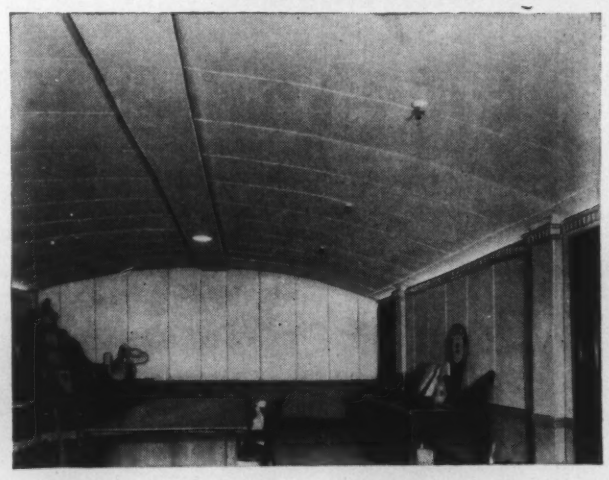

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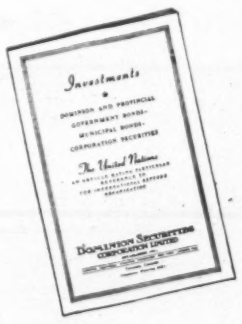

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Common Dividend (No. 73) of 20 cents per share on the No Par Value Common shares of the Company, issued and outstanding, has been declared payable on the 30th day of September, 1947, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 29th day of August, 1947.

By Order of the Board,
I. N. WILSON,
Comptroller.

CALGARY, Alberta,
August 21st, 1947.

McCOLL-FRONTENAC OIL COMPANY LIMITED

"Preferred Stock Dividend No. 5"

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of $1.00 per share being at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum has been declared on the 4% Cumulative Preferred Stock of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company Limited for the quarter ending September 30th, 1947, payable October 20th, 1947, to shareholders of record at the close of business on September 30th, 1947.

By Order of the Board.

FRED HUNT,
Secretary.

BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 77

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Forty cents (40c) per Share on Class "A" Shares has been declared for the three months ending September 30th, 1947, payable by cheque dated October 15th, 1947, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on September 30th, 1947. Such cheques will be mailed on October 15th, 1947, by the Montreal Trust Company from Vancouver.

By Order of the Board,
J. A. BRICE,
Secretary

Vancouver, B.C.
September 5th, 1947.

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

K.D., Mont Laurier, Que.—Second quarter earnings of BATHURST POWER & PAPER CO. amounted to $453,741, a substantial gain over the earnings of $301,549 for the first quarter of the year. Net for the latest period was equal to $1.13 per share, compared with 75 cents in the first quarter, making a half-year total of $1.88 per share. Profits for the first half of this year are not actually comparable with the first half of 1946, as earnings of two subsidiaries are included in this year's total. Net for the first half of 1946 was only equal to 73 cents per share.

G.C.S., Valleyfield, Que.—It has not been possible as yet to renew development on the KIRKLAND-HUDSON BAY GOLD MINES own property, but I understand when conditions permit it is planned to extend the deep crosscut on the 4,450-foot level and develop the veins cut in the crosscut. Further exploration of the adjoining HUDSON-RAND property, which it is financing, will be possible from an extension of the crosscut. Last May it was decided to defer further development of this property in view of high cists and the unfavorable conditions for gold mining. A possible 45,000 tons of $8 grade ore is estimated available. RED CREST GOLD MINES in which Kirkland-Hudson Bay has stock at cost of $230,839 remains inactive, but further work is planned. The last balance sheet of the company showed investments at cost of over $600,000, but the worth of the holdings at that time and number of shares was not given.

T.D.S., Montreal, Que. — Consolidated net profits of $1,612,195, equal to 81 cents a share, were reported by CANADIAN BREWERIES LTD. for the three months ended July 31, 1947—the third quarter of the current fiscal year—compared with $1,162,940, or 58 cents a share, for the corresponding period of the previous year. Earnings from operations were up from $2,897,964 to $3,696,476 and other income of $311,172, as compared with $123,925. Consolidated operating profit for the nine months ended July 31, 1947, of $10,120,579 was up from $8,238,801 a year ago and net earnings of $4,321,945 equal to $2.16 a share, were an increase from $3,217,402, or $1.61 a share for the nine months ended July 31, 1946. The balance sheet at July 31, 1947, reflects further expansion of plants, with net working capital of $9,702,999, comparing with $10,899,-684 as of July 31 1946. Current assets of $15,178,632 at the end of the period included $2,828,842 cash and $8,366,-909 inventories. Current liabilities amounted to $5,475,633.

J.S.W., Vancouver B.C.—A big ore picture is being outlined in the copper-gold-zinc ore bodies at EAST SULLIVAN MINES. Development of the first three levels has been most encouraging, with results fully substantiating diamond drill indications. In fact important new ore, not encountered in the surface diamond drilling program, has been located underground. The company's consulting engineers have expressed the opinion the mine can be brought into production by the end of 1948. Surface work on the proposed mill site has commenced, with 2,000 tons as the initial objective, and allowing for expansion to capacity of 5,000 tons at some later date. It has been recently estimated that if the same ratio of ore, as indicated by surface drilling and confirmed by underground work to the 450-foot level, continues to a depth of 500 feet, ore reserves will be well over 5,000,000 tons and should have a gross value of around $48,000,000. With the three main ore bodies now fully outlined on the second and third levels and partially completed on the first, shaft sinking has been resumed. Present objective is 1,000 feet and provision for three new levels. By late fall it is expected crosscutting can be resumed preparatory to opening up the ore bodies on

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BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Foreign News in Spotlight

BY HARUSPEX

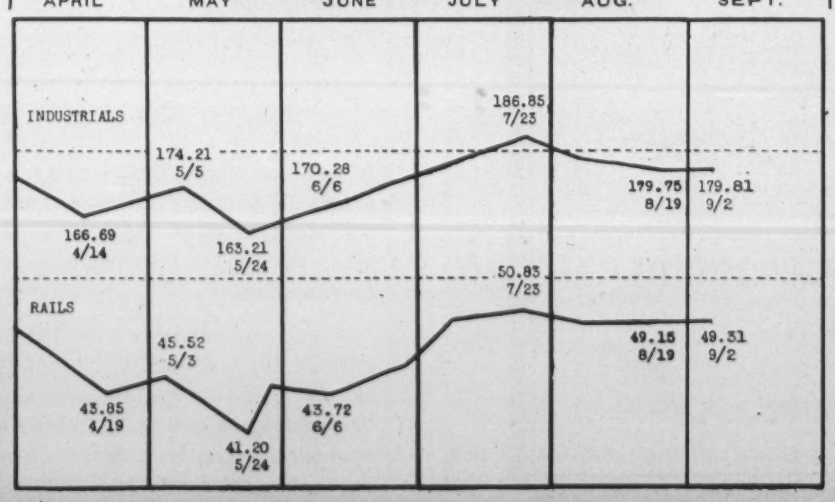
THE LONG-TERM NEW YORK MARKET TREND (which dominates Canadian stock prices): While the decline of the last half of last year went some distance toward discounting maladjustments in the economic picture, evidence is lacking that a point of fundamental turnabout has yet been reached. Intermediate recovery ran from mid-May to late July. Market irregularity has since been witnessed. So long as rail average does not close below 46.90, prospects favor another try toward higher levels.

Foreign news holds the centre of the stage this week. Acting U.S. State Secretary Lovett told a press conference last week that Europe's economic position has deteriorated faster than the U.S. Government had expected. Press reports place recent British mission requests as including a $1 billion loan from the U.S. Further widespread selling was witnessed on the London Stock Exchange. The French minister of economy, blaming dollar shortages, announced a drastic cut in importations for France for the next six months totaling $250 million. Britain's foreign secretary suggests distribution of the U.S. gold pile, while the New York Federal Reserve Bank predicted an increase in the liquidation of foreign-owned American securities.

On the U.S. home front, dividend increases continue and earnings reports, by and large, show progress for most corporations as compared with the same period of last year. The Federal Reserve Board reported that industrial production, at 178, dropped during July for the fourth consecutive month but added that "scattered information now available indicates a somewhat higher level for August than July." Non-operating U.S. rail employees got a 15½-cent hourly wage boost. Value of new construction in August was estimated at 15% over August 1946. Wholesale price index reached a new postwar high at 153.5% of the 1926 average.

So long as the rails do not decisively break 47.91, on closes, hope that the upmove from May has further to go can, despite the foreign news, still be entertained.

DOW-JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Dividend—Preferred Stock

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one and one-quarter percent (1¼%) on the issued 5% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company has been declared payable on the 1st day of December, 1947, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of October, 1947.

By Order of the Board,
G. Millward,
Secretary.
August 21, 1947.

Western Grocers Limited

Notice of Dividends

Notice is hereby given that the following dividends have been declared, payable October 15th, 1947, to shareholders of record September 15th, 1947:

On the Preferred Shares $20 par $1.40 series—35 cents a share;

Or alternatively $1.75 a share on the Preference Shares $100 par not yet exchanged for Preferred Shares $20 par pursuant to Arrangement dated June 21st, 1946;

On the Class A Shares—50 cents a share;

Or alternatively $2.00 a share on Common Shares not yet exchanged for Class A Shares and New Common Shares pursuant to Arrangement dated June 21st, 1946.

Winnipeg, Man.
Sept. 2nd, 1947
W. P. RILEY,
President.

the three deeper levels. Working capital in excess of $2,900,000 was recently reported and the directors are of the opinion this should be sufficient to enable completion of the development and construction program and bring the property into production.

A.L.J., Toronto, Ont. — CROWN ZELLERBACH CORP. and subsidiaries had net income for the quarter ended July 31, 1947, of $4,824,205, comparing with $2,704,605 for the corresponding period of the previous fiscal year. Sales were $35,838,303, and the cost of goods sold $23,592,419. Operating expenses totalled $3,139,901, while reserve for depreciation and amortization amounted to $1,046,243. Provision for United States and Canadian taxes was $3,073,841 and depletion $215,796.

M.C., Paris, Ont.—Sufficient ore is, I understand, believed indicated at the property of CRESTAURUM MINES, in the Yellowknife area, to warrant a mill of 100 tons capacity. A shaft was sunk to 410 feet and three levels established, although underground operations were suspended before crosscuts were run to the ore zone. Further underground work has been deferred at least until late this year. Hydro-electric power will not be available until the fall of 1948. Diamond drilling is meanwhile continuing on the four newly acquired claims. It was recently reported that drilling some distance north of the shaft had picked up a narrow rich vein, which may be an offshoot of the main vein. Operations are under the direction of Transcontinental Resources, the property having been acquired from them, Frobisher Ltd., and others. Extensive diamond drilling in 1944-45 by Transcontinental Resources on the Goldcrest claims indicated two ore shoots in the main gold-bearing structure. The south shoot showed a length of 470 feet averaging 0.51 ounce gold across 3.2 feet, while the north shoot gave a length of 750 feet, averaging 0.59 ounce gold across 2.5 feet. The new claims acquired last year provide protection for the ore-bearing zone on its eastern dip.

N.C.G., Moncton, N.B. — So far in the current year, net earnings of VIAU LIMITED, biscuit and confectionery manufacturers, have shown moderate improvement over the corresponding period of the 1946-47 fiscal year, it is reliably reported. Construction workers are presently engaged in adding a new wing to the company's Montreal plant. About 10 per cent to 15 per cent of this work is estimated completed and the addition, when finished, will house necessary enlargements to company's processing and storage facilities. Directors have taken first dividend action on the common stock with the announcement of a disbursement of 25 cents per share, payable Oct. 1, to shareholders of record Sept. 10, 1947. In the light of recent earnings record, the common dividend appears justified at this time, for in the past five years earnings have averaged approximately $1.90 per share common after providing regular dividends on the 5 per cent cumulative preferred stock.

A.C.J., Prince Rupert, B.C. — The Salmon Gold Mines property in the Portland Canal district of British Columbia was acquired a couple of years ago by MORRIS SUMMIT GOLD MINES on an exchange basis of one new for two old shares, subject to pool. The long low-level drive at the 3,000-foot elevation to the ore zone previously indicated by diamond drilling was reported in July as only 400 feet from its objective. The ore zone showed 11 intersections with an average grade of $22 over an average width of more than five feet. Preliminary estimates from previous drilling indicated approximately 100,000 tons of good grade ore in the zone drilled, with excellent possibilities of major extension.

A.D.W., Digby, N.S.—I understand that future development of the property of NICHOLSON MINES near Goldfields, Lake Athabaska, will depend upon the market for uranium. A detailed Geiger Counter survey was made of the claims last year and indications of uranium-bearing zones were obtained. No further work was carried out in 1946 on the property adjoining Cassidy Yellowknife. Four years' assessment work has been recorded. The prospecting planned last year for the Rena group of claims was deferred until this year. The company retains its interest in MERCURY GOLD MINES. Exploratory work last year showed that the veins investigated cannot be economically mined at the present time. The balance sheet of NICHOLSON MINES as at December 31, 1946, showed current assets of $40,926 against current liabilities of $337.

J.H.V., Ottawa, Ont.—Your shares of ARNO MINES and CARTIER-MALARTIC GOLD MINES have value and can undoubtedly be disposed of by your broker on the over-the-counter market, but APEX PORCUPINE and KOOTENAY FLORENCE are valueless. Apex Porcupine was succeeded by Apex Mines and the latter company, as far as I am aware, has passed out of existence. Arno Mines is a holding company and its main asset is 450,000 shares of Clerno Mines, which is inactive at present. I understand Arno also has some cash and government bonds in its treasury. The head office is 60 Sparks street, Ottawa. Cartier-Malartic Mines has two gold prospects in Quebec, a silver prospect in Ontario, and holds a large block of shares in Kewagama Gold Mines to which Company its original property was sold some years ago. It was announced earlier in the year that the company had acquired an option on an additional 1,000 acres in Desbroues township to protect the strike of a zone discovered last summer. Encouraging gold values were reported by the company's president along a length of 250 feet, with both ends open, and the width not determined. At that time the company was said to be seeking finances for further exploration. Kootenay Florence Mining Company has passed out of existence and its British Columbia charter was cancelled some years ago. I understand the property was lost through a mortgage, and now being operated by another company in which Kootenay Florence shareholders have no equity.

New Issue

$8,150,000

City of Toronto Guaranteed

1½%, 2¼%, 2½% and 2¾% Debentures

Issued by Toronto Harbour Commissioners

To be dated September 1st, 1947 To mature September 1st, 1948-1967

Principal and half-yearly interest (March 1st and September 1st) payable in lawful money of Canada in the City of Toronto. Denomination: $1,000.

Legal Opinion: Messrs. Clarke, Swabey, McLean and Ross

Payment of principal and interest on these Debentures is guaranteed unconditionally by endorsement by the City of Toronto, and the Debentures are a direct obligation of the Toronto Harbour Commissioners.

Proceeds of this issue will be used to retire $7,500,000 3% Debentures and $650,000 3½% Debentures of the Toronto Harbour Commissioners maturing September 1st, 1947.

We offer, as principals, these Debentures, if, as and when issued and accepted by us, subject to the approval of Counsel:

1958-1962 2½% Debentures maturing $500,000 annually
Price: $99.50 for equal amounts of each maturity, to yield 2.55%

1963-1967 2¾% Debentures maturing $600,000 annually
Price: $100.75 for equal amounts of each maturity, to yield 2.70%

Descriptive circular will be furnished upon request.

Wood, Gundy & Company Limited — **A. E. Ames & Co. Limited**

The information contained in this advertisement is based upon statements on which we have relied. We do not guarantee but believe the statements herein to be true.

The Stock Appraiser

By W. GRANT THOMSON

SUCCESSFUL investment depends on knowing two things: (1) What to buy (or sell) (2) When to buy (or sell). The Stock Appraiser—a study of Canadian stock habits—answers the first question. An Investment Formula provides a definite plan for the second.

All active and well distributed stocks (with a few minor exceptions) advance or decline with the Averages. The better grade investment stocks do not normally move as fast as the averages, while on the other hand the very speculative issues have a relative velocity more than twice or three times as great.

The STOCK APPRAISER divides stocks into three Groups according to their normal velocity in relation to the Averages.

The Factors affecting the longer term movements of a company's shares are ascertained from a study of their normal habits. Predominant Factors are shown as:

GROUP "A"—Investment Stocks
GROUP "B"—Speculative Investments
GROUP "C"—Speculations

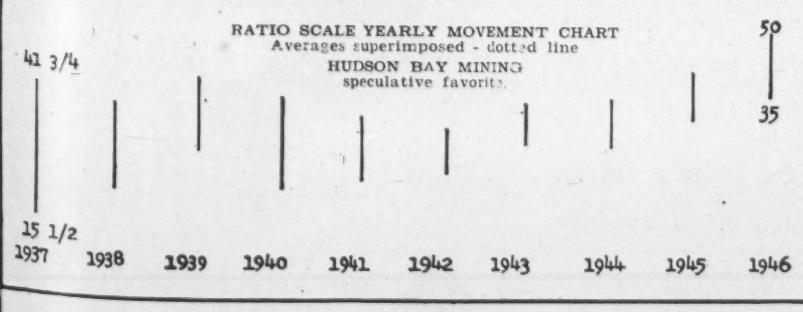
1. FAVORABLE
2. AVERAGE or
3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated as Favorable has considerably more attraction than one with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks rated Favorable, with due regard to timing because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

HUDSON BAY MINING AND SMELTING CO. LTD.

			Averages		Hudson Bay	
PRICE 31 July 47	—$43.50					
YIELD	— 6.9%	Last 1 month	Up	2.8%	Up	2.3%
INVESTMENT INDEX	— 68	Last 12 months	Down	13.3%	Up	3.9%
GROUP	— "B"	1942-46 range	Up	160.0%	Up	127.2%
RATING	—Above Average	1946-47 range	Down	23.1%	Down	30.0%



SUMMARY:- It is somewhat difficult to place Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Co. in a particular category because it produces copper, zinc, gold and silver. However, experience has shown that the shares of Hudson Bay, Noranda, International Nickel, etc. conform to a great extent to the fluctuatons of the Industrial Averages, and the above comparisons are therefore made on that basis.

Hudson Bay Mining can really be classed as a growth stock. A comparison with Noranda (a very similar mining operation) shows that in last year's bull market Hudson Bay exceeded its 1937 high, and is currently selling only a few dollars lower; whereas Noranda is now selling for only about one-half its 1937 high.

The current yield of about 7% for Hudson Bay is attractive and its recent velocity figures are satisfactory. On the other hand the investment index is low. On balance, Hudson Bay has better than average attraction for the speculative investor.

We recommend the purchase of

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STUDY NO. 11

A copy of this Circular may be obtained on request

PREVIOUS STUDIES STILL AVAILABLE

		Price at date of Publication	1946-47 High	Current Price
No. 1	Minnesota & Ontario Paper, Dec. 15, 1943	7½ 8¼	27¼	20 -21
No. 2	Canadian Breweries Ltd., Feb. 14, 1944	5¾ - 6	29⅝	22½-22¾
No. 3	Dominion Tar & Chemical Co., May 15, 1914	8¾ 9	32½	28½ 30
No. 4	British Columbia Packers Ltd., June 14, 1944	25*	52½*	41*
No. 5	Canadian Breweries Ltd. Nov. 22, 1944	8¼ - 8½	29⅝	22½-22¾
No. 6	Standard Chemical, July 30, 1945	9⅜ - 9½	16¼	8⅛ - 8¼
No. 7	Howard Smith Paper Mills, Dec. 21, 1945	29	38	26¼-26¾
No. 8	Canadian Breweries Ltd., March 25, 1946	21¾ -	29⅝	22½-22¾
No. 9	Butterfly Hosiery, May 1st, 1946	10	13½	13½-13¾
No. 10	Butterfly Hosiery, May 8th 1947	11¾ -12	13½	13½-13¾

*Price of old common. Current Price is actually what an investor's equity would be worth at present. Stock was split May 20th, 1946, into Class "A" and "B" shares. Each holder of the old common received 2 shares of Class "A" and 2 shares of Class "B" for each old common share. Class "A" is now 14, and Class "B" 6½.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Nationalization of Industry and Its Effect on British Business

By GEORGE GILBERT

When the National Insurance Act and the Industrial Injuries Act were passed in Great Britain, it was officially stated that the Government had no intention of otherwise interfering with the transaction of insurance business by those engaged in it as a private enterprise.

But it transpires that various branches of insurance are now faced with the possibility of large-scale withdrawals of other business as a result of the nationalization of industries. For instance, the announced long-term policy of the National Coal Board is to carry its own insurance risks.

It was regarded as inevitable by British insurance interests that the extension of social insurance as provided for under the National Insurance Act and the Industrial Injuries Act would have direct and important effects on the business of insurance as a private enterprise. But as recently pointed out by the retiring chairman, Sir Arthur S. Rogers, in his address before the British Insurance Association, further inroads into the business were not anticipated, in view of the official statement in November, 1945, of the Government's intention not otherwise to interfere with the transaction of insurance business by private enterprise, and of the Government's recognition of the international basis and character of insurance and its value to the country as an important invisible export.

After referring to the enterprise of successive generations of insurance men which has been largely responsible for the world-wide expansion and continuing development of the business, and to the fact that its ordered progress has been linked with the doctrine of the international basis and character of insurance and the need, in the interest of insurer and insured alike, of freedom and even encouragement to insure in the best market, he said that "the importance of these principles to the British insurance and reinsurance market is the measure of the dismay with which would be viewed the possibility of large-scale withdrawal from the market of insurance business in all departments as a result of the nationalization of other industries."

Coal Board as Self-insurer

In this connection, he pointed out that the National Coal Board is the first of the central authorities on whom devolves, or will devolve, the administration of a nationalized industry. It was with an unpleasant sense of shock, he said, that insurance men learned, toward the end of 1946, of a decision taken and instructions given by the National Coal Board on the question of insurance of the numerous properties and businesses which were to be transferred to the Board on Jan. 1, 1947, and that later and fuller information confirmed that the long-term policy of the Coal Board was to carry its own insurances.

With respect to the various fire insurance policies which had previously been issued to the constituent undertakings and which were in force on Jan. 1, 1947, they had, he believed, been transferred to the National Coal Board, and, he understood, have or will run to their first renewal date in the present year but not beyond. As to motor insurance the Board had negotiated a certificate of security which relieved it of the compulsory insurance obligations of the Road Traffic Act. Certain classes of insurance, he said, are apparently being continued for the time being and pending further consideration, including steam boiler, elevator and electrical plant catastrophe risk, common law liability to employees, and personal accident insurance.

He took occasion to point out that the immediate action of the National Coal Board was subordinate to the long-term policy which, it must be presumed, would contemplate the building up of domestic insurance funds as protection against the risk of loss, in the insurance sense in the particular industry, which, he said, was an unfortunate process of localisation by a nationally constituted authority.

Inimical Effect Overseas

His opinion was that the withdrawal of a large volume of insurance business from the open market by a single Government-created authority of a country-wide industry must create impressions in territories overseas "inimical to the interest and business of British insurance, and repetition later on the part of central authorities of other nationalized industries—electricity, gas, steel, transport—could not fail, on the one hand, to harm the domestic organization of the insurance companies, and, on the other, seriously to impair the value as an invisible export of their overseas business."

These are factors which are pertinent to any decision on the subject, he said, and they have been submitted in detail to the Government by a joint committee of the insurance market, and it was evident from the notification which he and the chairman of Lloyd's had received from the president of the Board of Trade, a department of the Government, that the weight of their case has been recognized and carefully considered by the Government.

In addition, each of the Boards, like the National Coal Board, being autonomous to a large exten in its own sphere, will be acquainted by the Government with all aspects of the insurance question, necessarily to be borne in mind, and he was not unhopeful, he said, that realization of the inter-relationship of policy at home and the overseas business of British insurers will persuade the Boards of the great undesirability, in the national economic interest, of tampering unduly with the home market.

Statistics of Trade Bill

Reference was also made to the Statistics of Trade Bill, designed to create the necessary statutory powers to enable Government Departments and Authorities to collect statistics of trade and industry for the correct appreciation of economic trends, although it was difficult, he said to escape the thought that the powers to be taken are wider than will be needed for the purpose. In particular, he pointed out that the Bill provides for an annual census of production, and for a census of distribution and other services as and when deemed desirable.

It is understood, he said, that in-

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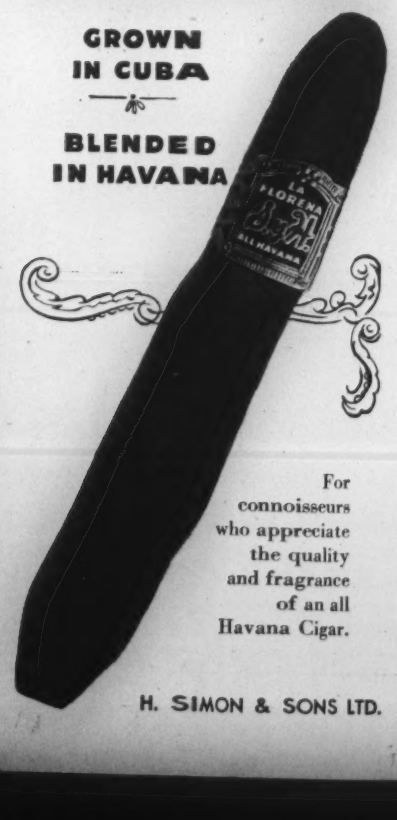
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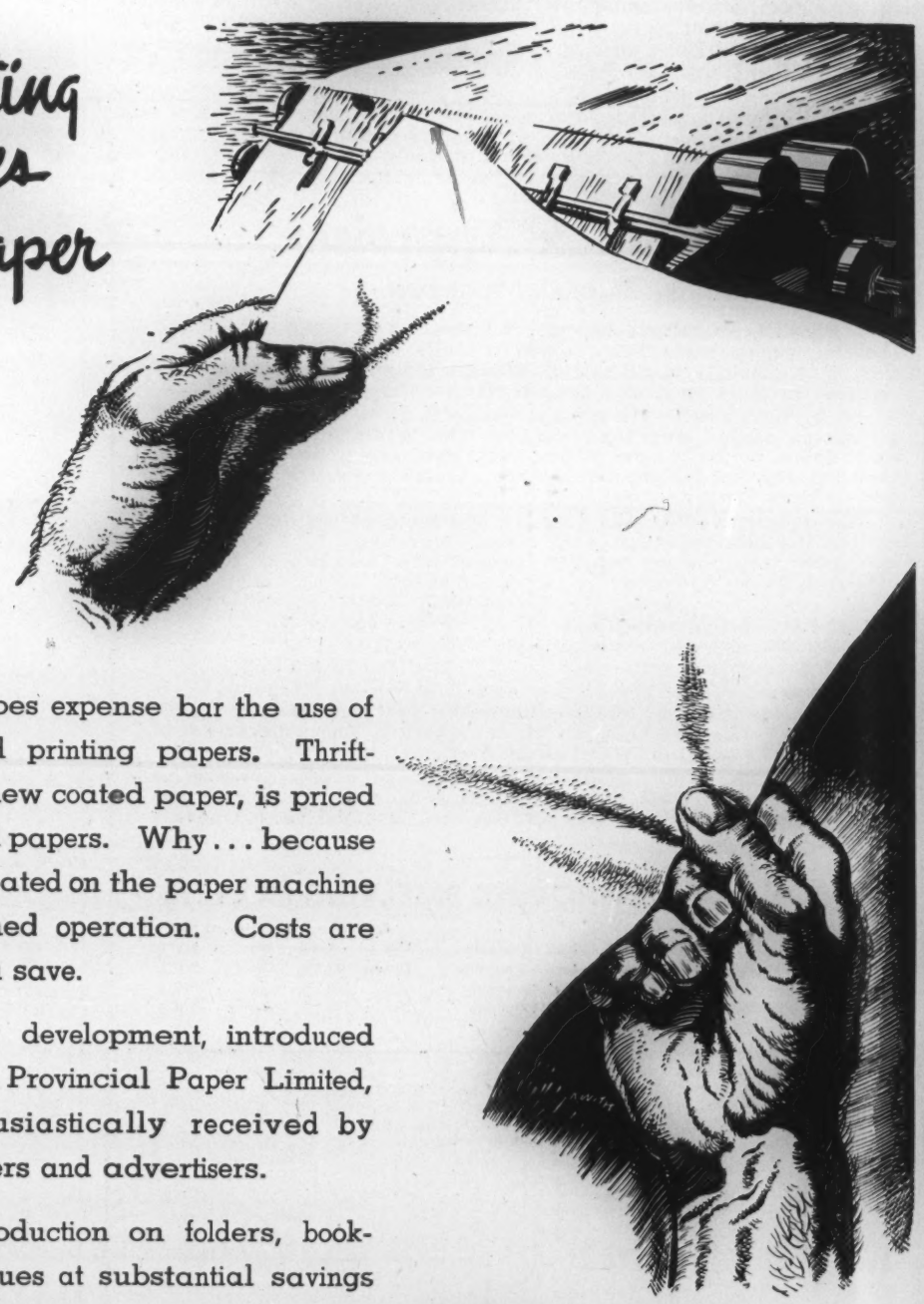
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surance will not come within the scope of the census of production, but may be included in the census of distribution and other services. If and when the time comes, he added, they would have the opportunity of consultation with the Board of Trade with respect to the forms to be issued in that connection to insurers.

It also appears that some doubt has been expressed in the technical aviation press in Britain as to whether the Government might not have in mind the nationalization of the Air Registration Board, at present an independent body and one paper has been quoted as saying that whereas the excellent work of the Board has hitherto been carried out with the small staff of 160, one can visualize that staff growing to 1,600 or even 16,000 in the event of the Board losing its independence.

One British commentator has expressed the fervent hope that the constitution of the Air Registration Board will not be in any way disturbed because, with State-owned corporations and State-owned airfields, some national body with a measure of independence is a vital necessity. It is pointed out that recent investigations of air accidents have led sections of the technical press to the conclusion that the Air Registration Board would be an appropriate body to control accident investigation.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to know how the death rate among insured lives in Canada compares with the death rate among the general population. Is there much difference between the general death rate in one province and in another? Any information you may be able to furnish will be appreciated.

—M.D.C., Sherbrooke, Que.

In the year 1945 the death rate in Canada among all lives insured with life insurance companies and fraternal benefit societies was 7.7 per 1,000, while the death rate among the general population in that year was 9.3 per 1,000. The death rate per 1,000 among lives insured with ordinary companies was 7.3; among lives insured with industrial companies it was 7.6; and among lives insured with fraternal benefit societies it was 13.5. The death rate per 1,000 among the general population in the various provinces in 1945 was as follows: Prince Edward Island, 9.6; Nova Scotia, 9.1; New Brunswick, 10.0; Quebec, 9.4; Ontario, 9.8; Manitoba, 8.9; Saskatchewan, 7.5; Alberta, 7.8; British Columbia, 10.3. Comparing the death rate per 1,000 for the whole of Canada in 1945, 9.3, with the average death rate for the five-year period, 1926-1936, 11.1, it will make plain the extent of the reduction in the death rate among the general population which has been effected in this country in recent years.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 43)

recoverable information necessary for future development is vanishing rapidly.

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As regards the mine picture at Lake Shore Mines itself, Mr. Blomfield advises shareholders, that the total length of developed ore has reached 18,779 feet, a record since 1935. This, he states, has not yet reached the ideal for a rockburst mine, considered eight years' ore supply below the bottom level on which stoping had been started. The two far away breaks south and north have been opened for development at new levels. These are prospective new small mines, not under present gold market conditions attractive, but neither could be worked at all except in conjunction with the main ore heads, and if not opened as work proceeds great portions will ultimately be lost. In the opinion of Mr. Blomfield the very strong Kirkland Lake ore deposition will sustain itself past the time when any adverse influences will have reduced the prosperity of the gold mining territories to a point plainly discernible to everyone. The cost per ton has risen over 1946 due mainly to four reasons, the prevident advises, namely: development costs have increased 60% while 56% more new ore was developed than used; increases in cost of materials and wages; catching up on overdue repairs in mine and mill because of pressure of war; fall in tons treated —the equipment is too big to run efficiently under 1,200 tons. The recovery from ore treatment in 1946 was $15.05 per ton. In 1947 the recovery was equivalent to $15.89 per ton, which under 1946 conditions would have been $17.48 per ton.

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The lower price received for gold along with the higher operating costs, due to an increase in wages, resulted in slightly lower production at Paymaster Consolidated Mines, in the fiscal year ended June 30, 1947, despite treatment of a higher tonnage of ore. Shortage of labor continued to hamper development work, hence it was impossible to maintain ore reserves at their previous level. Gross recovery for the year was $1,148,334 or $7.03 per ton. Net earnings, after provision for depreciation and taxes, but before inclusion of $7,295 on investment sold, amounted to $83,171, equal to 0.96 cents per share. In the preceding 12 months output was valued at $1,156,147 or $6.93 per ton. Net earnings then were $117,134, or 1.36 cents per share in addition to $30,490 profit on investments. Ore reserves at the end of the fiscal year stood at 521,753 tons averaging 0.229 oz. gold per ton, as against 583,674 tons averaging 0.223 oz. a year earlier. Working capital amounted to $1,382,886, a reduction of $86,765, but this figure was more than made up by a gain of $135,569 in investment in other companies not taken into current assets.

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Net profit during the year ended June 30 at Lake Shore Mines was $1,348,174 equal to 67.4 cents per share, as compared with $1,652,791 or 82.6 cents per share in the previous 12 months. Bullion production was $4,681,358 which with interest on investments and bank balance brought income to $4,707,910 as against $5,011,096. Current assets were $5,388,681 and current liabilities $591,196, as compared with $5,156,110 and liabilities of $656,188, a year previous. Shares in other mining companies are carried at $309,906. Net working capital as of June 30, was $4,797,485 as against $4,499,922 at the end of the previous fiscal year.

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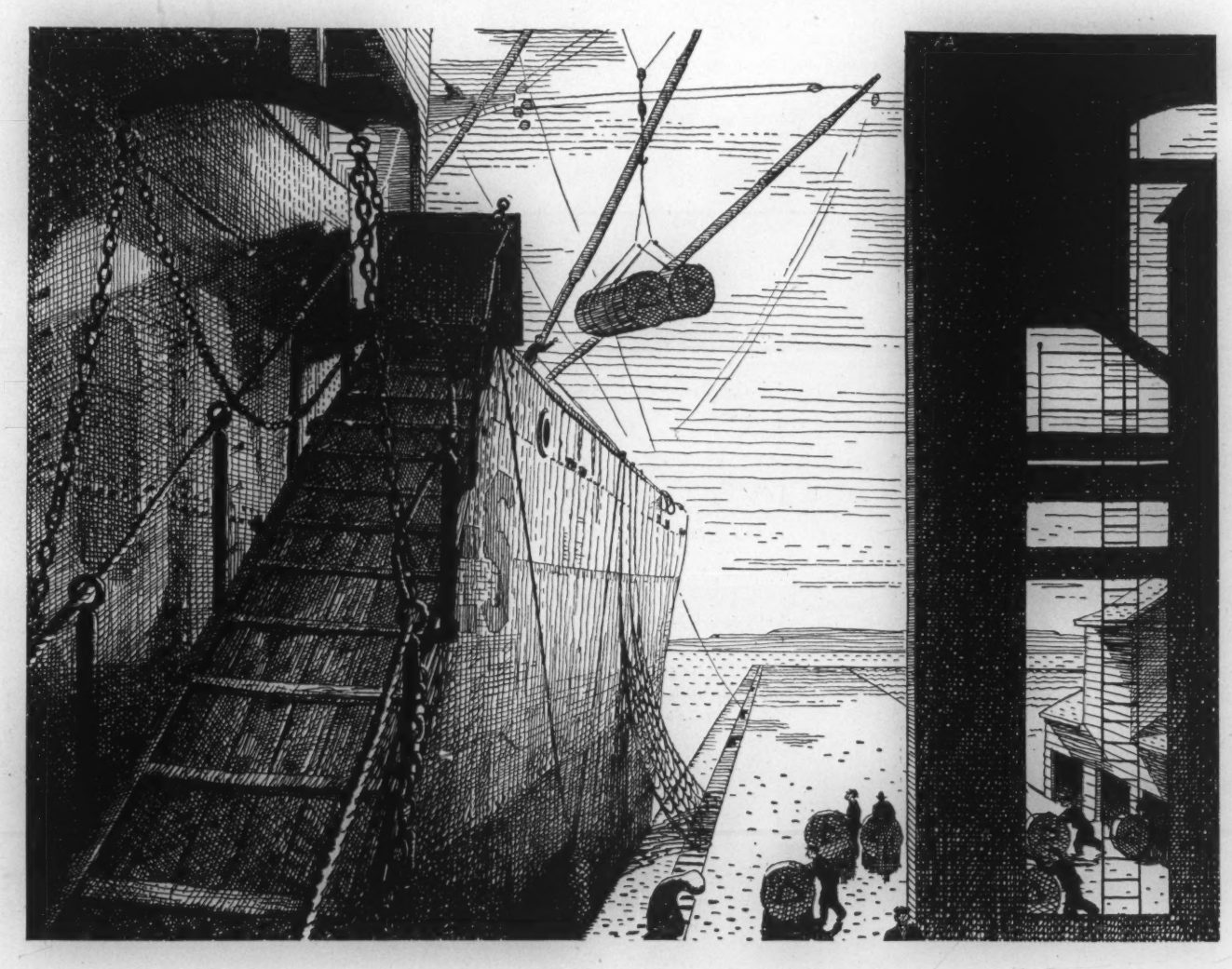

"Shipping Paper", drawn by Franklin Arbuckle, R.C.A., from his original painting for the pulp and paper industry.

VITAL CARGOES

Every day in the year six hundred freight cars are loaded with the output of Canada's pulp and paper mills. Every day some hundreds of other freight cars are loaded with supplies for the mills. In addition, lake and ocean vessels handle a large proportion of the inbound and outbound traffic created by the operations of the industry.

Pulp and paper's annual transportation bill is $80 million. It is the leading shipper of manufactured products of Canada.

Because pulp and paper is the leading buyer of goods and services and the leading exporter in the land, the welfare of every Canadian depends on the well-being of this great national industry.

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109 mills, small and large, from coast to coast.

BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

British Columbia Warns Its Youth on Abuse of Alcohol It Sells

By P. W. LUCE

Vancouver.

BRITISH COLUMBIA is in the anomalous position of trying to sell as much alcoholic liquor as possible and at the same time trying to restrict the sale by exposing the evils of the traffic. In this it is following faithfully in the footsteps of the old-time saloon-keeper who subscribed liberally to the Band of Hope, confident that it wouldn't do him any harm in the long run.

Some people think it will work out all right. The majority find the situation rather amusing.

The Government has been in the liquor business for many years. It has always been under pressure by the temperance element to do something drastic to curtail sales, this group having little hope of the return of absolute prohibition.

At the last session of the legislature, Dr. G. M. Weir, Minister of Education, was authorized to appoint a director of education in temperance who would advise young people to exercise reason, judgment, conscience, self-control, and self-criticism in the use of alcohol. There was to be no definite suggestion of total abstinence, this final step being left to the discretion of the individual.

It was the original intention to appoint a fully qualified medical man to the position, but the offered salary of $10,000 failed to tempt a single applicant, even after advertisements were published in all parts of Canada. There is a shortage of doctors in the country just now, and none of them was willing to work for a mere $10,000 a year.

Eventually Harold L. Campbell accepted the job for $6,000 a year. He has had no medical training, but he is quite a persuasive speaker. He was for several years chief inspector of schools for British Columbia and is fully competent to advise the young on the proper way to take a drink or leave it alone. He has never been identified with the liquor interests or with the temperance party, and so is acceptable to both camps.

Liquor Commissioner G. M. Kennedy, whose business it is to find the wherewithal to slake the British Columbia thirst, does not seem to be unduly worried over the prospects of the forthcoming educational campaign. His department provides a sizable portion of the provincial revenue.

Temperance Educator Campbell isn't making any promises or predictions. Other people may snicker at what he has to do, but he knows it's no soft job to stop hard drinking under existing regulations which forbid beer with meals or the sale of liquor in less than bottle quantities.

Rat Calls

The Pied Piper Company of Vancouver (James Anderson, Prop.) has recorded the love calls of lady rats on phonograph plates and is playing these to lure males to traps. It's a variation of the moose call used by hunters, and is safer than gas or poison. If it works it should be good. The rat mating season lasts 365 days in the year, 366 in leap years.

Last Straw?

In reprobating a demand by Kamloops organizations to have the provincial government construct a highway from Kamloops to Edmonton via Blue River, the *Alaska Highway News* declares that is "the last straw in reckless demands upon the money of British Columbia ratepayers."

The *News* says that engineers, contractors, and statesmen are now bogged down with about ten million dollars' worth of unfinished highways in the province, and that it is high time the ministers "took a firm stand and cleaned up the atrociously lagging public works program."

The more important highways on which many millions have already been spent, and many more millions are required, are the John Hart Highway, in northern B.C., the Hope-Princeton Highway, started fifty years ago, the Cariboo Highway, opened by the Royal Engineers in the early sixties, the trans-Canada Highway, which still has several bad stretches, and the Skeena-Prince George Highway and the Prince George-Jasper Highway, both fairly recent enterprises.

Engineers say it may be fifty years before all B.C. is adequately served by highways and sideroads.

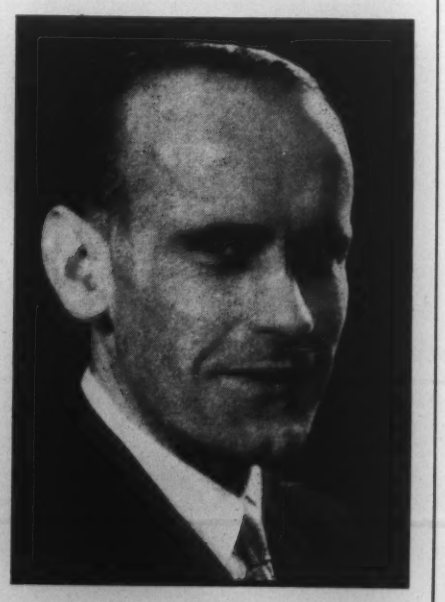
Hemlock Pest

Invermere, a small town in the Kootenays which exports $75,000 worth of Christmas trees every season, has this industry seriously menaced by the false hemlock looper, a pest unknown in other parts of British Columbia. The worm attacks only fir trees. It eats the needles, causing the tree to dry up and die.

Efforts are being made to control the pest by spraying from airplanes.

The true hemlock looper, which is a caterpillar very much like the inch worm, has killed about 500,000,000 feet of hemlock near Alberni, Vancouver Island. Fifteen thousand acres of timber land were devastated before the pest was brought under control by natural parasites.

The hemlock looper attacks only the foliage, and the tree itself remains sound. The timber must be logged off within four years if it is to be saved, and only a very large logging company can undertake this work. All the big concerns are busy on their own limits, and none may have the equipment or men to spare for this immediate task.



Dr. B. Ifor Evans, principal of Queen Mary College, University of London, and vice-chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain, is touring Canada during September under the auspices of the U.K. Information Office to lecture on present-day art in Britain.

NEW AND REFUNDING ISSUE

$6,000,000

Power Corporation of Canada, Limited

(Incorporated under the laws of the Dominion of Canada)

DEBENTURES

To be dated September 1, 1947

$1,500,000 3% Serial Debentures to mature $150,000 annually September 1, 1948 to 1957 inclusive (herein called "Serial Debentures")

$4,500,000 3½% 20-year Debentures to mature September 1, 1967 (herein called "20-year Debentures")

These Debentures will be direct obligations of the Corporation but will not be secured by hypothec, mortgage, pledge or other charge.

Principal and semi-annual interest (March 1 and September 1), payable in lawful money of Canada at any branch in Canada of the Corporation's Bankers, at the holder's option. Serial Debentures in fully registered form in denominations of $50,000 and authorized multiples thereof. 20-year Debentures in coupon form in denominations of $500 and $1,000 registerable as to principal only.

The Serial Debentures will be redeemable at the option of the Corporation, in whole at any time, or in part from time to time, on at least 30 days' notice at the following prices for each $100 principal amount of Debentures redeemed plus, in each case, interest accrued to the date fixed for redemption; at $101.00 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1948; thereafter at $100.90 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1949; thereafter at $100.80 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1950; thereafter at $100.70 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1951; thereafter at $100.60 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1952; thereafter at $100.50 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1953; thereafter at $100.40 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1954; thereafter at $100.30 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1955; thereafter at $100.20 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1956; and thereafter at $100.10 if redeemed prior to September 1, 1957. If less than the whole of the Serial Debentures are to be redeemed then redemption shall take place in reverse order of maturity.

The 20-year Debentures will be redeemable at the option of the Corporation, in whole at any time, or in part from time to time, on at least 30 days' notice at the following prices for each $100 principal amount of Debentures redeemed plus, in each case, interest accrued to the date fixed for redemption: at $103.50 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1951; thereafter at $103.00 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1955; thereafter at $102.50 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1959; thereafter at $102.00 if redeemed on or before September 1, 1963; and thereafter at $101.50 if redeemed prior to maturity.

TRUSTEE: Montreal Trust Company

In the opinion of Counsel, these Debentures will be investments in which, pursuant to the Canadian and British Insurance Companies Act, 1932 (Dominion) as amended, companies registered under said Act may invest their funds.

The Serial Debentures are not available for public subscription.

We offer, as principals, the 20-year Debentures, if, as and when issued and received by us, subject to the approval of all legal matters by E. R. Parkins, K.C., on behalf of the Corporation, and by Messrs. Montgomery, McMichael, Common, Howard, Forsyth & Ker on our behalf.

Subscriptions for the Debentures will be received subject to rejection or allotment in whole or in part, and the right is reserved to close subscription books at any time without notice.

PRICE: 20-Year Debentures: 101 and accrued interest to yield 3.43%

It is expected that Debentures in interim form or Trustee's Interim Certificates will be available for delivery on or about October 1, 1947.

A Prospectus, a copy of which has been filed with the Secretary of State of Canada in accordance with the provisions of The Companies Act, 1934, will be promptly furnished upon request.

NESBITT, THOMSON & COMPANY

LIMITED

38 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Telephone Elgin 6146

Branches in the principal cities of Canada

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